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From Reynolds's Miscellany.

MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.

BY JOHN TAYLOR SINNETT.

Who has not heard of Douglas Jerrold? Who has not seen the touching drama of the "Rent Day," that noble interpretation of Wilkie's picture? And who has not laughed a hundred times over those most admirable letters, which he wrote under the pleasant name of *Punch*, dealing out to all England, in the person of his son, the soundest admonitions, with all the jocund hilarity of Falstaff? What depth of observation there is lurking beneath those facetious remarks! What keen sagacity and wisdom in that quiet irony! What point in that humor! Alack! how does he contrive it? In this age of excitement, turmoil, and confusion, when other people hedge, jostle, knock against each other, and every man tears his way along this bustling world as best he can, without snatching a moment of leisure to husband his remarks, if he make any, his mind at least has been able to settle his thoughts down upon the manners and spirit of the age, and to seize them with the perceptions of a true master. Moreover, he is a living proof that the old genius of the land, though torpid, is not extinct, for he writes with the Saxon pith of yore, and with Saxon simplicity; in an age when many a writer of note does not even read the old authors, he emulates them; *he steps into the footprints of their muses.*

He has got the true trick of the old craft; he is every inch a classic.

This eminent writer was but little known to his countrymen before the year 1832, when the domestic drama of the "Rent Day" came out, and took the whole city by storm. He had already produced his "Black-eyed Susan," a beautiful piece; but the thousands of honest gazers who saw it performed at a minor, and most fervently applauded it, never thought of the author; they were satisfied with being pleased. So slowly does a man even of the first class make his way to public favor. Nay, even the "Rent Day," plainly stamped as it was with the lineaments of a forcible mind, nobly and justly directed, did not afford its author that extensive reputation which he deserved. Certainly it gave Jerrold the esteem of the thinking and inquiring, and won golden opinions from those of his profession; but his name did not yet become a household word at the family hearths of his countrymen. His character was growing; but large reputations are slow in coming to maturity, nor was it his fortune to acquire his present universal fame, till he and other fine spirits had founded the immortal *Punch*, that admirable galaxy of *mirth without malice*, full of cracks and jokes, that burn like everlasting candles in

every house, MAKING THE RICH MAN ALMOST AS HAPPY AS THE POOR.

Douglas Jerrold has generally been considered one of the principal founders of this popular paper, and his excellent "Story of a Feather," "Punch's Letters to his Son," and the famous "Curtain Lectures of Mrs. Caudle," have been the most successful contributions to the work.

Although these successive stories and epistles were written in detached pieces, at isolated periods, they abound everywhere with that robust argument, that liberal and manly spirit, which so few can express happily and lastingly; and the child-like drollery and humor to which the author stoops his mind, only renders the instruction more shapely by the amusement in which it is dressed. Many people have thought that the "Curtain Lectures of Mrs. Caudle" were extended too far, and passed the limits of truth, and that the witty author was too severe upon the sex. Perhaps he was so. Douglas Jerrold has shown in all his works that he had read Fielding, that he had not studied him in vain; he has great skill in irony, and a very marked propensity to satire. Besides, Mrs. Caudle was written *for a country, not for a class*, and if her frivolity, ardent temper, and persecution, seem excessive when applied to some sweet tyrants, there are others whose propensity to subjugate their lords by vocal thunder leave even her example behind. The thousands of English women who would scorn to upbraid their husbands in such lectures, are not represented by her. Though we said she was written for a country, she is far from being general: though she is scattered all over England, she is not *the* Englishwoman we all take pride in. For one such weed there are many flowers; and these lectures have made the weeds less numerous, and the dear, dear flowers more abundant.

The "Men of Character" is an amusing series of essays, written in a jaunty, magazine style, but not so closely and concisely as Jerrold's other productions; they all point an admirable moral to the reader. "Adam Buff, the Man Without a Shirt," is one of the best of these light pieces. The subtle manner of Steele can often be traced in the current of the story; for we, too, have had our essayists, as well as our forefathers in the times of Queen Anne and the two first Georges. Why did they not see their own powers, and unite? Douglas Jerrold, Laman Blanchard, Theodore Hook,

Leigh Hunt, Doctor Maginn, the glorious writers led on by the great Christopher in *Blackwood*, the fine spirits, who constitute the staff of *Fraser's*, the pleasant writers of the *New Monthly*, that Hercules, Charles Dickens, with Ainsworth, Albert Smith, and Mark Lemon, Gilbert & Becket: what a constellation of talent! what a SPECTATOR they might have given to their country.

Among the dramatic works of Douglas Jerrold, the two we have already named are probably the most interesting, and will continue to be standard plays, "Black-Eyed Susan" and "The Rent Day." He has, however, written several others of considerable merit: "The Schoolfellow," "The Prisoner of War," "The Bubbles of the Day," and "Time Works Wonders;" four comedies sparkling with wit, and directed against the follies, foibles, and frippery of the times we live in. No man has been more successful on the stage in touching the national heart. He may, perhaps, want the fine philosophic theory, the poetic diction of Sheridan Knowles; he may not possess the delicate suavity of Bulwer, but he can clutch the passions and the feelings of the people as well as either of them: for he possesses as deep a pathos as the author of "The Hunchback," and far more virility than the author of "Money." He has his defects, certainly, as well as his beauties. We often think he writes too hurriedly, that he does not linger enough upon a fine thought, which is of all secrets the greatest in the great arts of writing and painting, for when a moralist has got an idea which is striking, he should show it again and again under various phases before he passes from it, leaving the reader ample time to feel its purport and to relish its pleasantry. This habit of development, this reduplication of the one idea under many forms, is the great secret of Hogarth and George Cruikshank, of Fielding and Scott, we had almost said of Shakspeare: but who could ever sound his depths, or read his mysteries? Again, Douglas Jerrold is accused of being too caustic, of forgetting the advice of that courtly gentleman, Sir Lucius O'Trigger: "Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword." "He not only," say his detractors, "cuts, but hacks and mangles his victims." Such, indeed, is the spirit of the age; but we do not allow Jerrold to be guilty of this fault: the seeming defect often lies rather in the honest blunt-

ness of his language than in the virulence of his charges. Translate his fiercest attacks upon men and manners into the decorous and courtly language of Lesage or Marivaux, of Fielding or Scott, and they would lose two-thirds of the lacerating cruelty they seem to portray.

Of late years this distinguished instructor of the people has partially united in himself the two separate crafts of author and publisher. Without referring to *Punch*, which was at first a sort of joint stock speculation, he has successively ushered into the world the *Illuminated Magazine*, *Douglas Jerrold's Magazine*, and *Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper*, besides taking a share in the first establishment of the *Daily News*. If he did not bring the capital of money to this last journal, he brought to it the still greater capital of mind. In all these enterprises, literary and political, this able moralist had embraced with uncommon ardor the cause and interests of the great body of the people, to all which he gave "a local habitation and a name," when he founded, last year, that noble institution, the great WHITTINGTON CLUB, of which we shall treat separately hereafter. Few men have shown the generous audacity that he has displayed in advocating the rights of the INDUSTRIOUS CLASSES; none have more vividly described the inborn and gallant virtues of the English heart. We think, however, that his proper province is rather in letters than in politics; because his mind is too vigorous to be plastic and compliant, and there is too much sincerity in his nature, as there was in Blanchard's, to stoop to party views and objects. Nor is it easy for such solid mineral as his, to liquify and pour itself out with that rapid abundance that political writing demands. If he wrote an occasional "Examiner," like Swift, when the fit was on; if he reserved his extraordinary strength for uncommon instances, like the one which suggested the "Drapier's Letters," all would be well, and we should see his fine performances follow one another, not periodically, but seasonably, and with his full stamp and impress upon them. Too often exercised, the vital powers of the strongest mind begin to droop, and when the time comes for unusual exertion the muscles of the mind are both jaded and weary. Rousseau, who never went to College, who had read but few books, who saw but little good company at any time, and who at last became a voluntary hermit, was able to beat Mon-

tesquieu, and keep pace with Voltaire, neither of whom ever lacked anything that could conduce to greatness in writers; and why? Because he gave himself long intervals of rest. He wrote only when his sympathy was touched, when his spirit was in flame, when his mind, like the teeming breast of a mother, panted for effusion. Rousseau only dealt in masterpieces. He has the sublime eloquence of Bossuet, the searching tenderness of Massillon; his argument is closer than Bourdaloue's or La Bruyère's, his humor not so frequent, but perfectly as quaint as Montaigne's, and his diction has all the music, if not all the graces of Voltaire.

We do not blame Douglas Jerrold for the volubility of his pen; but we regret that he cannot practise a husbandry less prodigal; because we think so highly of his powers that we believe if he gave his thoughts all the maturity they might derive from composure, there is hardly any height he might not attain to in his wit and argument. But, at all events, to speak of him in all justice and candor, he is allowed to be one of the master spirits of the day, and his name shall live after him, and become one of the surviving symbols of the age, when this our busy generation, like the broad wave of a cataract, shall have swept on for ever adown the gulf of time.

ILLNESS OF WORDSWORTH'S DAUGHTER.—We regret to announce that the accomplished and only daughter of Wordsworth lies dangerously and almost hopelessly ill at Rydal Mount. The venerable poet is plunged in the deepest affliction.—*Church of England Journal*.

MONUMENT TO CAXTON.—A public meeting to promote the erection of a monument to William Caxton, the earliest English printer, was held on Saturday afternoon in London—Lord Morpeth in the chair. The meeting was attended by a great number of gentlemen connected with literature. After appropriate addresses had been delivered, resolutions in furtherance of the object of the meeting were passed, and a subscription for the monument entered into.

DEATH OF THE FATHER OF THE IRISH BAR.—Thomas Dickson, Esq., LL.D., Q.C., the father of the Irish bar, died on Thursday morning, at a very advanced age. His demise was quite unexpected, as the day previous he had been engaged in the discharge of his professional duties. He was called to the Irish bar in Michaelmas term, 1792.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND.—PART II.

WHETHER Talleyrand's magnificent project of a Territorial Settlement of Europe were really practicable at the time it was proposed, opinions are not agreed. It is, however, hard to say what was not practicable by Napoleon on the morrow of Austerlitz. Talleyrand, following the footsteps of the conqueror, never ceased to urge his favorite theory. He wrote it from Strasburg, reproduced it from the Schoenbrunn, and finally exhausted all his arts of persuasion in urging it in the personal conferences with Napoleon at Brunn, amidst the dead and the dying, on the very field which the preceding eve had witnessed the rout and confusion of the hosts of Austria and Russia, headed by the two emperors. M. Thiers, while he does not deny the merit of the project, casts doubts on its practicability. M. Mignet maintains that at such a moment anything was possible—that the project was practicable—and that, had it been carried into effect, the course of European events would have been far different from that which has actually ensued. Austria would have been enlarged by the accession of a vast territory, precisely in that direction where the augmentation of her power was most necessary for the well-being of Europe. Instead of being, as now, composed of jarring and discordant elements, having no natural coherence, and only kept together by the sword, she would have been rendered homogeneous throughout her entire territory. Instead of leaving her interested to obstruct progress, and to maintain the old regime, she would have been stimulated to concur in the general advancement of civilization. The project, according to Mignet, would have supplied the foundation of a lasting peace, by the combinations it would have created, and the interests it would have satisfied. It was not, however, approved of by Napoleon. He proceeded, as he had always done, neither destroying the conquered, nor gaining them over. He weakened, without paralyzing them. He left them strength enough to be formidable, and supplied them no motive for any cordial alliance with him. The genius of Napoleon was greater for destruction than for creation. Much of what he pulled down can never be re-erected: little of what he created has

stood. He destroyed the holy Roman empire, which had existed since Charlemagne, and he created the confederation of the Rhine, at the head of which he placed himself. He enlarged the secondary states of Germany, and erected several of them into kingdoms, creating, as he imagined, permanent, natural, and useful allies for his empire. Having three years before destroyed the ecclesiastical sovereignties of Germany, he now destroyed the feudal sovereignties of its noblesse. He reduced the power of Austria, depriving her of her Italian territory without indemnifying her upon the Danube. He humiliated, but did not subdue her. Such, in fact, were the results of the victory of Austerlitz, which, it must be admitted, stand in disadvantageous contrast with those which Talleyrand claimed as its possible fruits. The key to Napoleon's policy was the enfeeblement of great states; its effect was the creation of powerful malcontents. He created a swarm of opponents, with whom he was condemned to maintain a perpetual struggle without the possibility of destroying them. His peaces were truces, and can be regarded only as the successive halts of the grand army in its unparalleled career of conquest.

Another of the grand European projects by which the public career of Talleyrand was signalized, was the establishment at Frankfort-on-the-Maine of a permanent congress, with the philanthropic object of maintaining perpetual peace. This congress, at which each state of Europe was to be represented by a resident ambassador, was to consist of three colleges, the first composed of representatives of the four great powers, France, Austria, Russia, and Prussia. England was excluded from this congress; its promoter regarding her, or affecting to regard her, as an exceptional power, the policy and interest of which must always be irreconcilable with those of the Continent. This, it must be confessed, was a curious exclusion to be proposed by one, the favorite object of whose political life was to bring about a close and permanent union of France and England against the world. England with her navy, and France with her army, if cordially allied, might, according to Talleyrand, dictate to the rest of the globe. The apparent inconsistency may,

however, be understood, when it is remembered that the European congress was projected at the time when Napoleon, in the zenith of his glory, regarded England as his implacable and unrelenting enemy, against which every expedient of policy must be directed.

The second college of Talleyrand's projected congress was to consist of the representatives of states of the second order; and in like manner the third was to be composed of the ministers of powers of the third order.

Thus composed, this high diplomatic body was to be authorized to decide finally and without appeal, by a sort of arbitration, and as an international court of honor, all differences which might arise between the states represented in it, and also to regulate the military contingents of each power. Every decision come to by the first college, provided it were unanimous, was to be final without the intervention of the other two. But in case of a dissent in the first college, then the second and third were to be successively consulted.

This scheme was never attempted to be realized, but from it Napoleon took the idea of the Confederation of the Rhine. Talleyrand would have wished him to have availed himself of his vast powers to establish something more permanent in its duration and more universal in its object.

In all the projects and speculations of Talleyrand, traces are discoverable of the best parts of the theories of the last century, although his purposes were so constantly defeated, and even made subservient to ends of which he disapproved, by the overruling power of the events with which he was surrounded. The minister of a sovereign sprung from arms and aggrandized by victory, he loved not war. His aversion to it was not only a matter of temperament and philosophical repugnance, but even of calculation. War, as a system, appeared to him calculated only to create perpetual causes for its own reproduction, while, on the contrary, his unceasing solicitude was to elicit from every victory consequences which would obliterate all future causes of collision.

Napoleon himself has done Talleyrand the justice to admit the tenacity of purpose, with which he incessantly endeavored to moderate his military propensities. "He never ceased," Napoleon used to say, "repeating to me that I was mistaken respecting the energy of the nation, that it would not continue to second me, and that

I should live to see myself at length abandoned by it. Talleyrand has never appeared to me to be either eloquent or persuasive. He used to revolve continually round the same idea." This was true, and the idea round which Talleyrand revolved was an European peace, the alliance of the great powers, the enlightenment of mankind, the advance of civilization and the arts, and the diffusion of knowledge. Although this fatigued Napoleon, he did not the less appreciate the counsels of so sage an admirer, and he never departed for a campaign without bringing in his rear, besides his legion of surgeons, his foreign minister, also skilled in the art of arresting the course of the destroyer.

After having concluded the peace of Presburg, and presided over those which terminated in the elevation of Louis Napoleon to the throne of Holland, and Joseph to that of Naples, and conducted the diplomatic measures which established the Confederation of the Rhine, Talleyrand, now become Prince of Beneventum, was called on to inflict on Prussia the penalty for its impolitic revolt against the imperial power.

When the victory of Austerlitz placed Austria at the feet of Napoleon, the latter left Talleyrand at the village of Brunn, on the very field of the battle, to conduct the negotiations with the agents of Austria, while he went himself to Vienna with M. Haugwitz, to arrange the preliminaries of a treaty with Prussia. Talleyrand opened the negotiations with the announcement of the purposes of France to deprive Austria of her dominions in Italy and Switzerland, with the professed object of removing all future causes of rivalry and war between the two empires. These sacrifices were, of course, resisted by the most lively remonstrances on the part of the Austrian negotiators, who expressed, however, their willingness to surrender Venice and a part of the Italian territory, but insisted that Salzburg, the Tyrol, and other territories, should be conferred upon one of the archdukes, and thus indirectly retained by Austria. One of the most erroneous propositions advanced by Austria, however, on this occasion, requires especial notice.

It will be remembered by every one conversant with the history of this period, that Napoleon was the object of the most unmeasured abuse, for his proposition of giving Hanover to Prussia, and that Prussia was scarcely less censured for her wil-

lingness to accept the gift. Nevertheless, we now know that Austria, the natural ally and friend of England, did, in the course of the negotiations to which we refer, actually propose to Napoleon, through Talleyrand, that the patrimony of the king of England should be conferred on one of the archdukes, in exchange for the sacrifices she was compelled to make on her southern frontiers.

The sagacious French diplomatist listened to this unprincipled demand with unmixed delight, well aware how potent a means it might be converted into to embroil Austria with England, and was too skilful to crush at once the hopes of its accomplishment. He accordingly received the proposition with much complacency, and promised to lay it before the Emperor. Talleyrand had another object in protracting these negotiations. He knew that Napoleon was at the same time negotiating with M. Haugwitz a treaty with Prussia at the Schoenbrunn, and that Austria would be much more tractable after Prussia was put out of the question by the final settlement, the intelligence of which he hourly expected. He therefore willingly consented to the suspension of the negotiations until Prince Lichtenstein should go to the chateau at which the Emperor Francis was then staying, to obtain fresh instructions and enlarged powers. Talleyrand was to wait at Brunn until his return.

This delay, purposely created by Talleyrand, was a capital fault on the part of the Austrian negotiators, for what was then passing at Vienna, and which they ought to have at least conjectured, if not certainly known, greatly aggravated the difficulties of their position. The immediate object of Napoleon was to detach Prussia from the Coalition before she had time to recover from the terror with which the catastrophe of Austerlitz had struck her. Besides the advantages of bringing the Prussian arrangement to a conclusion while the Austrian negotiation was still pending, there were other reasons for accelerating the general settlement of both treaties. The archdukes were advancing towards Presburg at the head of a hundred thousand men. The Prussian armies were assembled in Saxony and Franconia, and the combined forces of England and Russia were advancing on Hanover. Whatever might be the confidence of Napoleon against such a combination, it was impolitic to wait for it to collect against him. To recommence a war

against all Europe in coalition, would at best have been a hazardous game. He therefore saw the necessity for the same promptitude in diplomacy to which he so often owed his success in war.

Napoleon, therefore, immediately on arriving at the Schoenbrunn, on the 13th December, 1805, sent for M. Haugwitz, and received him in the cabinet of Maria Theresa.* After a burst of indignation at the underhand proceedings which Prussia had taken in regard to France, and giving utterance to menaces of the disasters with which he could overwhelm her, now that he had got Austria and Russia off his hands, he elicited from M. Haugwitz an offer of an alliance, as the price of immediate reconciliation. Napoleon did not scruple to offer Prussia conditions, the acceptance of which he knew must seriously compromise her with the other great powers. As she had before betrayed France to the profit of Europe, she was now called on to betray Europe to the profit of France. Napoleon, nevertheless, did not hesitate to propose this course to the plenipotentiary of Prussia, who, so far from showing any repugnance, seemed enchanted to be enabled to bring back from Vienna an alliance with France, instead of a declaration of war.

This interview took place the 13th December; the treaty was reduced to writing on the 14th, and formally signed at the Schoenbrunn on the following day.

The moment this was accomplished, Napoleon wrote to Talleyrand that if the Austrian negotiators did not immediately accede to the terms offered, he should come without further delay to Vienna. The embarrassment of the Austrian plenipotentiaries now became extreme. In resisting the demands and postponing concessions, they augmented the exigencies of the conqueror, and really increased the difficulties. Hanover was disposable when Talleyrand opened the negotiation—it was now appropriated. The Tyrol, for the surrender of which Austria claimed it, would now have to be given up without an equivalent. In short, it was found that even their increased powers did not meet the demands on which Talleyrand was now ordered to insist; a further reference to the Emperor Francis was necessary, and the conference broke up and was adjourned to Presburg, Brunn having become unhealthy, owing to the noxious exhalations proceeding from the enormous number of bodies of men and

* Thiers, VI., 355.

horses in a state of decomposition on the field of battle, and the innumerable sick and wounded who crowded the hospitals. Talleyrand, after a conference with Napoleon at Vienna, finally met the Austrian negotiators at Presburg, where the treaty was concluded, amidst the advanced posts of the two hostile armies, and signed by Talleyrand, as the representative of the French empire, on the 26th December.

The death of Mr. Pitt, which occurred in a month after this event, effected a great apparent change in the relations of France and England, and the advent of Mr. Fox and his party to power, offered some ground for expecting that a peace was not altogether impracticable. An accidental circumstance brought about a communication between the two governments, well calculated to mitigate feelings of mutual hostility. A miscreant had the ignorance and baseness to obtain access personally to Mr. Fox, and to propose to him to get Napoleon assassinated. Mr. Fox had the wretch delivered into the hands of the police, and immediately wrote a dispatch to Talleyrand, denouncing in suitable terms the proposition which had been made, and placing at his disposition all the means necessary to prosecute the author, if the thing should be regarded as worthy of serious notice.

Napoleon, sensible of this proceeding on the part of a hostile government, authorized M. Talleyrand to reply to it, which he did in the following terms:—

“I have placed before his majesty the letter of your excellency. ‘I recognise in this,’ said the Emperor, ‘the honor and virtue which have always animated Mr. Fox. Thank him for me, and assure him that, whether the policy of his sovereign leads to the continuance of war, or the quarrel, so useless to humanity, should be brought to as speedy a conclusion as both nations ought to desire, I shall equally rejoice in the new character which, by this proceeding, the war has already assumed, and which is the presage of what may be expected from a cabinet in which I am glad to recognise the principles of Mr. Fox, who is a man so eminently fitted to perceive what is finest and most truly grand in affairs.’”

Mr. Fox addressed to Talleyrand a note in answer to this, conceived in a frank and cordial spirit, in which, without reserve or diplomatic finesse, he offered peace on honorable conditions, and by means, as sure as they were prompt. A correspondence ensued between these distinguished men, in the course of which each of them joined to their public dispatches private letters, full

of frankness and cordiality. The necessity under which the British government felt itself placed to insist on including Russia in the arrangements, soon appeared to constitute a formidable obstacle to any favorable issue, this being opposed by Napoleon. Talleyrand, whose dominant thought was directed towards the attainment of a durable peace, which he regarded as the highest interest of France, spared no exertions or persuasions to induce Napoleon to avail himself of the opportunity offered by the presence of Mr. Fox in power to continue the negotiation with England. Napoleon was not less disposed than his minister to avail himself of an opportunity of terminating the war, as auspicious as it was unlooked for. Circumstances also seemed to offer facilities for surmounting the obstacle which had arisen. Information had been received from the French Consul at St. Petersburg, confirmed by advices from other quarters, that the Emperor Alexander, uneasy at the results of the war, distrustful of the cabinet of St. James's, and especially of the personal predilections of Mr. Fox, desired the re-establishment of peace. In short, the probability of a direct negotiation being opened with Russia was so strong, that it was hoped that the principle of a collective negotiation, on which Mr. Fox had insisted, would be renounced.

Another incident also lent itself to foster the friendly feeling which had already been produced. During these negotiations an exchange of prisoners between France and England was agreed upon. Among the *detenus* in Paris was Lord Yarmouth, afterwards Marquis of Hertford, who was then, although a Tory, an intimate friend of Mr. Fox, and from his predilections for the Continent in general, and Paris in particular, an ardent partisan of peace. This young nobleman, who, during his detention, had moved in the best Parisian society, was well known to Prince Talleyrand, who was an admirer of the English aristocracy. Talleyrand, with his usual tact, seized this opportunity of turning his private intimacies to the public advantage. He invited Lord Yarmouth to his hotel, and there, in a conversation marked by the most exquisite tact, and apparent frankness, assured him that the Emperor most ardently desired peace, that he wished to put aside diplomatic formalities, and to agree frankly on conditions mutually honorable and acceptable; that such conditions could present no difficulty, inasmuch as it was no longer de-

sired to dispute with England the possession of Malta and the Cape; that the question was, therefore, narrowed to a small compass, especially since Napoleon was willing to restore Hanover to George III.

After receiving these and other confidential communications from Talleyrand, Lord Yarmouth left Paris, promising to return immediately with the secret of the intentions of Mr. Fox. In fact Lord Yarmouth did accordingly return with powers from Mr. Fox, and was subsequently joined by Lord Lauderdale; but notwithstanding the earnest desire of M. Talleyrand for peace, the complication of the affairs of the Continent rendered, as is well known, all these exertions abortive.

After presiding at these various negotiations, and assisting in the ceremonies attending the elevation of Louis Napoleon to the throne of Holland, and Joseph to that of Naples, Talleyrand affixed his name to the treaty of Tilsitt, which was concluded as the consequence of the victories of Jena, Eylau, and Friedland. Prussia and Russia were humbled; the Confederation of the Rhine was extended from the south to the north of Germany; in fine, the empire had attained the meridian of its splendor, and Napoleon reached the summit of his glory. At this dazzling epoch, at a moment of unparalleled prosperity of success, M. Talleyrand ceased to direct the diplomacy of the empire. The signature of the treaty of Tilsitt was his last official act. On the 8th of August, 1807, an imperial decree announced his retirement from office, and named M. Champagny his successor. The following day a second decree raised him to the office of Vice Grand Elector, the third dignity of the empire, with a salary of £20,000. The office was for life.

The retirement of the great diplomatist was *nominally* his own voluntary act; how far it was really his spontaneous choice will not be certainly known until the publication of those autobiographical memoirs, whose appearance is interdicted until the year 1868.

Was he fatigued with the continual sacrifice of his own judgment, which the aspiring ambition of his master exacted? Was his indolence allured by the perspective of the magnificent sinecure which awaited him? Did his incomparable clear-sightedness enable him to see that Napoleon, balanced on a summit, trembled and became giddy with the height to which he had attained? Did he, in short, anticipate at this epoch of

grandeur, his approaching decline? These are questions which will be variously received, and to which satisfactory or conclusive answers, with our present information, would be impossible. However this may be, his retirement from affairs at such a moment gave occasion to innumerable conjectures, and no one believed it to be sincerely the result of his own wish. Some ascribed it to the strong disapprobation which Talleyrand entertained for the policy pursued by Napoleon respecting Spain. This opinion Talleyrand did not fail to encourage, and turn to account as soon as the course of events rendered it popular. Still it is difficult to render such a supposition compatible with Talleyrand's own acts. The idea of imitating the policy of Louis XIV. was at least as much that of Talleyrand himself as of Napoleon. Yet there might have been a disagreement as to the time and manner of carrying out such a policy. Others ascribe his retirement to his having opened negotiations for peace with England, without the cognisance of the Emperor; and others again find the cause in the intrigues of Fouché, his personal enemy, who labored incessantly to excite the impatience of the Emperor against his minister, always representing the latter as assuming to himself too great a share in the management of affairs.

Whatever may have produced this estrangement, it was one deeply to be deplored by Napoleon. The vast ambition and great military prowess of Napoleon, and the unequalled good sense, moderation, and *sang froid* of Talleyrand, seemed to be made for each other. The invention, fertility, boldness, and impetuosity of the one were happily checked by the coolness, moderation, powers of deliberation, foresight, and caution of the other. Talleyrand knew how to throw dilatory obstacles in the way of the Emperor when rage and passion transported him and prompted precipitate measures, thus giving him the opportunity of recovering his tranquillity, and acting with ability and dignity. Thus he used to say, with some exaggeration, but much truth and infinite wit, "The Emperor always compromised himself when he was enabled to do anything a quarter of an hour earlier, which I would have induced him to postpone to a quarter of an hour later." The loss of such a counsellor was more than a misfortune; it was a danger.

The retirement of Talleyrand from office did not, however, produce any personal

coolness between him and the Emperor; their separation was only official. Their amicable relations were maintained. He was loaded with honors. Next in official dignity to the brother of the Emperor, he was Vice Grand Elector of the Empire. He was also Grand Chamberlain of the Imperial Court, and retained the principality of Beneventum, which had been conferred on him after the victory of Austerlitz.

A year after his retirement from the *Hotel des Affaires Etrangères*, he was called on to attend Napoleon at the celebrated interview with Alexander at Erfurth, at which the latter agreed to abandon Spain, receiving in return Moldavia and Wallachia, and where both agreed to engage in a common war against England, if the government of that country would not consent to a peace on practicable terms, and against Austria, unless that state should acquiesce. Talleyrand attended on this occasion, not in a diplomatic capacity, but in his official character of Grand Chamberlain, and did the honors of the imperial court at entertainments where kings and sovereign princes were guests, and where the fate of nations was decided. In the midst of these magnificent convivialities, under the guise of which negotiations so important were carried on, the Emperor felt once more the inestimable value of the counsels of his former minister, and observed to him one day with unaffected regret, "We ought never to have lost your aid." This was, however, the last expression of accordance which passed between these illustrious men.

Napoleon following his own counsels, or rather surrendering himself to the impulses of his ambition, continued the enterprises in which he was engaged. Hitherto the results of his measures were to enfeeble others, and to strengthen or at least defend himself. Now, however, he went further. He did not wait to be attacked, but took the initiative of offence. By his invasion of Spain he roused against him the united power of an entire people. By seizing and carrying away the Pope, he provoked the hostility of all who still respected the ancient and powerful principle represented by the head of the Church—a principle the full value and importance of which he acknowledged on his accession to the Imperial throne, by courting its sanction in the grand ceremonials observed on that occasion. Talleyrand saw plainly the danger which he incurred; he perceived the precipice to the brink of which Napoleon was

rushing. Whatever might have been the period when he first allowed his opinion of the Spanish invasion to be perceived, it is quite certain that in 1809 he took so little trouble to dissemble the strong disapprobation he felt, that the Emperor, on his return from the Peninsula, dismissed him from his office of Grand Chamberlain. He was before removed from public affairs, and he was now estranged from the person of the Emperor. Thus was broken the last tie that connected these two distinguished men, of whom the one could accomplish so much while the tide of success lasted, and the other so much whenever reverses took place. From this time Talleyrand proved to be daily more and more severe in his judgments of the Emperor's measures, and Napoleon more and more distrustful of his ex-minister of Foreign Affairs. They fell into a continual collision, irritating to the diplomat and undignified in the sovereign. Napoleon was averse from the malcontent, even the silent. When Talleyrand spoke he never failed to throw bitterness into his words, and if he did not speak, there were not wanting those who put offensive language in his mouth. From this resulted often scenes of violence and mal-adresse on the one part, borne always with that incomparable *sang froid* which has become so well known on the other as to be historical. To menace people daily with having them shot, and yet allow them to occupy a powerful and influential position, leaving all the means of retaliation in their hands, was a deplorable policy. It was but too often the course pursued by Napoleon, who, great as he was, was not above petulance, and who, governing all around him, knew not how to govern himself. Not daring or probably not thinking he had sufficient grounds for severity, he always calculated on accomplishing something by mere menace, and accordingly he threatened incessantly and without moderation. Thus he wounded, humiliated, and irritated Talleyrand without striking him, and actually awakened in him those views and purposes which he desired to prevent. Sometimes he would mingle favors with bluster. Thus at a moment when he showed the utmost rage against the ex-minister, having learned that he had pressing claims to answer, owing to unsuccessful operations at the Bourse, he consented to purchase from him, at an extravagant price, a furnished hotel, and afterwards allowed him to take away the splendid and valuable furniture. With characteristic

inconsistency and petulance, Napoleon at the same time refused to pay him the rent of his Chateau at Valencay, which was engaged by the government as the residence of the exiled princes of Spain.

Talleyrand was thus estranged from Napoleon during the last five years of the Empire, but resided in Paris, in princely splendor; for independently of the wealth he had accumulated, he still held the magnificent sinecure of the Vice Grand Electorship, with its twenty thousand pounds a-year.

It was in 1812, that the sagacious diplomat plainly foresaw the fall of Napoleon. When the emperor decided on the expedition to Russia, attacking a power almost inaccessible, at the moment when he was menaced on every side at home, Talleyrand saw his end fast approaching. England, which for ten years had never let him rest, still directed all her vast resources against him; Spain was on fire, and had risen to a man against his usurpation;—Austria proved that maxims were more potent with her than marriages, and the Archduchess, transmuted into the Empress of France, could not prevent her family from directing all its exertions to recover the eight millions of subjects it had lost in the treaties Napoleon had imposed upon it. Clouds gathered, and the firmament was blackened on one side, but Napoleon, nevertheless, disregarding these presages of the storm, rushed among the snows of Russia, encountered the catastrophe of Moscow, and gave the signal for the commencement of that series of reverses, the issue of which was St. Helena.

After the disasters of 1813, when, under the pressure of reverses, Napoleon again had recourse to Talleyrand, desiring to restore him to the ministry of Foreign Affairs, they had a long interview on this subject, which, however, was attended with no result. Whether the sagacious ex-minister saw that the situation of the emperor was desperate, or that he proposed sacrifices to obtain peace, which Napoleon was indisposed to make, or whether, in fine, Talleyrand was unwilling to link himself to the falling fortunes of the Empire, cannot now be ascertained; but it is certain, that the distrust with which these eminent individuals had begun to regard each other, was augmented, and that this abortive attempt to come to an understanding was followed by more numerous sallies of temper on the part of the one, and the utterance, in pri-

vate, of more biting sarcasm on the part of the other than before.

During the two years which preceded the fall of the Empire, it has been alleged, and to a greater or less extent credited, that Talleyrand intrigued with the Bourbons to bring about the Restoration. Of this, however, there is no proof, and the circumstances of the time, combined with the character and previous life of Talleyrand, afford an explanation of his conduct sufficiently satisfactory to render the supposition of treason and conspiracy gratuitous, and, in the case of so cautious a statesman, in a high degree improbable. Let us consider for a moment the relative position of the emperor and his ex-minister at this epoch.

In the descent which preceded his fall, there were two moments at which Napoleon might, with honor, have made terms with the allies, first at Prague, before the disaster at Leipsic, and secondly at Frankfort, before the troops of the Coalition had crossed the French frontier. At Prague, besides the integrity of France, within its natural geographical limits, he might have retained a part of the territories he had conquered in Europe. At Frankfort, he might have secured France within those limits which nature seems to have assigned to her. The propositions made at Frankfort by Prince Metternich, in the name of Austria; by Lord Aberdeen in the name of England; by M. Nesselrode, in the name of Russia; and by Prince Hardenburg, in the name of Prussia, which bore date the 10th November, 1813, were to the effect that the "Allied Sovereigns were agreed in the opinion that France ought to be preserved in her integrity, and that they were willing that her territory should be bounded by the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees." They declared that they desired to establish a lasting peace, and the equilibrium of Europe upon the basis of the independence of all the great states by land and sea.

This proposal was made with the condition of being accepted in twenty-four hours, and before that time had elapsed the sovereigns repented its moderation, truly concluding that they were in a condition to extort better terms, and to impose more severe humiliation on him who had exacted such frequent and severe sacrifices from them. Napoleon meanwhile was not able to bring himself to accept such conditions with the prescribed promptitude, nor in the unqualified terms in which they were proposed. He did, however, accept them, but

not in time. His reluctance to renounce in such sweeping terms territories which had cost so much blood and treasure, and the acquisition of which had surrounded his new throne with such splendor, and to abandon to the caprice of the Allies so many princes whom he had created, naturally enough gave occasion for delay, during which the forces of the enemy passed the frontier, penetrated into France, and the negotiations were transferred to Chatillon sur-Seine.

Here the Frankfort propositions were withdrawn, and it was proposed that France should be reduced to her ancient limits, and exposed throughout a frontier of one hundred and fifty leagues to the incursions of foreign powers. Napoleon received this proposition with a storm of indignation. He declared that it would degrade France to a secondary power; that it would not even place her, relatively to other states, in the position she held in 1792; for all other chief states since that epoch had been strengthened and enlarged. Nothing would thus be allowed to France to balance the partition of Poland, the destruction of the ecclesiastical sovereignties of Germany, or the acquisitions of England in the East. He wrote from his bivouack between the Seine and Marne to his plenipotentiary the Duke of Vicenza: "I have received," said he, "the propositions which you have sent to me. There is not a Frenchman whose blood would not boil with indignation at them. . . . I am so moved by those infamous proposals, that I feel myself dishonored in being thrown into a situation in which it is possible that they could be made to me. I would rather lose Paris itself than see such propositions made to the French people, and should much prefer to see the Bourbons restored to the throne on reasonable conditions."

He felt that the acceptance of such conditions was incompatible with his antecedents. A soldier of fortune elevated to a throne, is nothing if he be not great. Humbled by defeat, and deprived of his only *prestige* by such a treaty, he would lose the authority necessary for command. He wanted what the old families which govern Europe had, the support of ages past. In a moment of distress they could afford to surrender, having centuries of possession and the records of history to fall back upon. Their political authority was not identified with their possession of territory. Its basis was habit and memories,

not victories. The origin, the principle, and the foundation of the imperial throne of France was victory. Losing its greatness, it lost its legitimacy. Napoleon felt this. He might have stopped in his ascent—in his fall it was impossible.

In accordance with these sentiments, he wrote to his plenipotentiary on the 19th January: "If the ancient limits of France are proposed, I have one of three parts to take, either to fight and conquer, or to fight and fall gloriously; or, in fine, if the nation will not support me, to abdicate. The system of reducing France to her ancient limits is inseparable from the restoration of the Bourbons." What he thus enounced he did. He undertook this memorable campaign, one of the most splendid of his splendid career, not like that of Italy, in youth, in an enemy's country, in a season of success, full of hope, with a single enemy before him; but under the pressure of age, on the territory of France, before invading armies, in the midst of revolt, with a broken prestige, and before Europe in coalition. Yet never was his activity greater—his will more decided—his soul more proud—his genius more grand—his victories more glorious, yet more fruitless. His star, before disappearing, shed a dazzling lustre.

Gaining victory without success, and exposing himself to the storm of battle without falling, he adopted the remaining alternative which he had proposed to himself—he abdicated.

It was during this period that Talleyrand has been charged with secretly plotting the overthrow of Napoleon. That he had, through the intervention of parties in his confidence, held communications with the allied powers, and even with the Bourbons, must be admitted; but to form a just estimate of his conduct at this time, it is necessary to remember that Talleyrand never devoted himself to the personal interests or ascendancy of any sovereign. Having passed through numerous revolutions, and having been called to serve his country under a succession of sovereigns, which followed one another not by any recognised right of succession, but by a series of *emeutes* and *coups d'état*, Talleyrand gave each of them his co-operation as the heads of the state, *de facto*, rather than as the possessors of any legitimate claim upon his allegiance. He regarded them as the temporary depositories of the national authority, and as such entitled to his aid,

as a citizen, so long as they possessed the confidence of the nation, and exercised, in fact, the supreme power. It must be remembered that divine right and hereditary claims had ceased to be acknowledged, and if the latter had been reproduced in the elevation of Napoleon to the imperial throne, it then only emanated from the people, was only acknowledged as a matter of expediency, and might, of course, be renounced by the authority which had created it. Talleyrand, in a word, gave to the government *de facto*, for the time being, his services. He was not sufficiently devoted to the imperial regime to desire to maintain it longer than its continuance seemed conducive to the good of the country; and in the position affairs had assumed at the epoch we refer to, the question appeared to be clearly enough reduced to this, whether Napoleon was to be sacrificed to France, or France to Napoleon.

After crossing the frontiers, and transferring the negotiations to Chatillon, the allies declared openly that they separated the French nation from its sovereign; that they were not indisposed to treat with the one on terms and conditions which would not be granted to the other. In this state of things Talleyrand did not hesitate to listen to overtures made to him by secret agents, nor to lend himself to negotiations having for their object to substitute another government for the military dictatorship of Napoleon. He had preserved numerous diplomatic relations with courts of Europe. August persons had regarded him with friendship, had rendered homage to his talents, and admired the firmness with which he had opposed himself to the gigantic projects of conquest in which the Emperor had indulged. Communications were, in fine, opened with him at Paris by the agents of the Congress at Chatillon, and still more directly by Prince Metternich and M. Nesselrode. In these negotiations all the contingencies incidental upon the fall of Napoleon were considered, such as a regency under the Empress Maria Louisa, with the ultimate succession of the King of Rome; a monarchy, with a new prince, to be chosen by the nation; and finally, the restoration of the Bourbons, if that measure appeared to be most conducive to the establishment of general tranquillity. Indeed it is not certain that Caulaincourt himself, the recognised representative of France at the Congress, did not make some

overtures to the Emperor Alexander on the subject of a regency under the Empress.

At the same time, other negotiations were secretly in progress. M. Arnaud de Vitrolles had been commissioned to sound the allies on the question of the Restoration. This agent, however, being also connected with the exiled family, and influenced by them, exceeded his powers, and ventured to negotiate directly for the restoration of Louis XVIII., whereas he was only authorized by Talleyrand to mention it as a contingency, and ascertain the feelings of the allies upon it. It has appeared that at that time his projects were but coldly received, so entirely had the principles of legitimacy been banished from the thoughts of Europe. He declared that the cabinets of the allies showed no preference for any particular system, provided that France were deprived of the power of disturbing the general tranquillity, and that even Austria was well disposed to treat with Napoleon, or with a regency. Thus, it will be seen, how little the sovereigns of Europe cared, or even thought about the Bourbons on the very eve of the Restoration.

As the fall of Napoleon became more and more evident, the discussion of the measures to be taken for the security of the country in that contingency was conducted with less reserve. Talleyrand was the centre round which this movement naturally took place. His undisputed ability as a statesman and diplomatist, his participation in all that was well-ordered in the Revolution, and his abstinence from all participation in the atrocities which attended it, his aristocratic descent, and the extreme polish and refinement of his manners, the opposition which he was known to have given to the most culpable aggressions of Napoleon, especially to the invasion of Russia and Spain, all these considerations rendered him more eminently fitted than any other individual to negotiate with the invaders of France, now expected, with their victorious hosts, at the gates of Paris.

Among the persons admitted to the most confidential intercourse with Talleyrand at this epoch were, the Duke de Dalberg, the Marquis de Jaucourt, and the Abbé de Pradt. With the first, Talleyrand maintained the closest intimacy. Sprung from a noble family, his acquaintance with him had commenced when he held the ministry of Foreign Affairs, and the young duke conceived towards him the most lively

friendship. Besides the consideration which the known friendship of the illustrious ex-minister conferred upon him, he enjoyed a certain diplomatic consideration from his connexion with foreign statesmen. He was the near relation of M. Nesselrode, and the friend of M. de Metternich, of Count Stadion, then holding a high place in the cabinet of Vienna, and of the Baron de Vincent.

The Marquis de Jaucourt had been a member of the Constituent Assembly, had emigrated, returned to France in 1803, when, after presiding over the Tribune, he was raised by the first consul to the senate. To M. de Pradt, Talleyrand gave but a limited confidence; sufficient, however, to turn the talents and activity of that person to his account. Besides these, the salons of his hotel were the resort of a number of secondary agents, who surrounded him, in expectation of some great governmental change, the nature of which they could not anticipate. Such were MM. Labourie, de Bourrienne (since so well known for his memoirs of Napoleon), and de Vitrolles. To these Talleyrand communicated nothing. The various contingencies were discussed, and among them, the return of the Bourbons was mentioned as an eventuality.

On the approach of the allies to Paris, the Council of Regency, of which Talleyrand, as Vice Grand Elector, was a member, deliberated whether, in case of the capital being declared in a state of siege, the Empress and the King of Rome should remain there. It was at first decided in the affirmative, and this decision was warmly supported by Talleyrand—Joseph Bonaparte and the Arch-Chancellor Le Brun, however, produced an order of Napoleon, that the Regent should quit Paris if the enemy should arrive under its walls. It was therefore ultimately decided that the Regency should be transferred to Blois, attended by all the great officers of state, and functionaries of the government.

This measure liberated Talleyrand from the immediate presence of the government in the capital, and rendered the secret negotiations with the allied powers more easy and safe. But as a member of the Council of Regency, and a high dignitary of the State, it was his duty to accompany the government to Blois. He accordingly presented the semblance of doing this, and was actually leaving Paris when he was stopped at the Barrière de Maine by a com-

pany of the National Guard, and compelled to return. This proceeding had been pre-arranged by himself, and it may be easily imagined that no very serious resistance was offered to those who re-conducted him to his hotel.

In fine, the signature of the capitulation which followed the armistice concluded by Marmont, enabled Talleyrand to continue openly his negotiation with the Emperor Alexander, and the allied sovereigns. He assured them that the existing authorities in Paris would easily be brought to unite in a movement against Napoleon, and undertook to manage the affair. Alexander, on the other hand, to inspire all parties in Paris with more confidence in the power and influence of Talleyrand, consented to confer upon him the honor of becoming his guest, during his sojourn in the capital.

Talleyrand then inhabited the splendid hotel at the corner of the Rue St. Florentin, and the Rue de Rivoli, which still bears his name, and which he continued to inhabit till his death. The suite of rooms on the first floor, which look over the garden of the Tuileries, and the spacious area now called the Place de la Concorde, but better known as the Place Louis XV., were prepared for his reception. On the evening of the 30th, MM. de Dalberg, Jaucourt, the Abbé de Montesquiou, the Abbé de Pradt, and the Baron Louis, met in the Cabinet of M. Talleyrand. The situation of the country was discussed, and the various expedients which suggested themselves were successively considered. The regency of the Empress first presented itself, and the advantages it offered were examined, among which the most prominent was the support it was assured it would certainly receive from the Emperor of Austria. When the Bourbons were mentioned, the Duke de Dalberg explained the difficulty of reconciling any liberal system of government with the rooted prejudices in favor of absolute monarchy which were known to prevail with the elder branches of the Bourbons. The name of the Duke of Orleans was mentioned, but M. Talleyrand and the Baron Louis avowed themselves warm partisans of legitimacy as a principle. It was, in fine, agreed that the combination which appeared under the existing circumstances to offer most advantages, was the spontaneous recall of Louis XVIII., with a liberal constitution. Without committing anything to writing, or even settling any precise conditions, an understanding to that

effect was arrived at, and M. Talleyrand undertook to communicate on the subject with the allied sovereigns on the one hand, and with the leading members of the Imperial Senate on the other.

Talleyrand was well informed of what had passed between the sovereigns at the congress of Chatillon. The Emperor Alexander had told the Princess Stephanie of Baden, that if Napoleon refused to come to terms before the allied powers crossed the Rhine, they would not treat with him, but would overthrow him. At Chatillon, nevertheless, much discordance prevailed among them as to the prospective arrangements. They were perfectly agreed, however, in the absolute necessity of establishing such a government in France as would ensure the permanent tranquillity and security of Europe.

In proportion as the clouds gathered round the imperial throne, Talleyrand saw his salons filled with every shade and variety of opinion, from the staunch republican to the enthusiast of divine right. All assembled there pell-mell; scrutinized each other's looks, and vainly tried to read the future in the visage of their wily host. Talleyrand, with consummate tact and flexibility, had a ready reply for each inquirer, to excite their hopes, or flatter their self love. He told the Republicans, that the Allied Sovereigns desired that the nation should choose its own form of government. He assured the Bonapartists, that their position and appointments would not be disturbed; that there were still chances of a regency under the Empress; but that it was indispensable that the Emperor be removed. To the Royalists, he professed that his earnest wish was to see the House of Bourbon re-established in France; but that, to accomplish this, would require the greatest discretion and the utmost caution, to avoid offending the opinions of large and powerful parties, whose hostility might render every measure directed to that object abortive.

Various attempts were made on the days of the 30th and 31st March, by the Royalist party, to get up popular demonstrations in favor of the Bourbons, but without success. Talleyrand understood the French public too well to countenance such proceedings. On the night of the 30th, he prepared a proclamation, to be published in Paris, by Prince Schwartzemberg, in the name of the Allied Sovereigns, which affords another striking example of the skill

and tact of this master of diplomatic finesse. After indicating the conditions of the capitulations, this document concluded thus:

"Parisians—You know the situation of your country. The friendly occupation of Lyons; the proceedings at Bourdeaux;—misfortunes drawn upon France and the true dispositions of your countrymen. You will perceive in these examples, the termination of war abroad and discord at home. You cannot otherwise attain that end. It is with this hope, that Europe, in arms under your walls, addresses you. Hasten to respond to that confidence which she reposes in your patriotism and your wisdom."

Here all parties found something to raise their hopes, or to tranquillize their fears. The example of Bourdeaux was presented to the Royalists; and the partisans of Napoleon, and even the Republicans, were flattered with the assurances, that although Europe was in arms around their capital, she only asked for peace, and left France to choose her own form of government.

On the afternoon of the 31st March, the allies entered Paris by the northern Faubourgs. The strange cortège traversed the Boulevards from the Porte St. Denis to the Champs Elysées, under the eyes of thousands of astonished citizens, who filled the windows and the house-tops. Curiosity and sadness were strangely mingled in the countenances of the multitude. The proclamation had reassured the public, and no sense of danger was manifested. The shops and the marts were re-opened, and commerce flowed in its customary channels. M. Pasquier (the present venerable President of the Chamber of Peers), being then at the head of the municipality, adopted measures for the preservation of order, and the protection of private property.

In the afternoon, the Emperor Alexander arrived at the Rue St. Florentine, and took possession of the suite of rooms provided for him in the magnificent Hotel Talleyrand. All visitors to Paris are familiar with the front of this building, which looks upon the Rue de Rivoli and the Place de la Concorde. The windows of the first floor, with the large stone balcony before them, are those of the apartment of the Emperor. The first object which met his view on approaching, was the spot on which Louis XVI. and his unhappy queen and sister fell under the guillotine. How often did Talleyrand, when, at a later epoch, he declined in favor with the restored family, conduct his guests to this room, of which the

same furniture is still retained, recur to the proceedings of which it was the theatre, and signalize the ingratitude and infatuation of kings.

This apartment seems destined to be the scene of political and diplomatic intrigue. The same room in which Alexander held his receptions is now the saloon of the celebrated female diplomat and intrigante, the Princess Lieven, the widow of the former Russian Ambassador at London, and now the *intimate* friend, or, as some say, the wife of M. Guizot. Here were concocted the Spanish marriages. Here was planned the purchase of fifty millions in the French funds, by the Emperor Nicholas, and from the same table as that on which was signed the treaty of Paris, were written those letters to the present Czar which brought about the recent financial arrangement with the Bank of France.

But to return to the more immediate subject of our present narrative, Alexander, on arriving in the hotel of his distinguished host, having retired for a short repose, rejoined Talleyrand in the salon. The conversation was immediately directed to the means which would be most effectual to put an end to the war with which it was admitted that all the nations of Europe were fatigued. To be the instrument of establishing universal peace had become the dominant idea in the mind of Alexander. With an imagination stronger than his understanding, and an ardent and generous heart, he had already become the dupe of the celebrated Madame Krudener, who had persuaded him that Napoleon was the BLACK DEMON, or the genius of battles, and that he, the Czar, was the WHITE ANGEL, or the genius of peace, whose mission was to play the part of universal pacificator, in this nether world, by the agency of his vast armies. The unhappy circumstances connected with his father's death had never ceased to haunt his excited imagination, nor did he ever stand perfectly self-acquitted on that terrible event. His more generous impulses therefore rendered him eager to be the instrument of good on the large scale, so as in some measure to atone for his participation, however involuntary, in the event which placed him on the imperial throne.

By circumstances, no less than by temperament, therefore, Talleyrand found in the Emperor a subject easy to be wrought to his purposes, even with much less skill than he had at command. His designs

were further facilitated by the counsellors in whom Alexander reposed most confidence. M. de Nesselrode, his chancellor, a practised diplomatist of the most polished manners, participated sincerely in the Emperor's desire for peace, without, however, forgetting that one of the conditions to be advanced at the proper moment should be the acquisition of the complete sovereignty of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. M. Pozzo di Borgo also at that time exercised great influence on the Czar. M. Pozzo, a Corsican, had been a member of the Legislative Assembly under the Revolution, and later, having entered into the service of Russia, had risen to the rank of major-general. Talleyrand, desirous that each of the sovereigns should be informed of what it was most to his purpose that they should know, had placed in attendance on them persons who, while they were acceptable to them respectively from past relations, were also in the confidence of Talleyrand, and ready to lend themselves to his designs. Thus he placed General Beurnonville, who had been a long time Ambassador at Berlin, in attendance on the King of Prussia. The Chancellor de Hardenberg also had numerous relations with Talleyrand, while the latter held the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and did not forget the moderation with which he caused the harsh orders of Napoleon to be executed in Berlin. With Prince Schwartzberg, the Plenipotentiary of the Emperor of Austria, Talleyrand placed the Duke de Dalberg, rendered acceptable by his former intimacy with Prince Metternich. This was the personage, the management of whom required the most refined tact, for the interests of the Empress Maria Louisa were to be regarded, closely connected as they were with the forfeiture of Napoleon. The great object of the restoration of the Bourbons could only be attained by the voluntary sacrifice of these interests; and it was necessary to convince the Emperor of Austria that his own interests, as well as the interests of all Europe, required the extinction of the rights of his daughter and his grandson. In a preliminary conference which the Duke de Dalberg held with the Prince Schwartzberg on this subject, he obtained the assurance of the Prince, that the Emperor and the Prince Metternich were both of the opinion that the continued sovereignty of Napoleon was incompatible with the repose of Europe.

This proposition being once admitted, it

was an easy inference that the regency was inexpedient, since, in fact, it would be a change of government only in name. The regency of the wife, in the name of the son, would be in substance the continuation of the reign of the Emperor. Nevertheless, it was not an easy matter to bring the father to renounce the rights of the daughter and the future empire of the grandson.

The suspension of all regular and recognised government is a state too dangerous to be allowed to continue a moment longer than it can possibly be avoided. It had, accordingly, been arranged that the first conference, with a view to the settlement of the government, should be held immediately after the entry of the sovereigns into the capital. At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 31st of March, 1814, this conference was held in the great salon of the Hotel Talleyrand, which we have already described. On the right of the fire-place, and next the splendid centre table which still occupies the room, sat the King of Prussia and Prince Schwartzemberg; to the right of the prince was placed the Duke de Dalberg, and next to him M. Pozzo di Borgo and the Prince de Lichtenstein. On the left of the King of Prussia, and at the table, sat M. Talleyrand. The Emperor Alexander paced incessantly with rapid strides the length of the apartment, repeating in interrupted sentences, and with an interjectional tone and agitated gesticulation, "I was not the person to begin this war. I was forced from my own dominions by an unwarranted and unprovoked invasion. It is neither the thirst for vengeance nor the desire of conquest that has brought me to Paris. I have done everything in my power to spare this great capital. I should have been inconsolable if a stone of it had been disturbed. I do not make war on France or on the French people. My allies acknowledge no enemy save Napoleon and those who are opposed to the liberty of the French people. Is not that your majesty's opinion?" continued Alexander, stopping suddenly opposite the King of Prussia, and directing his words to that monarch.

"I will follow your majesty's counsel," calmly replied King William, "but my own opinion is, that Napoleon should in the first instance be pursued and destroyed. He is now at Fontainebleau with a devoted army. To fight and conquer him is the first and most essential object; afterwards

I shall be ready to do whatever your majesty may decide upon."

"Messieurs," resumed the Emperor, addressing himself to Talleyrand and the Duke de Dalberg, "the French are perfectly free to choose whatever sovereign or form of government may be most agreeable to them."

Talleyrand now spoke, and gave to the conference a more deliberative tone. Three expedients in the existing state of affairs presented themselves. 1. To make peace with Napoleon, exacting every practicable guarantee against his future aggressions. 2. The regency of Maria Louisa until the majority of the King of Rome; and 3d, The recall of the Bourbons. Talleyrand proceeded to show the numerous objections which would be raised against the sovereignty of Napoleon, which would impose upon the allied powers the necessity of maintaining an army of occupation, besides an exorbitant military establishment. "The allies," said he, "desire peace—a solid and durable peace, in which all Europe shall feel confidence. With Napoleon as a sovereign in France, there could be nothing but a truce." He argued equally against the Regency, which would, in fact, be nothing but the reign of Napoleon continued under another name. And if it were otherwise, what chance, he argued, would there be of stability for a child under age upon a throne which a great man had failed to establish? How, without the power of genius, the force of age, the resource of glory, could he resist the flood of new ideas and doctrines which was about to overspread the nation? How could he restrain the Royalist party, which was already recommencing its attempts with revived hopes, and declaring openly for the return of the Bourbons, whose power nevertheless it was desired to limit by the establishment of national rights and the consecration of the public liberties. In short, the re-establishment of the House of Bourbon on the throne of France was, he contended, the only solution of the question which was practicable and generally acceptable. This measure would put an end to the military dictatorship under which France had succumbed, would give every necessary guarantee for constitutional liberty, and would be the harbinger of a lasting peace. Here," concluded Talleyrand, "is a fixed, a definite, and intelligible principle on which we can base our pro-

ceedings—the Ancient Dynasty and the ancient limits.”

So argued Talleyrand. The Prince de Lichtenstein, however, disputed the opinion that the public in France desired the restoration of the Bourbons. The allied army had traversed a large tract of the country, and except at Bordeaux had not witnessed a single manifestation favorable to the exiled family. And was not the resistance of the army to be feared? The rooted dislike to the Bourbons was observable in all the corps—the latest conscripts, as well as the oldest veterans. No stability or security could attend any arrangement except one in which the state of public opinion would be considered and respected. In short, the Prince contended that the Restoration, as a permanent measure, was impracticable.

Alexander here interposed.

“By what means do you propose to carry your proposition into effect?” asked he of M. Talleyrand.

“By the acts of the constituted authorities,” promptly replied the Vice Grand Elector.

“I will answer for the Senate. The impulse once given by it will be immediately propagated through Paris, and through France. If, however, your Majesty does not put full confidence in my judgment in this matter, I will ask your permission to introduce to your presence the Baron Louis, and M. de Pradt, who will corroborate what I have advanced.”

The Emperor having assented, MM. Louis and de Pradt being in waiting for the purpose, were called in. Alexander recommenced his agitated strides from end to end of the room, repeating in broken sentences, as before—

“Napoleon is a common enemy”—“I am the friend of peace—and you, M. de Pradt, what is your opinion?”

“We are Royalists,” answered the archbishop, “and all France is with us. If no manifestations are made, it is in consequence of the Congress of Chatillon. Paris will declare itself when it can do so with safety, and the influence of the example of Paris will decide all France.”

The Baron Louis expressed himself to the same effect, but was even more decided in his declaration against Napoleon. When it was observed to him that Napoleon was not yet dead, even politically, he replied—*C'est un cadavre ; seulement il ne pue pas encore.*

Alexander, now addressing the King of Prussia, asked him whether he still persisted in his resolution against Napoleon, and put the same question to Prince Schwartzberg. On receiving their answer in the affirmative, the Emperor, in a high state of excitement, still pacing rapidly up and down the room, repeated several times—

“I declare, then, that I will not treat with Napoleon.”

“But,” interposed Talleyrand, “this declaration only excludes Napoleon himself. It does not refer to his family.”

“Eh bien !” resumed the Czar,—“ajoutez :—ni avec aucun des membres de sa famille.”

Talleyrand having thus gained his point, instantly took a pen, and committed the declaration to writing. M. Nesselrode made a fair copy of it after it had received some verbal corrections. It was the most important act of these conferences :—

“The armies of the allied powers have occupied the capital of France. The allied sovereigns accept the wish of the French nation. They declare that they will no longer treat with Napoleon Bonaparte, nor with any member of his family. They will respect the integrity of ancient France, as it existed under its legitimate kings. They will recognise and guarantee the constitution which the French people will frame for itself. They desire, therefore, that the Senate shall appoint a provisional government, which may at once serve to administer the affairs of the country, and prepare the constitution which it shall consider to be most suitable to the French people.”

After having put his signature to this document, Alexander still hesitated before authorizing its publication. It would constitute a final and irreparable rupture with Napoleon, the vast military genius and grand character of whom still exercised over the excitable imagination of Alexander an indescribable influence. He retained a lively recollection of the interviews at Till-sitt and Erfurth, and he was, moreover, under the strong persuasion that he was himself predestined to survive Napoleon but a short time.

Matters were thus progressing exactly as Talleyrand desired ; he worked the strings by which the movements of the actors were directed and governed. He had a two-fold object in view—to accomplish the restoration by the regular play of the constituted authorities, without an emeute or a crisis, and to impose on the restored Dynasty such a constitution as might give all the desired guarantees for the establishment of the

rights and liberties of the people. As yet, nothing was expressly declared about the Bourbons, for they would fall into their place, as a matter of course; but it was adroitly managed that the allies should pledge themselves that the Senate should decide on the constitution,—such a constitution “as should appear to be suitable to the French people.” Thus the constitution was put forth as the first and chief object, and left to the care of the Senate—the monarch would have to be spoken of later. Talleyrand considered that when a government should be regularly organized in place of the Imperial authority, and should be sanctioned by the Senate and the legislative body, all the subordinate authorities would speedily group themselves round it, and the Restoration would be brought about by the mere operation of that habitual obedience to the impulses received from superiors, which had now prevailed throughout all departments of the public administration for fifteen years. His object was more especially to give to the recall of the Bourbons the semblance at least of a national origin, and to make it appear to be the result of an expression of the public will. In adopting this course he also fulfilled the intentions of Louis XVIII., who, in his proclamation of January, 1814, had called upon the Senate to set aside the government of Bonaparte.

Of the Senate, there were not one hundred members in Paris. Many had been sent into the departments to excite the people; others had followed the Regency to Blois. In this body a strong republican minority had lately grown up, violently opposed to Napoleon, and anxious to force him from the Imperial Throne. Of this opposition, most of the members of which had remained in the capital, Talleyrand availed himself with his usual tact. They would have preferred to all other forms of government a Republic, but were persuaded that the time was not yet arrived at which their wishes could be realized. They would therefore be contented with a limited monarchy,—so limited as to leave the sovereign no real power whatever, not even as much as the president of a republic. Without discussing the details of the constitutional monarchy to be proposed with this section of the Senate, Talleyrand was content to avail himself of their hatred of Napoleon, to induce them to originate the proposition of his forfeiture. But still the

great majority of the Senate were warm supporters of Napoleon.

Amidst these conflicting interests and jarring opinions, the greatest prudence and caution were necessary. If he had at once disclosed his ultimate designs, he would have encountered a resistance equally strong from both parties. He therefore decided to confine his propositions in the first instance to provisional measures merely, which alarm no party, and offend no opinion, leaving, meanwhile, each party to hope that the subsequent proceedings would be in accordance with its wishes. MM. Talleyrand and de Dalberg therefore resolved to propose the appointment of a committee to consider and report on the course necessary to be taken. On the night of the 31st March, the list of this committee was adopted in the cabinet of M. Talleyrand. It was proposed to include in it, M. Talleyrand as President, and MM. de Dalberg, de Jaucourt, de Montesquiou, and M. de Beurnonville as members. These names will indicate at once that the committee was in fact——M. de Talleyrand; nevertheless, there was something in its composition to inspire confidence among the various parties. M. Beurnonville was especially acceptable to all opinions; an officer of the *ancien régime*, a general under the Republic, a friend of Carnot, he offered guarantees to all parties.

The following day, 1st of April, the Senate met in costume at half-past two, when M. Talleyrand addressed them as follows:—

“Senators,—The letter that I have had the honor of addressing to you, has informed you of the object of this meeting. It is to lay before you certain propositions; and this step itself will indicate to you the perfect freedom of action which you possess. The circumstances in which you are placed, however grave they may be, cannot be beyond your enlightened patriotism. And you must all have felt the pressing necessity for immediate decision, so as not to allow another day to pass without re-establishing the action of the administration, that greatest of all wants, by the appointment of a government, whose authority, conferred under the exigency of the moment, may re-assure the public.”

This speech, skilfully composed, was received with an unanimous expression of assent. Some members offered a few observations on the extent of the powers of the proposed provisional government. After a short discussion, the following *senatus-*

consultum was adopted without any opposition :—

“ A provisional government will be established, authorized to administer the affairs of the country, and to present to the Senate such a project of a constitution as may seem best for the French people. This government to be composed of five members, to wit: MM. de Talleyrand, de Beurnonville, Comte de Jaucourt, the Duke de Dalberg, and the Abbé de Montesquiou. The appointment of this government to be notified to the people by an address from the members of the government.”

M. Talleyrand having observed that the provisional government, when it would have prepared the draft of the constitution, would give notice to the Senate, with a view to receive its enlightened aid in so important a work: whereupon the Senate replied, that it charged the government to declare, in its address to the nation—1st. That the senate and legislative body should be declared integrant parts of the projected constitution, with such conditions as would ensure liberty of suffrage, and the free expression of opinion.—2d. That the army should retain its rank, pension, and honors.—3d. That the national debt should be guaranteed.—4th. That the sale of the national domains should be irrevocably maintained.—5th. That no one should be prosecuted for any political opinions he may have expressed.—6th. Freedom of conscience and of the press to be established.

Such were to be the bases of the new constitution, to which the provisional government was to pledge itself in its address to the people. There were sixty-five members of the senate present at this meeting, who, at its close, affixed their signatures to the *procès-verbal*, and thus pledged themselves to the views of the provisional government.

Not a word had yet been uttered as to the head of the future government, nor any allusion made to the Emperor, then at Fontainebleau, with a large and devoted army. It was necessary, however, that a decided and immediate step be taken—in short, the forfeiture of Napoleon must be proposed; and, to effect this, Talleyrand, as we have already said, directed his views to the Republican party, whom he flattered with the prospect of a very liberal constitution. One of that party readily offered to make the proposition in the Senate. That body was accordingly convoked again the following evening, 2d April, under the

presidency of M. Barthélemy. M. Lambrechts rose, and moved “ that the Emperor Napoleon and his family had forfeited the throne, the constitution having been despotically trampled on by him, and that, consequently, the French people and the army were released from their allegiance to him.” This motion was supported by the entire Republican party, and by the friends of the provisional government. Some senators, personally devoted to the Bonaparte dynasty, quitted the Assembly. The question, without debate, was immediately put to the vote, and carried by a large majority. The provisional government were authorized to make public this important resolution.

Immediately after this, the Senate proceeded to the Hotel Talleyrand, and were introduced by Talleyrand to the Emperor Alexander. The Czar still continued to manifest the same state of uneasy excitement, ever seeming to consider himself called upon for self-justification.

“ Messieurs” (said he, to the senators), “ I am delighted to find myself among you. It is neither ambition nor the desire of conquest that has brought me here. My armies have entered France only to repel an unjust aggression. Your Emperor has brought war to my very gates, when I earnestly desired peace. It is just and wise to give to France strong and liberal institutions.”

Among the members of the provisional government, M. de Montesquiou alone was a devoted partisan of the Bourbons; but even he admitted that no government, in the existing state of opinion, could hope to stand which would not give some guarantee for the public liberties. The first meeting of the members took place on the evening of the 1st April, the day of their appointment. Their first care was to put the National Guard, then the only recognised public force in the capital, under the command of a chief devoted to the new order of things. General Dessolle, a friend of Moreau, then in retirement, received this important charge. After a provisional ministry was formed, proclamations were issued, announcing to the army that although it no longer was under Napoleon, it did not therefore cease to belong to France. It was invited to submit to the authority of the senate. In fine, the following proclamation, prepared by Talleyrand, was issued :—

“ Frenchmen !—Emerging from the civil discord, you selected as your chief a man who appeared upon the theatre of the world, surrounded with the

characters of greatness. In him you placed all your hopes. He has disappointed you. He has not governed in the interests of the nation, nor even in those of his own dynasty. This despotism has ceased! The allied powers have occupied the capital. The senate have declared that Napoleon has forfeited the throne. The country is not for him. Frenchmen, rally round us! Peace is going to put a term to the confusion of Europe. The august allies have pledged themselves to this. The country, after its long agitations, will have repose; and having been enlightened by the trials through which it has passed, first of anarchy and then of despotism, it will recover its happiness in the return to a paternal government."

Meanwhile, most of the civil authorities of Paris gave their adhesion to the provisional

government. Talleyrand, however, desiring still to give his proceedings every legal sanction, which, in such an emergency, was attainable, urged the members of the legislative body to assemble and express their collective opinion on what had been done. This body had some time previously been dissolved by Napoleon, and contained a strong party opposed to him. A large number of its members were now dispersed in the provinces, but still a considerable number remained in the capital. These, by the instigation of Talleyrand, assembled *propria motu*, and passed a resolution in accordance with that already adopted by the Senate.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A CHRONICLE OF KENILWORTH CASTLE, ITS HEROES AND ITS HEROINES.

* * * How many hours have I trifled away, seated on an angle of one of its turrets, gazing on the flat but smiling scene below, unheeding, meantime, as the dews of evening fell around me, that the bat sped by me, beating its wing on my forehead, and that the starling had gone to its rest! And this was from one of the Lancastrian towers, the centre of the ruined buildings, that portion which had once rung with shouts of revelry when Elizabeth tarried there, and where the lordly Dudley had reigned supreme in his dark councils.

Yet was not Kenilworth Castle the first of its name, for before the Conquest there stood, on the banks of the river Avon, within the then royal demesne of Stonely, a castle in the woods opposite to the Abbey of Stonely, or Stoneleigh. But in the wars of King Canute's time that parent edifice was destroyed, and none arose in its stead until the days of the lettered Henry I.

At this period let your chronicler picture to you all this district covered with thick woods, save and except where, in the hollow beneath a rising eminence, called by the inhabitants of the village in Dugdale's time the High Town, a lake flowed, augmented (I wish I could improve its name) by a stream denominated the Sow. And in these woods hunted a certain Richard Forestarius, who had his dwelling-house,

what we should call, in modern parlance, his shooting-box, there. This, in time, grew into a sort of mansion, or, as our forefathers called it, *worthe*, signifying a house; and here poor Sir William Dugdale, that best and most prosy of men, stops short. Here is half a name, but he cannot find the other half. He, therefore, observes that, doubtless, the name Kenilworth "came from some ancient possessor of the place;" but whether "his name were Kenelm or Kenulph," he cannot say; or whether this fine bold forester, sometimes called Richard Chinew in documents too old to think of without a headache, were the original owner, he does not determine. Certain it is the place has been called Kenil-worthe from time immemorial, and certain it is that it will be so for ever, since we shall now have chronicles in railway-bills and historians in policemen.

The woods and the lake might please Richard Forestarius, and they seem also to have pleased the monarchs of England, who quietly took possession of them after their accustomed fashion. But no new castle arose in place of that ancient fort on the banks of the Avon, until a certain Norman knight, named Geoffrey de Clinton, received the manor as a present from his sovereign, Beauclerk. Now this De Clinton found it, doubtless, a very convenient ride from his

own place, Clinton in Oxfordshire, his first abode in poor, pillaged England, to Kenilworth; and coming into the woods, and observing what Dugdale calls "that large and pleasant lake" (gone now, soaked up for ever!), he built there, adds the antiquary, warming with his subject into a sort of eloquence, "that great and strong castle, which was the glory of all these parts, and, for many respects, may be ranked in a third place, at the least, with the most stately castles of England."

Geoffrey, it seems, notwithstanding that our dear lover of the aristocracy, Dugdale, must needs own him to have been of mean parentage, and, indeed, raised from the "*dust*," a strong word for our author, by King Henry, was a man of extraordinary parts; and being promoted to the office of Lord Chamberlain and Treasurer, together with the seemingly incongruous post of Lord Justice of England, he *might* be worthy, perhaps, to set his mean and dusty foot in Warwickshire.

De Clinton forthwith began erecting those strong, dauntless towers, which have survived their younger and fairer sisters. But such was his piety, that he did not think it seemly to build his castle without a monastery accompanying. Together with the thick walls of Cæsar's Tower, which he built, arose those of a monastery of Black Canons; and there still remain the relics of that monument of superstition, or work of faith, begun "for the redemption of his soul." An arch, overgrown with ivy, standing isolated over a pathway which leads from the village below the castle to the church, is yet to be seen and pondered upon, and, it is hoped, revered. From this, ere yet Geoffrey de Clinton was gathered to his forefathers, emerged grave men, with eyes uplifted, canons regular of the Order of St. Augustin, clad in white coats with linen surplices under a black cloak, with a hood covering their heads and necks, and reaching to their shoulders, having under it doublets, breeches, white shoes or slippers; these, when they walked abroad, visiting their patron, perchance, at the castle, or going to shrive some wounded knight, or to sing mass in the church, or to ride over to Warwick, or to visit the Grey Friars of Coventry, assumed a three-cornered cap, which surmounted their shaven crowns; or wore, perchance, as the weather dictated, a broad hat; and thus arrayed, and looking, it may be presumed, sackcloth and ashes, though they were so comfortably

clothed, they solemnly paraded, as their need might be, the stately chambers of the Clinton buildings. I feel myself shiver at the thought, for dark were sometimes their hearts as well as their garments.

De Clinton died, and when he was consigned to that dust from which, as Dugdale expresses it, he so manifestly sprang, his son succeeded to his honors and employments. And now, in the troublous times of the second Henry, Kenilworth rose in importance as a fortress; many people, paying a rent, obtaining leave to reside in it for the security of their persons and goods; and even the king found it expedient to fortify Cæsar's Tower, and to replenish its stores of provisions, and eventually to take possession of it altogether. So it passed out of the hands of the Clintons, Geoffrey, the son of its founder, possessing it scarcely seven years. In short, the sheriff of the county, an office then perpetual, took upon himself the charge of the castle in the king's name; and, among other suitable additions, that of a gaol formed a main feature in the items expended upon Geoffrey de Clinton's edifice. The canons, meantime, had prospered: manors, farms, mills—that, for instance, at Guy's Cliff, near Warwick—had been added to their appurtenances; and still they fished in the pool, still claimed their tithes. Their hour was not yet come. In those ages which were reputed dark in our younger days, but which we know, on the testimony of great philosophic writers around, to have been light, their power was pre-eminent. Farewell to the Clintons, who, returning to their village of Clinton, now called Glimpton, and enjoying other estates, founded that great family of which his Grace the Duke of Newcastle is the present representative.

The castle, nevertheless, flourished; Henry III. taking an evident delight in that fort, which is said to have given him shelter from the treasons of the profligate John. And, therefore, the king chose to line the chapel with wainscot: he made seats there for himself and his queen; he repaired the tower wherein the bells rang, and he renewed the walls to the south, where still they stand in honor of his memory. But ill was he repaid, and those very walls were soon barricaded against him.

The career of Simon de Montfort is well known: a course of oppression varied by a journey to the Holy Land was the prelude to the insurrection of the barons, of which

De Montfort was the very soul and spirit. He had not, however, during that turbulent career, neglected to provide for the security of his castle, which contained his dearest hostage, Simon, his son and heir. He fortified that place, and appointed Sir John Giffard, a knight of renowned courage, its governor; and that the neighboring castle of Warwick might not interfere with its security, De Montfort made no scruple of surprising it, and carrying off the earl, his wife, and family, prisoners to the gaol of Kenilworth. But his knowledge as well as his power was formidable, and he introduced many new warlike engines for the defence of the now kingly fortress; "so that it was," says the historian, "wonderfully stored."

The career of Simon de Montfort subsequently belongs to history. The events of the battle of Lewes, the detention of the king a prisoner at Hereford Castle, affected, however, the importance of Kenilworth as a castle. For, in those stirring times, it formed a refuge for the disaffected and vacillating barons. "Twenty banners," writes old Dugdale, "and a great multitude of soldiers, were brought to this castle, which they made their station for awhile." Kenilworth, therefore, remained unscathed; for it was now defended by the younger Simon de Montfort, who already began to rival his father in valor.

The battle of Evesham destroyed, however, effectually the fortunes of the De Montfort family, three of whom perished in that engagement.

In the abbey of Evesham, Simon passed the anxious days before the battle; but his heart was heavy, and his energy quite subdued. Edward, the gallant and royal youth, escaping from the hands of Mortimer, was now advancing from the vicinity of Kenilworth to face his own and his father's foe. He planted himself on the brow of a hill near the town, the rear of his army extending nearly to what is still called the Battle-well, a puddle down in a hollow in an orchard. De Montfort's observations were, meantime, directed to the advancing host. To disguise himself and his followers, the prince bore the banner of young De Montfort, which had been taken at Kenilworth. As he advanced, one Nicholas, a barber attending on De Montfort, skilful in ensigns, dispatched a message to his master that his son's forces were coming, for he knew the banner. But De Montfort, incredulous, desired the man to ascend the

abbey-steeple, that he might have a better view. By this time, Edward had taken down the young De Montfort's banner, and erected his own. The alarm was soon given, and De Montfort, assembling his troops, told them it was for the laws of the land—yea, for the cause of truth and justice, that they were to fight." But God, says Dugdale, owned "him not in this un-Christian enterprise."

The young and gallant Henry de Montfort was in this engagement. His father had dressed him in his own armor, and placed him in the van of his army; for De Montfort had lost, ere the battle began, his ancient confidence and courage. "May God receive our souls, our bodies are in the hands of his enemies!" was his expression, as the conflict began. Then Edward's troops found out the disguised Henry; yet he resisted them; and, rushing through the host, protected his father. No quarter was given; and throughout that long summer's evening, for it was in August, the battle went on. As the sun declined, setting for ever upon the fated De Montfort and his son, the gallant pair were found vainly resisting their foes. The veteran warrior asked for quarter; he was told that none was given. Then he rushed among his foes, repeating, "God have mercy on our souls!" with a resolute despair, and perished. His gallant son was also slain. Guy, his younger brother, was made a prisoner. Seven hours had this battle lasted, and the Battle-well was, according to tradition, choked up with blood. Many of the fugitives from Evesham hastened to Kenilworth, where Simon, now the head of his haughty and valiant family, received them. And here, guarded by an effective garrison, he continued to live in almost regal power. His castle was the very centre of discontent and sedition, and it became the seat of arbitrary feudal power. From the stately tower of Cæsar the reckless De Montfort, now the second Earl of Leicester, sent forth his bailiffs and officers like a king; his soldiers spoiling, burning, plundering, and destroying the houses, and towns, and lordships of their adversaries. He led, in short, a sort of Rob Roy warfare; carrying off cattle, imprisoning many, fining them for their liberty.

But this could not endure for ever; and presently it was found that the royal forces had advanced to Warwick, there to await reinforcements, and then to attack Kenilworth.

That princely building was still however spared. Simon fled to France, for he saw that his ruin was impending; and he left the castle under the control of Henry de Hastings, telling him to defend it stoutly, and assuring him that he should be relieved. On the day after the Feast of St. John the Baptist, however, it was begirt by the king's troops; and a message was sent to summon it to surrender.

But the garrison was inflexible; the messengers were repulsed with engines casting great stones; and the king, and even the pope's legate, Ottabon, who excommunicated them at once, did not daunt De Hastings and his men.

A wise and merciful resource for storming the castle was then adopted. For the king dreaded again "imbruings the kingdom in streams of blood." He therefore called together, under the authority of the legate, a convention of the clergy and laity, to determine what was to be done with the estates of those who were disinherited; and hence was framed the famous *Dictum de Kenilworth*, published in 1266, in the fifty-first year of Henry III. Of this, the chief article of import to our subject is the power given to every disinherited person to redeem his land, by a fine, proportioned according to the nature of his offence; and this *dictum* was proclaimed in the collegiate church of St. Mary, at Warwick, the following Sunday, the king, his council, and a great auditory of all estates and degrees attending.

So Kenilworth stood in all her integrity and beauty, and again set her foes at defiance. But the De Montforts owned it no more. Still danger threatened the noble pile, for De Montfort contemptuously rejected the proffered mercy of the king, which travelled after him to Ely, and disclaimed the authority of the council, since "he had no voice in it;" "at which the king," writes our grave and loyal historian, "was greatly moved, and gave orders to storm the castle."

He issued, therefore, a special writ to the sheriff of Warwickshire to bring in all the masons and other laborers within his precinct (now called pioneers), with their hatchets, pickaxes, and tools, to Northampton, to await his orders.

Meantime, however, an epidemic raged within the towers of Kenilworth, and the hearts of the garrison sank within them. Their provisions became scarce, and, after some deliberation, they agreed to the

king's terms. No undue advantage of their misery was taken by the merciful Henry; the governor had four days allowed him to remove his goods from the castle; and Henry, journeying to Osney, near Oxford, celebrated the nativity of our Saviour with great joy.

Henceforth Kenilworth was to become a royal residence; for Henry bestowed it on his younger son, Edmund, created after the death of De Montfort, Earl of Leicester and Duke of Lancaster. And here, with a modified and respectable degree of power, this young prince seems to have made himself comfortable enough. He had his two mills standing on the lake; and several freeholders, who held of him by suit and fealty. He owned two woods; the one called the Frith the other the Park, then common. He had his court-lect, his *gallows*, assize of bread and beer, and a market—or as my dear and respected Sir William Dugdale, Garter King-at-Arms, writes it doubtless with great propriety, "*mercāt*"—on Tuesdays. Not only was this everyday power exhibited to the enthralled tenantry, but galas were held, such as we moderns would give half our fortunes—such as have any, since the railroads—to have witnessed. I mean the famous Round Table, which was established at Kenilworth, in 1279, by Roger Mortimer, earl of March, its chief, "and the occasion thereof." Now the Round Table was a knightly game, consisting of one hundred knights and as many ladies, who, for exercise of arms, came together to assemble in the stately chambers of Kenilworth. And the very cause and spirit of this institution were derived from feudal pride and power. It was suggested in order to avoid contention about precedence, and was rather a revival than a novelty, the custom of the Round Table being one of great antiquity. Gaily and gallantly were the games conducted, from the feast of St. Mathew the Apostle, even unto Michaelmas. The tilt yard was thronged with brave competitors, and the hall with ladies dancing, and clad, when they assembled round the table, in silk mantles to show their degree. The banquet was afterwards held at the Round Table. Many knights came from foreign countries for the exercise of arms. The Round Table was eventually perpetuated by Edward III., who built at Winchester a house called the Round Table, of "an exceeding compasse to the exercise of like, or farre greater chevalry within."

These were the bright days of Kenilworth, but a cloud soon impended over its battlements, for owing to the treason of Thomas, earl of Lancaster, in the reign of Richard II., it reverted a second time to the crown; and that unfortunate monarch contemplated making Kenilworth his place of retirement, and trusted there to be in safety. He was, however, carried off to Berkeley Castle, and there, according to the received accounts, barbarously murdered.

In the reign of Edward III., the Lancaster family were restored in blood, and again owned, among their other possessions, this castle. Blanch, the co-heiress with her sister Maud of the last Earl of Lancaster, became the wife of John of Gaunt, and upon her father's property being divided this portion of it fell to her share; and henceforth Kenilworth owned for its master no less a person than John of Gaunt.

That worthy Plantagenet had a soul. Hitherto strength, not domestic convenience, had been the aim of the feudal owners of the castle; he now resolved to render it a suitable abode for the brother of Edward III. At this era, indeed, a degree of convenience and splendor in such edifices superseded the rude arrangements of our ancestors. So there arose, towards the latter reign of Richard II., those light and beautiful buildings, comprising the now ruined hall, the buttery, the kitchen, the chapel, many sleeping apartments in turrets, and sundry cellars and dungeons, most delicate in their architectural beauty! and as the structure progressed, John of Gaunt put it under the charge of John d'Eyncourt, the ancestor of the time-honored family of that name.

But it was doomed that Kenilworth was never long to remain in the possession of a subject. To John of Gaunt succeeded his son, Henry Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV., and this castle, a part of his possessions, was again attached to the crown, and attached it remained until the days of Queen Elizabeth. Here, Henry V. built a tower so close upon the pool as to acquire the name of *le Plesans en Marys*. It was removed by Henry VIII., who pulled it down, and rebuilt it in the base-court of the castle, near what is still called the Swan Tower.

The annals of Kenilworth are mute until it became, by the gift of Elizabeth, the stately possession of Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester.

His spirit was suited to the place. The great, the strong, the beautiful, was his sphere: the great, for his lordly ambition; the strong, for security in his crimes; the beautiful, as applying to his exquisite taste and unbounded munificence. An insatiable curiosity is excited by the character of this mysterious, bad man, of whom it was said, with much wit, "that his depth was not fathomable in those days, nor his policy in these." No, with all the lights of history broadly shining on his career, Dudley is still a great historical enigma.

His surname was derived from the Castle of Dudley, one of the oldest fortresses of this island, and was assumed, according to the ancient custom of England, by the younger children of the barons of that place. Proud and commanding as was once that castle, so was the intellect of the race who derived their name from its towers; ancient as the days of Dudo the Saxon, who gave his name to it in the year 700. From this race sprang Edmund Dudley, the lawyer, the statesman, and the tool of Henry VII. He was crafty, able, and unscrupulous, like his celebrated descendant, but less fortunate. Scarcely had Henry VII. expired than his instrument, with his accomplice, Empson, was committed to the Tower, thence never more to emerge, since both of these execrable men perished on the scaffold. His talents, his ambition, but not his misfortunes, descended to his son, John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, the most powerful subject that this kingdom ever beheld. He resembled his father, however, in more respects than one. After sitting as one of the judges upon his great enemy, the Duke of Somerset, and rising to the highest possible acmé of power and influence, he thought it not unseemly to oppress his poor cousin, John, baron of Dudley, whose estates being entangled by usurers, were got, by successive mortgages, into the duke's hands; so that he at last compassed what he had for many years sighed for, the possession of Dudley Castle. This he repaired in a manner worthy of his greatness, adorning it with the arms of his own branch of the family, the quarterings of his mother and her high-born relatives, so that the renovated structure might henceforth appear to belong to his family alone; and the poor rightful baron meantime went by the name of the "Quondam Lord," until, by a turn of fate, the Duke of Northumberland was

attainted, and the Castle of Dudo restored to the injured man, the ancestor, be it observed, of the Lords Dudley and Ward.

From this oppressive, haughty, unscrupulous stock, sprang Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Who that looks into history, can help subscribing to Dr. Arnold's belief in hereditary tendencies? Yet there is one contradiction to this theory in Ambrose, the good Earl of Warwick, brother of the Earl of Leicester. Where he reposes, in the chapel dedicated to Our Ladye at Warwick, his effigies, in armor, with his mantle of an earl lying thereon, his head resting on a mattress cut in marble, his hands conjoined as in prayer; at his feet a bear, all muzzled, painted to the life, is an inscription placed there by the pious care of his widowed countess, recounting his virtues. It is long; but one short memorial, enough for any man, was inscribed on the heart of his contemporaries. He was called "the good Earl of Warwick." Many are the traits related of his noble, beneficent spirit. They are scarcely remembered, whilst the dark vices and brilliant career of his brother are known to every English reader.

Little, however, has transpired of Robert Dudley's boyish days, nothing even of the date of his birth; and the first signal event of his life was his marriage to Amy Robsart, no ideal personage, but the actual daughter of a sturdy knight, Sir John Robsart; and, moreover, that union was contracted at the express wish of the Duke of Northumberland, and was celebrated at Shene, the king, Edward VI., honoring the nuptials by his grave, but youthful presence. Amy, so bewitchingly pictured by Sir Walter Scott, was a considerable heiress, descended from a Norfolk family; and, as it was one of the duke's plans to marry his sons early, by way of forming a strong family compact in those factious days, we may presume that Amy's family were not to be despised. Noble blood ran in her veins, and two of her ancestors had been Knights of the Garter. And gallant doings there were at this wedding; certain gentlemen, among other sports, striving which should carry away a goose's head that was hanged, the animal being alive, on two cross-posts! And we may reasonably presume that, until deep designs had risen in the mind of the accomplished young Dudley, the youthful pair may have known felicity, perhaps the only real taste of it that Dudley's finished career of crime permitted. He was, even in that

dawn of his influence, a perfect and most elegant courtier, prone to gallantry, and of an imagination easily kindled to love; his temper was complaisant, and he was deadly insidious to those whom he designed to ruin. For the rest, he was lavish to every one who served him—a quality which enhanced his power; and he knew well how to choose his time, how to carry his point, and well did he succeed in some respects, for *this* world was everything to him, and he stopped at no scruples of honor or humanity.

One word more about Amy Robsart. At the time of his first marriage, Dudley was still only a knight, though, after his restoration in blood, he went by the name of Lord Robert Dudley, a title which he bore when the first gleam of light—the possibility of his obtaining the hand of his sovereign in marriage—broke upon him. He was not at that time the owner of Kenilworth, which Elizabeth did not bestow upon him until 1562. Alas, poor Amy!—or, as some vexatious historians will have it, poor Annie—she died two years previously; and the world was filled, to use an expression of the day, with "the lamentable tragedy of her death."

The story to which Camden, in his *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, refers, stating that the lady fell from a high place, has been but little embellished in its tragical particulars by the author of *Kenilworth*; but when he makes his heroine repair to that castle and witness there the festivities which she was forbidden to share, he commits an anachronism, for which we are, nevertheless, greatly obliged to him.

Dudley, it seems, first endeavored to dispose of Amy by poison. He applied to Dr. Bayley, a Professor of Physic at Oxford, and a Fellow of New College. That gentleman refused to do his behest, and Dudley endeavored to displace him. He employed in this affair Sir Richard Varney, who is said, indeed, to have prompted the foul deed, to which the report that Dudley was either a bachelor or a widower gave facility. The lady was enticed to Cumnor Hall, in Berkshire, there to rest under the care of Anthony Forster, who lived in the old manor-house of the place, and whilst she was here their scheme was brought to bear.

Seeing their victim deeply melancholy, "as one," says Aubrey, "who knew by her other handling that her death was not far off," they tried to persuade her to take

a potion they had prepared for her. This she refused; and they then sent to Dr. Bayley, at Oxford, and entreated him to persuade her into compliance with their advice; but he, misdoubting them, and dreading lest "he should be hanged afterwards, should the murder be found out," "as a color to their sin," refused. Then it was necessary to adopt some other plan. Poor doomed one! One day, when still detained in that gloomy old manor-house, all her servants were sent off by Varney and Forster to Abingdon, three miles from Cumnor, Varney remaining alone with her, with one man only. Then the deed of horror was accomplished! The unhappy Amy was first stifled, or strangled, it is not known which; and afterwards the two miscreants flung her down stairs, and "broke her neck, using much violence upon her." A report was set on foot in the neighborhood, that she had met with this accident by chance, and "still without hurting of her hood that was upon her head." But, says Aubrey, "the inhabitants of the place will tell you that she was conveyed from her usual chamber where she lay to another, where the bed's head of her chamber stood close upon a secret postern-door, where they, in the night time, came and stifled her in her bed, bruised her head very much, and broke her neck, throwing her down stairs."

How the blood freezes in such a recital! Innocence, youth, rank, pleaded not for the wretched Amy in that dark hour, with those murderous tools; and the blow came from the hand that should have protected and saved her.

The miscreants hoped that murder would not out, but a just avenging Providence defeated their schemes. One of the two persons concerned was afterwards convicted of felony. During his imprisonment he related the tale of Amy's death; he was instantly, by the Earl of Leicester's vengeance, made away with, and was found dead in his cell. Varney died miserably in London, and, stung by remorse, was heard, shortly before his death, to say that all the devils in hell were tearing him to pieces! Forster, a person before this event given to mirth and hospitality, pined and drooped away in silent anguish. An inquest sat upon the mangled remains of Amy, and her brother came to Cumnor to investigate her death; but Leicester found means to stop his mouth, and to suppress all inquiries. And a splendid funeral in

St. Mary's Church, Oxford, attested his conjugal sorrow. Only one evil accident occurred. The earl's chaplain, one Dr. Babington, in preaching the funeral sermon, referred to the lady as being pitifully "murdered;" instead of saying, "pitifully slain." Such is the account of Aubrey. It is said by grave, dispassionate reasoners, not to be very consistent, and that the silence of the lady's family tends to prove that the inquisition after her death referred to the disposal of her property; but tradition is ever a safer guide than argument.

The death of Amy removed the obstacle, but did not insure the earl's nuptials with the queen. Honors were, indeed, showered down upon him in abundance, and whatever he desired for himself or his friends was bestowed upon him as soon as asked. When at Cambridge with the queen, the earl received honors little short of those due to royalty; but still the one boon was withheld—her regal hand. Elizabeth knew no equal, even in her affections. In despair, and prone, notwithstanding all his barbarous conduct to poor Amy, to the tender affections, a marriage took place at this time between Douglas, baroness-dowager of Sheffield, and the fascinating Leicester. The union was, however, kept a secret, and its actual proof has even been doubted. The unfortunate Lady Douglas Howard, Leicester's second wife, was the daughter of Howard, first Baron Effingham. Her first husband, Lord Sheffield, died suddenly of that mysterious complaint to which the slanderous of those times gave the name of "Leicester's rheum," a term which speaks volumes of his imputed character. This lady was solemnly wedded to Dudley at Esher, in Surrey, as she herself and other witnesses deposed, according to the rites of the Church of England. The ring then placed upon her finger was set with five pointed diamonds, having a table diamond in the centre; and it had been a gift to the Earl of Leicester from one of the Earls of Pembroke, on condition that he should use it for a wedding-ring, and for no other purpose. The lady and the witnesses were vowed to secrecy, from fear of the queen's displeasure. Soon afterwards the birth of a son appeared likely to cement the union; and Leicester even committed himself so far as to write a letter, in which he thanked God for that event, and subscribed himself, "Your loving husband, Robert Leicester." A daughter was also the offspring of this marriage. Moreover,

Lady Douglas was served in her chamber as a countess, until her lord gave orders that such honors should be omitted, for fear of a disclosure (a circumstance which Scott, with others, has borrowed in relation to Amy Robsart). Notwithstanding these manifest bonds, five years afterwards Leicester married Lettice, countess of Essex, the death of whose husband, Walter, earl of Essex, drew down many suspicious on the earl.

Henceforth began a system of persecution towards the ill-fated Lady Douglas Sheffield. That high-spirited woman refused an offer of 700*l.* as a yearly provision. She was then threatened, upon her non-compliance, with never seeing her husband more, nor receiving a single farthing from him unless she gave up her claims. The unhappy Lady Sheffield soon found that a slow poison was consuming her strength; she too well knew from what source it emanated. Her hair and nails fell off, and, to preserve her life, she gave her hand, notwithstanding her previous union with Dudley, to Sir Edward Stafford, the queen's ambassador in France; although she felt and acknowledged that, in so doing, she prejudiced the claims of her children.

Such was the lot of those whom Lord Leicester cursed with his preference. Yet, during all this time, it was his ambition to be esteemed a religious person. Hypocrisy perfected his sins, and left not a single regret to those who would fain believe that such a being could not combine talents, bounty, accomplishments, with a deep dye of crime.

In the now silent tower of Warwick, the gaiety of which has long since been swallowed up in its new and busy neighbor, Leamington, at one extremity of the High Street, apart from the thoroughfare, there stands an ancient hospital, erected in the height of his career by the proud Earl of Leicester. You enter beneath an humble archway, and a monastic building, round a small quadrangle, recalls you to other times, plants you in another age. A series of conventual-looking apartments, connected together by a rude cloister, contains twelve brethren, the bedesmen of Lord Leicester, whose silver badge, the bear's paw, they still wear, as did the liveried servants of old, on the sleeves of their blue cloth surcoats. The poor brethren were to be chosen, more especially, from those wounded in battle; and at this time seve-

ral who suffered at Waterloo claim and find the benefits of that tranquil and comfortable residence, granted to them for life. A master (to be a clergyman) resides at one extremity of the quadrangle, his windows overlooking that pleasant country, from the fertile pastures of which the revenues of the hospital are derived. A corridor, garnished with flowers, runs round the first story of the quadrangle; whilst to the west is a rude but spacious hall, in which James I. rested on his journey from Scotland to England. All is serene; and a chapel, standing on a rock of sandstone, beneath which an arch is formed, crowns the whole with that sanctity which the earl loved—in public. There is no pulpit, prayers only being permitted; and a goodly sight it is to see these ancient men turn out from their monastic quarters and walk, in sober order, to prayers; the custom of the sixteenth century, its dress, its rules, being strictly observed to this day; and they show you, in the large conventual-looking kitchen of the hospital, a sampler, worked with the arms of the Dudleys, and said, by tradition, to be the handiwork of Amy Robsart. All recalls the saintly charity of olden times, coupled, perhaps, with superstition, but yet providing for the poor and aged in a way they best like—with *homes*.

The earl continued to sin on, and to atone. It was before his third marriage, and ere yet the Earl of Essex had experienced the effects of a "cunning recipe," brought by an Italian surgeon to Lord Leicester, and whilst Lady Sheffield was in close secrecy, and when the memory of Amy had somewhat died away, that Queen Elizabeth visited Kenilworth. Lord Leicester resembled his father in one respect, he wished to render Kenilworth what his father had desired to render Dudley,—“one of the fairest as well as the strongest places in England.” The project cost him 60,000*l.*, and required scores of extortions to complete it. Even his gardens were the result of an oppression which nothing but the dread of “Leicester's rheum” could have caused an indignant and groaning public to have tolerated. Forgotten for the time, perhaps, were all private interests; love was forsaken, friendship despised, and ambition, which grasped at a crown, alone remembered by the remorseless Leicester.

It was in the July of 1575 that Queen Elizabeth, in one of her progresses, visited Warwickshire. Kenilworth Castle was in

its height of splendor and beauty; for the portion called the Leicester Buildings was completed. Light and elegant in their architecture, much of them remains; and, on some parts, patches of mortar and of beams and rafts show the extent and height of the dwelling-rooms. Well might old Laneham write of "the rare beauty of bilding that his honor hath advanced; all of the hard quarry-stone; every room so spacious, so well belighted, and so hy roofed within; so seemly too sight by du proportion without; a day-tyme, on every side so glittering by glasse; a night, by continuall brightness of candel, fyre, and torchlight, transparent thro the lyghtsome wyndy, as it wear the Egiptian pharos relucient untoo all the Alexandrian coast."

But the great beauty of the castle consisted in gardens, an acre or more in extent, on the north of the castle; within the castle wall, extending the whole length of it, was raised a terrace of fine grass, sloping its verdant sides to the garden. The garden was adorned after the fashion of the day, with obelisks, spheres, and white bears, the ancient badge of the Earls of Warwick; at either extremity were arbors, "redolent," as Laneham expresses it, by sweet trees and flowers; alleys, some of them covered with grass; others, for a change, with fine sand, not so light or soft as to distress the lover of those fair promenades with dust, but smooth, firm, and pleasant to walk on as the sands by the seashore—were constructed in four divisions, ornamented at each angle by a pilaster rising pyramidally fifteen feet high, upon which were set orbs of ten inches thick. These pilasters were coated with fine porphyry, thither conveyed at great expense. Such was the garden, and singularly serene and beautiful must it have looked beneath the frowning towers above; whilst, adds the encomiast of the scene, "further also, by great cast and cost" (I trust old Laneham will pardon my here altering his spelling), "the sweetness of savor on all sides, made so respirant from the redolent plants, and fragrant herbs and flowers, in form, color, and quantity, so deliciously variant; and fruit-trees bedecked with apples, pears, and ripe cherries."

Near the terrace, and adjoining the north wall, stood a large cage, or aviary, twenty feet in height. This fabric was covered over with a wire net; it contained windows, separated by jutting columns, and surmounted by arches. The columns supported a cornice, underneath which every part was

beautified by imitations, in painting, of precious stones, great diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, set in gold, "by skilful head and hand, by toil and pencil, so lively expressed, as it might be great marvel and pleasure to consider how near excellency of art could approach unto the perfection of nature."

Then, at intervals, there were holes and caverns cut into the walls, both for warmth and coolness, to roost the birds at night; a refuge, too, against the weather. It is in one of those grottoes that Sir Walter Scott supposes Amy Robsart to have concealed herself, and to have been surprised therein by Queen Elizabeth. Who can forget that masterly, that exquisite scene? But since, as Laneham remarks, "the silver-sounded lute, without the sweet touch of hands; the glorious cup, without the fresh fragrant wine; or the rich ring with gem, without the fair-featured finger, is nothing, indeed, in his proper use; even so his honor accounted of this mansion, till he had placed there tenants accordingly." He had his aviary, therefore, replenished with birds of every country; one, indeed, then most rare, from Africa; and the ear and the eye were alike riveted and entranced by gorgeous plumes and soft sounds.

In the midst of the garden stood a fountain of white marble, from the midst of which rose a column set up in the shape of two Atalantæ joined together, back to back, the one looking to the east, the other to the west, with their hands holding a fair bowl, over which played jets of pellucid water, which fell into the bason wherein the column was planted. This being kept always two feet deep in water, was filled with "fair liking" fish, pleasantly playing to and fro; and here the ragged staff, one of the cognisances of the Dudleys, was seen overtopping the column; whilst below were figures of Neptune, armed with his trident, trailed into the deep by his marine horses; on another side was Thetis, in her chariot, drawn by dolphins; then Triton, by his fishes. Here was Proteus, bearding his sea-bulls; there Doris and daughters solacing the sea and sands. And here was many a pastime, many a practical joke played off, by turning the water over the loiterers in that exquisite scene; a species of frolic which, as Laneham relates, moved the "trees to seem laughing, but the skies to more sport."

Beyond, whilst around you were the soft gales and the delicious coolness of the gush-

ing fountains; whilst strawberries, cherries, and other fruits, not separated from the pleasaunce, by growing there in high perfection, tempted the senses, and the perfumes of the flowers accorded with the melodious notes of the birds; beyond, the *penseroso* who paced along the grassy terrace might see the woods and waters in the park, for pool and chase were near at hand: there was no monotony in a scene so varied. "At one moment, in one place, at hand, without travail, to have so full fruition of so many God's blessings," did, as the inspired Laneham remarks, render the gardens of Kenilworth, "for etymon of the words, worthy to be called Paradise; and though not so goodly as Paradise for want of the fair rivers, yet better a great deal by the lack of so unhappy a tree." Paradise was, in truth, a name often applied in old times to certain portions of pleasure-grounds; as at Wressel, and Lekinfield, in the East Riding of Yorkshire.

Never had the castle been known before, and it has never since displayed, such a perfection of feudal grandeur; nor were its minor claims less great. In air it was, as Laneham observes, "sweet and wholesome;" it stood on an easy-mounted hill, its front due facing the east; in the diversified ground about it, "sweet springs bursting forth," delighted both sight and sound; and so judiciously were its demesnes "sorted" into arable land, meadow, pasture, wood, and water, that nothing could, by the most fastidious taste, be desired. The pool or lake on the west, nourished with many springs, teemed with fish, "delicate, great, and fat, and with all kind of wild-fowl." The lake, "by a rare situation and natural amitie," half surrounded the castle, the western towers of which seemed to stand within its clear waters, encircling the edifice also, both on the south, with its two arms, and then stretched itself, as in the form of two legs, a mile or two to the westward. On the south the castle was, therefore, in fact, separated from the park, yet linked to it in one place by a green slope, called even in Warwickshire a *brae* (or sloping bank next the water), sprinkled with conies, which were suffered more for pleasure than commodity. On the north and west lay the vast chase, stocked with the red-deer and other "stately game;" and beautiful was the pleasure-ground, with "delectable, fresh, umbrageous arbors, seats, and walks, overshadowed by tall, and what seems to us strange, fragrant trees, so that Diana her-

self might have deigned there well enough to range for her pastime."

The left arm of the pool northwards was adorned by Lord Leicester with a bridge, connecting the chase with the castle, and affording a beautiful prospect on it, and over the pleasaunces and the far-distant country. And not far from this park there was an excellent quarry of building-stone, which was employed, according to tradition, by Kenelph, or Kenelm, in the erection of the castle.

It was in the height of the summer of 1575, that Queen Elizabeth was entertained by Lord Leicester at Itchlinton, seven miles from Kenilworth, where the banquet was held under a tent of extraordinary size; and thence, hunting by the way, they came to the castle. It was eight o'clock in the evening when her "highness" reached the park, where she was received by one of the ten Sybils, who, "comely clad in pall (a long upper mantle) of white silk," pronounced a proper "poesy in English rhyme and metre," the burden of which we spare our readers. Her majesty passed then into the tilt-yard, the remains of which, shaded by the wild hazel and grazed by the stray lambkin, may still be traced near the castle. Here she was addressed by a tall porter, who pretended to a "great pang of impatience" at seeing his territory invaded; yet confessing anon that he found himself pierced at the presence of a personage "so evidently expressing an heroic sovereignty over the whole estate," yielded up his club, his keys of office, and all, and caused his trumpeters to sound from the wall a tune of welcome; and then rang the courts and echoed the bartisans with the tones of those trumpets—"a noble voice," breathed from trumpets formed of silver. The evening star was now glimmering about the castle, and the "moon, resplendent still, but of an ampler round," must have begun to rise when the gallant procession rode along the tilt-yard into the inner gate next the base-court of the castle; and here a beautiful apparition delighted the queen. Floating upon a movable island, blazing with torches on the bosom of the lake, came there to greet her majesty the "Lady of the Lake," a personage distinguished in the famous romance called *La Morte d'Arthur*. She, too, attended by two nymphs, met the queen with a "fair-penned metre," setting forth the antiquity of the castle, and saying how she had guarded this lake since the days of King Arthur. "We thought,"

answered Elizabeth, keeping up the characteristics of this splendid charade, "the lake had, indeed, been ours. But do you call it yours, now? Well, we shall commune on it with you hereafter."

Such were some of the ceremonials, too long to rehearse more particularly, with which the queen was welcomed into the now deserted hall and chambers of Kenilworth, and, as she passed from court to court, and from one scene of pageantry to another, psawms, cornets, flutes, recorders (a wind instrument resembling the clarionet), flutes, viols, harps, raised that loud concert in which her spirit so much delighted. One circumstance is remarkable in all these ceremonials, the indirect tribute to literature. No pageant was complete without its poet; a personage who appeared, on this occasion, in a long ceruleous garment, with a side-and-wide sleeve, Venetian-wise drawn up to the elbow; his doublet-sleeves under that, crimson, nothing but silk; a bay garland on his head, and a scroll in his hand. But, alas! my poor poet, I must fain add, was regarded only as a servant; and his "ceruleous garment" was intended to mark that condition, blue being, in ancient times, the appropriate color for servants.

The festivities at Kenilworth would fill a volume, if recited; and, indeed, they differed only in splendor from those of which there are so many recitals in this festive reign. Even on Sunday there was little interruption to the jollities of the party. The forenoon was, indeed, occupied in quiet and vacation from work, and in divine service and preaching at the parish church; but the afternoon was occupied in "excellent music," and in dancing "of lords and ladies," and of "other worshipful degrees," uttered with such lively agility and commendable grace, "as shewed that this day served as well for diversion as any other." On Monday, however, the castle was all in motion; and late in the afternoon, for the day was hot, the woods rang with the blast of the huntsman's horn, the halloos of the huntsmen resounding from the echoes of wood and vale; and her majesty rode forth to see the sport and to join it.

Soon was the hart discovered—soon chased by the hot pursuit of the hounds, until it "took soil," or, to explain that term, plunged into the water, swimming—his head carried in stately fashion, like the sail of a ship, the hounds pursuing him as if they were a number of skiffs sailing to de-

spoil a carvel or galley; but at last the hart was killed, but the sport ceased not.

It was resumed in the form of a pageant by torch-light, in the woods, at night, when a personage entitled *Hombre Salvagio*, held a long discourse with Echo; the particulars of which delighted old Gascoigne, who has preserved them, more than they do me. Afterwards, the delicious evenings were solaced sometimes by a gentle stroll, the queen preferring that over the bridge into the chase, whilst a decorated barge filled with musicians, sailed along the shores of the lake—the echoes of the wind-instruments reverberating from the stern masses of the keep—Cæsar's grim tower. Yet were not all her enjoyments so gentle. One day, thirteen bears were tied up in the outer court, to be baited with bear-dogs, a variety of the mastiff, having somewhat of the hound's scent—their bite was dangerous, if not mortal; and deep and hollow their bark was heard in the minor court, where, longing for blood, they lay, expecting their murderous joys. A natural antipathy existed between this now extinct race of dogs and the bear; "and many a torn coat," observes Laneham, "and many a maimed member (God wot) and bloody face hath the quarrel cost between them." It was thought, however, very pleasant sport to see these beasts, to behold the bear peering after the enemy's approach, to witness the nimbleness of the dog, and his expertness in seizing his advantage, to wonder at the strength and experience of the bear in avoiding his assaults. "If he was bitten in one place, how he would pinch in another to get free; if he were taken once, then what shift, what byting, with clawing, with roaring, with tossing, and tumbling, he would work to wind himself from them. It was," says the chronicler, adding some particulars as to the bear shaking the blood from his ears, a matter of "goodly relief!"

The calm nights were solaced with fireworks, mounting high in the still air above, or burning unquenchably in the waters beneath—"contrary to fire's kinde;" and peals of guns were mingled with shouts of delight, and the meeker voices of the fair. Then an Italian tumbler charmed the queen with his mountebank tricks; and the week came round again to Sunday, when a "fruitful" sermon at the church was followed by a solemn Bride-ale, the procession of which, a suitable couple to marry having been selected, took place in the tilt-yard.

It were long to tell all the ceremonials of this gay occasion, honored, although it were Sunday, by a "comely quintain."

For nineteen days a repetition of these costly and elaborate pleasures went on; and, that time might not be marked nor heeded during this revelling, the following delicate compliment was paid to her majesty:—Upon the top of Cæsar's Tower, near the battlements, there were two dials, the one facing the east, the other the south; thus placed, they might show the hours both to town and country; both faces large, having gold letters on a blue, or as old Laneham expresses it, "bice ground." These, during the whole of Elizabeth's sojourn at the castle, were silent, "sang not a note." "But mark," says the solemn and superstitious Laneham, "whether it were by chance, by constellation of stars, or by fatal appointment (if fates and stars," he adds, with simplicity, "do deal with dials), thus was it indeed." The hands of both the tables stood firm and fast, always pointing to two o'clock, in which Laneham saw a deep and mystical meaning, finding in it, among other imbecilities peculiar to himself, "a type of my Lord Leicester's good heart, frank and friendly to all estates;" which, indeed, was about as remote a conviction as man could come to. One word more, however, touching these mysterious dials, the marks of which, on Cæsar's Tower, may be distinguished at the present day. They were enamelled, and with the sun's beams upon them must have, indeed, been splendid; and their color, bice, was given to them by a preparation from an Armenian stone, now found in the silver mines of Germany, known to us moderns under the name of smalt. So complete in every point were the splendors of Leicester Castle. It wanted nothing except virtue in its great owner; nothing but humanity and honor, of which he had not a grain; nothing but religion, to which he made such audacious pretensions, to render it, indeed, a paradise.

Its splendors were not without one chronicler or more. Two persons have commemorated the celebrated festivities held during one of Elizabeth's progresses at Kenilworth; these were, Robert Laneham and George Gascoigne. Laneham is remarkably like Pepys. I say is, for such men never die; they are always our company, they live in our everyday thoughts, they are not set apart as heroes are, they are a portion of our own selves. Laneham was a mercer, or merchant, and served his time in the

City of London. He travelled, however, on account of his business, and picked up some accomplishments, which he takes care in his narrative to point out to the attention of society. He danced, he played on the guitar, cittern, and virginal; he was a gallant with the ladies, a *bon vivant* with the men; and was wont to "be jolly and dry in the morning." In short, Mr. Laneham was not the very steadiest of men in the world, or probably he would not have been so pleasant a writer. He was bookish, also; and altogether, his acquirements gained him a place in Lord Leicester's favor, and he was made through his interest, clerk of the council-chamber door, and keeper of the same; and a proper gossip never held that office. "When the council sit," this is his own description of his duties, "I am at hand; if any make a babbling—Peace! say I; if I take a listener in the chinks or well-hole, I am by-and-by at the bones of him; if a friend come, I make him sit down by me on a form or chest: let the rest walk, a God's name!"

Of far higher consideration was George Gascoigne, author of *The Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth*. This was a sort of poetical programme of all "verses, proses, or poetical inventions that were to be presented there, before the queen's majesty." Gascoigne accompanied the queen in all her progresses. He was not only a poet, but a singer and actor, and recited some of the inventions which he penned.

The career of Leicester, prosperous as it seemed, was not devoid of many pungent mortifications and anxieties. His wife, Lady Lettice, whose beauty had captivated his heart, retained, indeed, her empire over his affections until the last moment of his existence; but she was cousin to the queen, whose jealousy might be excited by these new bonds. Long and sedulously were they, therefore, concealed; nor was it until her son, the Earl of Essex, had attained his well-known place in the queen's affections, that she was permitted to return to court. Nor would the queen meet her, even at the house of any of her courtiers. "On Shrove Tuesday," writes Rowland Whyte, "the queen was persuaded to go to Mr. Comptroller's, and there was my Lady Leicester, with a fair jewel of 300*l*. A great dinner was prepared by my Lady Shandos, and the queen's coach ready, when, on a sudden, she resolved not to go, and so sent word." Then in the decline of his favor, and when the

young rival in his affections, Sir Walter Raleigh, was supplanting him, when Leicester was banished in an honorable and civil way to Flanders, where he had the command of a considerable military force, he had by this time, in 1584, openly acknowledged his Countess Lettice; and he sent for her there that he might hold a court with regal splendor. The countess was, however, forbidden to leave England, and Elizabeth's anger knew no bounds. "I will let the upstart know," such were her words, "how easily the hand which has exalted him can beat him down to the dust." After a time, however, her "choler," to use an expression of the times, abated. "The queen is on very good terms with you," writes Sir Walter Raleigh to the earl; "and, thanks be to God, well pacified, and you are again 'her sweet Robin.'" But no prosperity could soften the malignity of Leicester's disposition where his interests or his ambition were at stake; and *not* the lightest stain upon his memory is his enmity to Mary, queen of Scots, prompted by a desire that the posterity of the Earl of Huntingdon, who had married his sister, should, from their descent from George, duke of Clarence, be included in the succession to the crown.

His name was a word of fear, a term implying remorseless revenge,—the arrow that flieth by night, the bowl, or the dagger, as might best suit his lordly convenience. At length, disgust at his vices, dread of his crimes, and that desire of exposing wickedness which is natural to man, broke out in a production entitled, *Leicester's Commonwealth*. It was written beyond seas, or at least published abroad; and its design was to represent the earl as one who wished to subvert the government, and to substitute a Leicesterian commonwealth. In this composition, which was imported in great numbers, Leicester was represented to be an atheist, and a monster of ambition and cruelty. It was soon dispersed over the country, and obtained the popular title of "Father Parsons' Green Coat,"—the leaves being edged with green, and Father Parsons conjectured to be the author. So great was the sensation which it excited, that the queen issued letters from the privy council, declaring that all its allegations were false; and Sir Philip Sidney, the amiable and accomplished nephew of Lord Leicester, composed an answer, which was never published. To this day the author of the work has never been discovered, but

it is supposed to have been one of the Popish writers, who was irritated by the earl's now imputed patronage of the Puritans. The reputation of Leicester stood even this shock, and survived also his campaign, and his manifest inefficiency in the Low Countries. The first in the tournament, Leicester was not blessed with the high capacity essential for a general. Yet he was made lieutenant-general—his sovereign alone his superior—when the Spanish Armada threatened the British shores.

But the career of Leicester was now at a close, and the threads of his destiny were cut short suddenly. Whether by disease, or by that retributive justice which doomed the secret assassin to fall by his own potions, by poison which he had prepared for others, history has not decided. His death, however, took place at his own house, Cornbury, in Oxfordshire, whither he retreated in disgust with the court, and tired of the world, which he had loved not wisely but too well, with the intention of proceeding to Kenilworth. Suddenly, if not fearfully, did he expire. On the 27th of August, 1588, he was well, and wrote to Lord Burleigh that he should soon return to court, adding his apologies for leaving London without seeing him. On the 4th of September he breathed his last. This fact discountenances the statement of Camden, that he died of fever, since his illness would have been, in all probability, more lingering. The public impression was, that he died in consequence of taking a poison prepared for others, he being, in the preparation of such deadly doses, a rare artist. Such is the impression of Namton; and the privy council taking up the matter, examined at some length a man named Crofts, who was suspected of the deed, but no conclusion was arrived at. He died, however, consistently as he had lived, for his existence was one great piece of acting. His will, written whilst he was in Flanders, is framed with consummate art: that whilst he appears to consider mainly his wife's interests, he leaves the bulk of his fortune to his son, Robert Dudley, the offspring of Lady Sheffield; and, happily for Sir Robert Dudley, Ambrose, the good Earl of Warwick, was still alive; so that through his interest the will was carried into effect.

In the chapel of Our Ladye, at Warwick, repose the mouldering bones of Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, with his earl's coronet on his head, and his countess's effigies lying beside him. A more detested,

yet a more powerful subject has rarely served a British monarch. His religious zeal, by which he misled persons of weak judgment, never regulated his passions, nor soared above his temporal interests. Professing the utmost piety, he may, therefore, morally, be denied the title to Christianity. Yet there is something bold in his career, and captivating to the imagination in his fearless vices. Great as a politician, he "never chose a back game;" his imperious nature could not brook the duplicity which it required. He sought and admired men of ability; but he kept them away from court, in stations "where they might be useful to him and he to them." The generous patronage of talent, from a pure appreciation of merit, was unknown to him.

The plaything of fortune, Robert Dudley, the son of Lady Sheffield, succeeded his father as the Lord of Kenilworth. The Lady Lettice, his father's widow, notwithstanding her devotion to the memory of the last earl, became through life the bitter enemy of his son. One word more about this Lady Lettice, be-praised in those beautiful lines by Sir Gervase Clifton, beginning,—

"There you may see that face, that hand,
Which once was fairest in the land;
She that in her younger years
Matched with two great English peers,
She that did supply the wars
With thunder, and the court with stars."

Lady Lettice appears, nevertheless, to have been a lady of questionable virtue, at least in her youth. She lived to see her noble son, the Earl of Essex, perish on the scaffold; and having committed the folly of marrying a third husband, Sir Charles Blount, she saw him perish also in the same way. Then she retired, a reclaimed and chastened mourner, to expiate her early delinquencies by good will to man and piety to God:

"Whose gold thread when she saw spun,
And the death of her brave son,
Thought it safest to retire
From all care, and vain desire,
To a private country cell,
Where she spent her days so well,
That to her the better sort
Came to her as to our holy court;
And the poor that lived near,
Death nor famine would not fear."

Her stepson succeeded to his father's possessions, but not to his titles, when he

was fifteen. The earl had always kept him in obscurity, chiefly, it is said, in the hope of bringing him one day forward as his son by Queen Elizabeth. And well might he be proud of this fine, ill-fated youth, who, as he shone forth the proprietor of Kenilworth, was looked upon as one of the finest gentlemen in England; tall, well-proportioned, and handsome, though red-haired, learned beyond his years, an adept in mathematics, endowed with a frank and generous nature, and with a spirit of enterprise. Such was Robert Dudley. His youth was passed in voyages of discovery, for which he had a passion, and in an ill-starred attempt to prove his legitimacy. But the rancor of his mother-in-law frustrated his hopes. The corrupt times of James I. had now arrived, and the sources of justice were corrupted. The process which young Dudley set on foot was suddenly closed, the examinations locked up. Broken-hearted, Sir Robert requested a license from King James to quit England for three years. Abroad, the titles of Earl of Warwick and Duke of Northumberland were accorded to him; and he sighed for that recognition due to his birth. He had by this time connected himself with the family of Leigh, his neighbors at Stoneleigh Abbey, by a marriage with the Lady Alice Leigh. He left his lady at Kenilworth, probably hoping some day to return thither, and again to head those halls with an earl's dignity. But he never revisited his native country, but died at Florence, having been first created by the Emperor Ferdinand a grand duke of the empire. His true celebrity consisted, however, in his great projects for draining the marshes near Pisa, and raising Leghorn from an insignificant place into a commercial town, by the erection of a haven, and other improvements. His schemes, among which one for the improvement of our revenue was submitted to James I., were those of a benevolent as well as of an able man. He had all the talents of the Dudleys, without their vices. His narratives of his voyages are preserved in Hakluyt's collection; and his work on increasing the revenue established his reputation as a man of great abilities. His standard production was a book, now extremely rare, *Del Arcano del Mare*, in two folio volumes, full of schemes, charts, plans, and replete with knowledge, especially in mathematical science. This work, which is chiefly intended for the promotion of navigation, and the extension of com-

merce, has been styled "*a singular treasury of curious and important schemes.*" Whilst thus devoting himself to the pursuit of science, Sir Robert Dudley received intelligence from home, which must have tended greatly to dispel all lingering wishes ever to return there. We have already seen how his claim to the earldom of Leicester was disposed of; his scheme for improving the revenue was judged pernicious, and tended to hasten rather than to retard his exile. In his castle he left his wife, Lady Alice, and four infant daughters; but though they resided at Kenilworth, the place, by the statute of fugitives, was forfeited to the crown, upon the flight of Sir Robert. No steps were taken respecting it, however, until Henry Prince of Wales, was advertised of its provincial fame, and was imbued with the notion of its being indeed a royal residence. It was then surveyed; and from the account of it, it must, indeed, have been magnificent—too much so, indeed, to escape kingly cupidity. The circuit of the castle within the walls comprised an extent of seven acres; and the walks on the walls were so wide, that two or three persons could walk abreast on them. The rooms of great state were built with as much uniformity as any of later time; and the cellars were erected upon arches of freestone. The chase, called the King's Wood, formerly stocked with deer, had at this period been suffered to fall into neglect—the deer had strayed; and the Countess Lettice (shame on her saintly reputation!) had cut down much of the timber, which was hers by will; yet still it was valued at 20,000*l.*, and it was said, was in "*a convenient state for removal.*" Alas! one by one, one beholds, as in a vision, the glories of Kenilworth departing, in gloomy procession. "There runneth through the said grounds," the survey goes on to state, "by the walls of the castle, a fair pool, containing exi acres, well stored with fish and fowl, which, at pleasure, is let round about the castle." It makes one sigh to hear of it—no pool is there now—all filled up, dried up, let off, long ago; the eye rests upon a green, fair country, with a marvellous lack of water, for the blessed Avon is miles off. With a sigh I write on. "The circuit of the castle, manours, parks, and chase, lying round together, contains at least xix or xx miles in a pleasant country; the like, both for state, strength, and pleasure, not being within the realm of England."

Alack the day! 14,500*l.* were paid for it; and it became the property of Prince Henry, descending after his death to Charles I., who succored the widow and orphans of its former possessor, bestowing on the Lady Alice, during the civil wars, the title of Duchess of Dudley during the term of her natural life. Sir Robert died at Florence; and as far as any connexion with Kenilworth is concerned, his race with him: they were extinct to that still lordly demesne and stately castle.

Dugdale leaves its history unfinished; but what matters it? 'Tis but to repeat the oft-told tale,—it was ruined by the civil wars.

"It was not in the battle,
No tempest gave the shock."

No, it was by a mean, vulgar-minded, stupid, roundheaded, puritanical neglect and indifference, as well as by a dirty rapacity, that this grand edifice, visited by the Plantagenets, by the Tudors, by the Stuarts, owned by lofty barons and loved by gentle dames, fell into decay. Cromwell gave it away to his officers, who pillaged, dismantled, and then left it. At last he stopped the depredations, and left Time to do the rest.

It has done all that the most sagacious utilitarian could desire. It has shaken her battlements, crumbled her topless turrets, choked up her lake, broken down her walls. Year after year the ivy grows, and, clothing, destroys what it covers. Year after year visitants carry away reliques, or leave fragments of vile repasts indecently held there; for I call it indecent to profane so grand and melancholy a scene with rude revelry. Year after year one part or another becomes unsafe; and the limits of the building are now scarcely traceable. And yet it is, and has been, for many years, the property of a time-honored, a lettered, a virtuous, and therefore, of course, castle-loving race, who bear the lofty title of one who must oft-times have paced in those jocund halls—Clarendon.

In consequence of the earnest desire felt by the late Dr. Arnold (as recorded in the history of his life), that some mark of royal favor should be bestowed on Rugby School, the Queen has been graciously pleased to intimate her intention to found a gold medal for the special encouragement of the study of history at that institution.

From the Eclectic Review.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD AND THE ERA OF GEORGE III.

Correspondence of John, Fourth Duke of Bedford, selected from the Originals at Woburn Abbey. With an Introduction. By Lord John Russell. Vol. 3. London: Longman and Co.

THIS volume completes the *Bedford Correspondence*, and relates to a far more eventful period of our history than either of its predecessors. Its contents, however, have added little to our information, though a few gleams are thrown on the party contests and court intrigues of the day. In this respect our expectations have not been met. The historical value of the *Correspondence* is small, and it is utterly destitute of interest to the general reader. When such personages as Walpole, Pulteney, Chatham, Bute, and the elder Fox, to say nothing of a host of others, figure on the stage, it might have been expected that there would be much to attract public notice, and to illustrate the character and principles of our leading statesmen. But this is not the case, at least, in any other than a very meagre and unsatisfactory degree. Of the letters which are printed we are concerned to remember a few only, the majority may be forgotten without regret. We are glad to possess the *Correspondence* for occasional reference, but have no expectation of being much indebted to it in any of our labors. The fourth Duke of Bedford was a man of secondary talents, and without any moral qualities to ennoble his name. He was indebted solely to his position in the Whig party for the small share of influence he exercised. Had he been a commoner his name would not have been known, but having been born a peer he was of course entitled to office, and belonging to the party which had long enjoyed a monopoly of the good things of public life, he early aspired to share them. His political morality was that which was current in his day, and the interests of the small party which he nominally led, were therefore preferred to any broader or more generous sympathies. The government of the country was conducted, at this period, on principles from the avowal of which the least honorable of our statesmen would now shrink. Jobbing was universal, it was reduced to system, and he was deemed the most successful politician who showed most skill in the application of its arts. It is

lamentable to see what a falling off there had been from the middle of the previous century. Gross selfishness pervaded public life. All sense of responsibility was gone, the national exchequer was robbed for personal or party ends, and the forms of the constitution were employed to counteract its purpose and extinguish its spirit. It was altogether a dull, dead level, over which intelligent Englishmen can scarcely be induced to travel even by the genius and withering oratory of Chatham.

The services rendered by the Whigs at the close of Queen Anne's reign, rendered them of necessity the ministers of the House of Hanover. Had the Tories prevailed, the Stuarts would have been restored; but Bolingbroke and Atterbury were driven into exile, and the nation was content to preserve its liberties at the price of receiving a monarch, whose coarse manners and profligate morality commanded no respect. The second George, of dull capacity and limited information, pursued the policy of his father, and the nation was consequently ruled for many years by an oligarchy of Whig nobles, who distributed amongst themselves, and their dependants, the spoils of office. The usual result followed, and it is well for English freedom that it did. Had the Whig nobles of that day been more considerate and sagacious, they might have perpetuated for many years, their tenure of office. But they became imperious, shamelessly corrupt, and suspicious, both of talent and of patriotism. Hostility was thus aroused. Genius and virtue took part against them. The theory of the constitution was appealed to, and public sympathies were awakened by the eloquence of Chatham and the subsequent reasonings of Shelburne and Burke. The first stage of their decline was marked by divisions amongst themselves.

"The period which elapsed," remarks Lord John Russell, "between the fall of Sir Robert Walpole and the reign of George the Third, was the age of small factions. The great Whig party, having had from the accession of the House of Hanover complete possession of power, broke into

many little sections, divided from each other by personal predilections, and not by distinct lines of policy. Thus their quarrels and their friendships were precarious and capricious: there was no reason why any one statesman should not join with any other statesman to whom he had been the week before most opposed; nor, to say the truth, was there any great question in dispute, like the Revolution settlement, or the American war, or the French war, upon which parties widely separated in opinion, could take their stand."—p. xi.

George III. succeeded his grandfather in October, 1760, and was mainly influenced in his early measures by his mother, the Princess Dowager, and her adviser Lord Bute. His father had headed the opposition to the Whig ministers of George II., and as the Tory predilections of Lord Bute were well known, a change of administration was generally expected. The Duke of Newcastle, however, was nominally retained as First Lord of the Treasury, and even Mr. Pitt, whose brilliant career had humbled the power of France, with whom he was then negotiating a peace, was continued in office for a brief space. "There is nothing new under the sun," said Horace Walpole. "Nor under the grandson," replied George Selwyn. Few, however, were deceived by this forbearance. The monarch had evidently taken his resolution, and found in Lord Bute an instrument ready to his hand. Had his purpose been high-minded and generous, he would have broken through the trammels of a Whig oligarchy without seeking to establish a secret and irresponsible power. But Lord Bute aimed to govern as the favorite of an eastern monarch, and the young king, true to his adviser, aided the policy by every means at his command. This was the sin of George III.; and it robs him of all merit in the measures he adopted, and has covered his memory with a reproach which no private virtues, had they been a thousand-fold more brilliant than any he possessed, could have atoned for. He wanted only the power to become the despot; and failing this, he condescended to intrigue and dishonesty. We pass by the continental policy of the king, by which Mr. Pitt's views were overruled, and a peace was concluded with France, much less favorable to England than that minister had insisted on. The Duke of Bedford differed from his colleague on this point, and proceeded to Paris to negotiate the treaty. "His dispatches," says Lord John, "appear to me to be creditable to his industry and judgment; at all events,

they afford better materials than have yet been given to the world, for arriving at an impartial opinion on the merits of the peace of Paris."

The policy of the king was of course veiled under specious pretences. This was necessary in order to its accomplishment, and the condition of parties readily suggested the plea. The nation was summoned to the aid of a young monarch struggling, as was alleged, against a dominant faction. The crown had lost its dignity, the glory of the sceptre was departed, and all true Englishmen were required to assist their sovereign in breaking through constitutional restraints which prevented his calling able and faithful men to his councils. There was much seeming force in all this: It found a ready response in the nation, and was for a time looked on with favor. The truth, however, was soon learnt. The king's Friends, as a party separate from the ministry was called, were found to be more powerful than his responsible advisers. Lord Bute exercised greater influence over the government than the Duke of Newcastle. The royal patronage was dispensed without regard to his approval, and changes were effected in government trusts without his opinion being consulted. Each statesman in his turn, when disengaged from office, denounced this system. Lord Chatham indignantly declaimed against an influence behind the throne, more powerful than the throne itself. Mr. Granville spoke of a set of Janizaries, at whose will he would not hold office; the Duke of Bedford protested in the royal closet against the power of Lord Bute; and Mr. Burke, in his masterly pamphlet, laid bare the whole scheme to public indignation. This passage of our history is too little known. It has been thrown into the shade by what followed, and has been sedulously kept out of sight by the admirers of George III. It should, however, be studied by every Englishman; and if its effect be to lower that monarch in public estimation, it will only be a just retribution for the undue praise bestowed on him. Lord Russell remarks on this passage of our history:—

"Not that the plan of Lord Bute and his royal pupil was of so systematic a character, nor the government to be subverted of so beneficent a nature, as the great Whig statesman portrayed to the world; but that the project of restoring to the Crown that absolute direction and control which Charles the First and James the Second had been forced to relinquish, and from which George the

Second had quietly abstained, was entertained and attempted by George the Third, can hardly be doubted.

"It must be owned, that the moment was in many respects eminently auspicious to the execution of such a plan. The Stuarts, as Mr. Adolphus remarks, had fallen into contempt; and the Whig families were no longer necessary to guard the parliamentary title of the House of Hanover. Let us add to this, that the Whigs were themselves broken into sections, separately weak, and too jealous of each other to combine. The Duke of Newcastle, the ancient chief of the party, had lowered himself by folly, and his party by corruption. Lord Holland was hated, and could not stand alone; Mr. Pitt was haughty and self-willed, and had broken his connexion with the other Whig chiefs; the Duke of Bedford, in his eagerness for peace, had acted with and under Lord Bute. Nor was the king deficient in the prudence and caution requisite for the conduct of a refined scheme."—pp. xxix., xxx.

The royal favorite, like most of his class, was unfitted for the power to which he aspired. His understanding was by no means strong, nor was his intellect broad and capacious. He wanted the practice, and probably the power, of a debater; and was utterly incapable of measuring the ebb and flow of popular opinion. His sympathies were with the prerogative, but he lacked the genius and the courage of Strafford. It had been remarked of him, by the father of the king, that he was fit to be the minister of a small German court where there was no business. It is therefore no marvel that he was speedily terrified by the conflict he had invited.

"Parliamentary opposition," says Lord Russell, "surprised and confounded his judgment; popular clamor overcame his resolution, and scared his ambition. With these faults of mind and temper, it is not to be wondered at, that he lightly broke with the Duke of Newcastle, his ready and convenient helpmate. The power of that veteran minister was silently taken away: if places were given, his opinion was not asked; if peers were created, he was not informed of the intention; even the Board of Treasury at which he presided was taught to thwart him. Yet the favorite who could thus wantonly provoke a powerful party had scarcely taken the reins into his hands, before he shrank from the conflict, and resigned his office."—p. xxxi., xxxii.

Such was the man on whom George III. relied; and the tenor of his policy was not long in being proclaimed. We have already seen that the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt were retained in office on the accession of the king. The former was comparatively tractable, but the latter was dic-

tatorial and imperious. The elder Pitt was about the last man in the kingdom to content himself with the semblance of power. He felt his superiority. His genius towered over the men about him, and his proud spirit indignantly spurned the dictation of the favorite. He had restored the fading fortunes of his country by the vigor and ability of his foreign policy, —introducing order where confusion had existed, and recalling victory to the national standard. His natural imperiousness was thus heightened, and he took no pains to conceal it. We are not therefore surprised at his being chafed by the resolutions which his colleagues adopted without his concurrence. This feeling is evinced in the following brief communication, dated March 10, 1761, addressed to the Duke of Bedford, and which sufficiently indicates the probability of what speedily followed.

"Mr. Pitt presents his compliments to the Duke of Bedford, and is obliged to his Grace for taking the trouble of communicating to him the measure of turning out Mr. Malone, already decided and in part executed. Had Mr. Pitt been consulted on a matter of this consequence, he should have doubted the expediency of such a step, and have thought that it required to be more maturely weighed."—p. 6.

The crisis was hastened by the Minister's own folly. He afforded the court the pretext they desired. The wily favorite waited his opportunity. He pulled the wires in secret, and thus avoided the odium of dismissing the most popular servant of the crown. "Although," remarks Lord Brougham, "a plot had certainly been formed to eject him from the ministry, leaving the chief control of affairs in the feeble hands of Lord Bute, whose only support was court favor, and whose chief talent lay in an expertness at intrigue; yet there can be but little doubt that this scheme was only rendered practicable by the hostility which the great minister's unbending habits, his contempt of ordinary men, and his neglect of everyday matters, had raised against him amongst all the creatures both of Downing-street and St. James's."*

What had been long foreseen and designed, occurred in October, 1762. Thwarted in his designs, Pitt indignantly declared at the council board, that he was responsible to the people, and would no longer retain a situation which made him responsible for measures he was not permitted to

* Historical Sketches, vol. i., p. 26.

direct. His resignation was of course accepted; and what occurred in the closet of the king, and in the communications which passed between Mr. Pitt and Lord Bute, constitutes the least creditable passage of his history. We do not complain of his reception of a pension. While such things are dispensed, no man could prefer a better claim; but his demeanor was unworthy of his character, and the overflowings of his gratitude were out of all keeping with the occasion.

The premier was yet retained, but his time was drawing near. For a little while longer he was borne with. He submitted to much more than consisted with self-respect, but at length the predominance of the favorite provoked even his resignation. His decision, with the grounds of it, was announced to the Duke of Bedford, May 15, 1762.

"I have had," he says, "so many proofs of your Grace's goodness to me, that I flatter myself you will excuse the liberty I now take in troubling you upon my own subject. It has been the greatest misfortune to me, that I have been obliged to take a resolution relating to my own situation, without having had an opportunity of previously consulting your Grace, and taking your advice, before I had put it in execution. But as the circumstances admitted of no delay, and as I have endeavored, in the step I have taken, to act agreeably to what your Grace was so good as to declare to me was the rule I should go by, when your Grace, from your goodness and partiality to me, engaged me to remain in the king's service, I hope I can have no doubt of your approbation. When I mentioned the difficulties of my undertaking such an employment at that time, unknown to, and unsupported by, either the king or his minister, your Grace was pleased to say, that if, after trial, I found I had not that countenance, credit, and support, which my station and situation entitled me to, you would be far from advising or wishing that I should remain in employment; that case has now happened, and that has made my retreat unavoidable. Your Grace has seen the little credit which I have had either in business, or in any disposition of honors or employments, numbers of peers made without my knowing anything of it until it was absolutely done; and except in the case of Mr. Probert, which was only an exchange of employment with Mr. Sloper, I don't remember one single recommendation of mine which has taken place since his Majesty's accession to the crown, I mean as to civil employments, or indeed, I may add, as to military ones also. But that which is the immediate cause of my resignation, is some late transactions with my board, and particularly with the secretary, Mr. Martin (unknown to me), which must expose me to them, make me appear insignificant there, and are a plain declaration of the little regard and con-

fidence which his Majesty's ministers have in me. In this situation it is impossible for me to remain in the Treasury, with any honor or ease to myself, or any advantage to the public or my friends. I beg your Grace would not mention these particulars till I have the honor and pleasure to see you, and I will then explain them fully to you, and acquaint you with all that has passed upon this occasion. In the meantime, as I have felt the great advantage of your Grace's support whilst I was in the administration, I hope I shall have the comfort of your friendship and good opinion out of it."—pp. 79, 80.

Lord Bute immediately became in name what he had long been in reality, the prime minister of the king. So far his intrigues had been successful. He had glided to and fro on the political stage, more powerful than those who were visible to the public; and superficial observers doubtless concluded that the reality of power would now be retained in connexion with its well known symbols. In this, however, they were mistaken. Whilst he worked in the dark his incapacity was not seen; but now that he came forth into open day and challenged observation, his enemies were amply revenged. Some members of the Whig party, including the Duke of Bedford, were for a time retained in his administration, but their places were gradually supplied by Tories, whose temper was more ductile as their principles were more acceptable at court. Nothing could exceed the unpopularity of the premier. He was literally hated by the nation, and soon shrank from the storm he had raised. He announced his intention to resign office, in a letter to the Duke of Bedford, dated April 2, 1763, in which there is much obvious untruth coupled with an affected moderation, and a profession of public spirit, for which he never gained credit beyond the precincts of the court.

"I am now going," he says, "to trouble your Grace for the last time, in all probability, on politics, as I shall be out of office and a private man before I can be honored with any return: the subject I am going to touch forces me to write about myself much more than I wished to do, and for this reason I hope you will excuse it. To enter, therefore, into matters, I take the liberty of observing to your Grace, that when the Duke of Newcastle went out, and I found myself under a necessity to accept my present situation, I did it with the utmost reluctance; and nothing but the king's safety and independency could have made me acquiesce in a way of life so opposite to every feeling; nor did I kiss the king's hand till I had received his solemn promise to be permitted to go out when peace was once attained. Thanks to

kind Providence and your Grace's abilities, that day is now come; and well it is so, for, independent of all other private considerations, the state of my health is such, and any constant application to business is declared to be so fatal to me, that I find myself under the unpleasant necessity of putting my much-loved sovereign in mind of his promise. I have done so; and after scenes that I can never forget, his tenderness for me has got the better of his partiality to my poor endeavors to serve him, and he approves my determination. Since this, I have often talked with his Majesty on the subject of a new administration, and he is come to the final resolution of putting the Treasury into Mr. Grenville's hands, as the only person in the House of Commons in whom he can confide so great a trust; Mr. Fox having taken the king's word when he first entered on the management of his affairs, that, the peace made, he might be permitted to go to the House of Lords. Three things the king is determined to abide by, and to make the basis of his future administration as they have been of his present.

"1st. Never upon any account to suffer those ministers of the late reign, who have attempted to fetter and enslave him, ever to come into his service while he lives to hold the sceptre.

"2dly. To collect every other force, and above all, that of your Grace and Mr. Fox to his councils and support.

"3dly. To show all proper countenance to the country gentlemen acting on Whig principles, and on those principles only supporting his government."—pp. 223, 224.

It is scarcely necessary to dwell on the inaccuracies of this letter. If one thing be more obvious than another, it is that Bute had from the first been designed for the office he filled, and that his retirement, so far from being part of a preconcerted plan, was induced by fear, and was in direct opposition to the wishes of the king. The obstinacy of the monarch would have braved a storm before which the weaker and more timorous favorite quailed. The exclusion alluded to, obviously points to Newcastle and Pitt, with whom, however, ere many months had passed, Bute was again in correspondence with the design of forming another administration. Moreover, the Whigs, and Whig principles, were the objects of his special hatred. He had compassed their exclusion from power, and had raised up as their competitors a knot of reconciled Jacobins, who were content to forward the policy of the Stuarts under the house of Hanover. The Duke of Bedford, in his reply to Bute's application, pointed out the weakness of the administration which it was proposed to form, and advised that one should be constituted on a broader and more stable basis, particularly urging that the leading members of the

Whig party should be called to the king's councils. Lord Russell gives the following account of the negotiations which ensued:—

"Nothing could be more unpalatable than such advice. Still the weakness which the Duke had pointed out was felt; and the death of Lord Egremont, which happened soon after, made it necessary to hit on some new expedient for keeping the great Whig chiefs out of power. At this emergency the Duke of Bedford was again applied to, and a special agent was sent to Blenheim with orders to see the duke secretly at Woodstock. This time the duke advised that Mr. Pitt should be sent for, and asked to propose his own terms.

"Lord Bute relished this counsel as little as the former. But seeing there was no remedy, he sent himself to Mr. Pitt, and consented that he should have an audience of the king, carefully concealing the fact that the Duke of Bedford had advised this course.

"The proposals made by Mr. Pitt were, according to the only accounts which were published, somewhat extraordinary. It is said that he not only desired to form a compact ministry of the principal Whigs of the kingdom, but that he refused to allow Mr. Grenville the office of paymaster, and put an absolute veto on the Duke of Bedford, as well as all others who had been concerned in the peace of Paris. It is to be lamented that a letter of Mr. Pitt relating to these transactions, has not been made public. The interview ended with a declaration of the king, which broke off the negotiation: 'Mr. Pitt, this will never do. My honor is concerned.'

"What is certain is, that the king, who had hitherto been so cautious and reserved, spoke openly of Mr. Pitt's conditions, and took pains to inflame the anger of the proscribed. In particular, he told Lord Hertford that 'Mr. Pitt proscribed several, particularly his friend Lord Powis, had said little of Mr. Legg, and still less of the Duke of Grafton.' He desired Lord Sandwich to inform the Duke of Bedford that Mr. Pitt would not even consent that he should hold a place in the household.

"It seems not a little strange that the Duke of Bedford should advise the king to send for Mr. Pitt, and that Mr. Pitt's first condition should be the exclusion of the Duke of Bedford from the king's councils. What Mr. Pitt really said to the king is not yet known. But there is no reason to doubt the duke's own assertion, that he did not wish for office.

"His inclinations, however, were changed when he found himself proscribed. In the heat of his indignation, inflamed by the king's personal request, he accepted at once the office of President of the Council. But in resuming a place in the cabinet, he insisted that Lord Bute should retire from the king's presence and councils; and this indeed was the absolute condition in which the administration stood. Thus Lord Bute recommended the king to send for the Duke of Bedford, who proscribed Lord Bute; and the Duke of Bedford advised his Majesty to send for Mr. Pitt, who proscribed the Duke of Bedford. In this confu-

sion of persons and parties, a ministry was created which lasted for nearly two years."—pp. xxxvii—xxxix.

The same course of intrigue was continued under the administration of Mr. Grenville, which led the Duke of Bedford to seek an audience with the king, in order to remonstrate against the system that was pursued. His conduct on this occasion has been variously represented, but we are bound to say that the defence of Lord John is substantially satisfactory:—

"There appears," he says, "no reason to doubt, that from the commencement of the reign there was a party called the 'King's friends,' who attempted to exercise all real power, while the show of it was only left to the responsible ministers; that on them all favor was bestowed, and by them the measures of the court were directed: that while such was their influence, they kept in the back-ground, occupying permanently lucrative subordinate places, and leaving the labor and the risk of political affairs in the ostensible rulers of the country: that at a signal from the court, any minister was at once removed; and a subservient House of Commons were directed to transfer their votes to some other puppet, destined to hold a rank equally powerless, by a tenure equally precarious.

"If there be truth in these delineations, it was surely the duty of an old counsellor of the Crown to warn the sovereign of his danger; to implore him 'to permit his authority and his favor to go together;' and either to invest his ministers with the influence belonging to his royal station, or to produce in open daylight the secret depositaries of his confidence. By such conduct the Duke of Bedford showed that he well knew the eternal difference between a true and sworn friend of the monarchy, and a slippery sycophant of the court.

"The king, having resolved to keep his favor for his private friends and the Bute party, told the chancellor that he considered the Duke of Bedford's remonstrance as a resignation; nor could it be considered unhandsome to his ministers, after the alternative had been put to him, that he should take his choice of the course he preferred. He was resolved not to govern as George the First and George the Second had governed, by means of open parliamentary ministers."—pp. xlv—xlvi.

The Grenville administration is known in English history by one of the most impolitic and mischievous pieces of legislation ever perpetrated. The resolutions which it carried for imposing stamp duties on America, led to the revolt of the colonies, and ultimately to their independence. But we cannot enter on this theme. Our business is with the Duke of Bedford, and before closing our notice of his *Correspondence*, we must advert to the defence which

his descendant has made against the fierce onslaught of Junius. If we do not misread the signs of the times, there is a tendency amongst our political writers to depreciate unduly this most marvellous of anonymous assailants. Indiscriminate eulogy was formerly fashionable, and we are now in danger of going to an opposite extreme. Admit all that can fairly be urged—and we confess that it is much—and the letters of Junius will yet remain amongst the most lucid, condensed, vigorous, and withering specimens of political writing in our language. At a time when men feared to write their thoughts, and the nation was refused a report of the debates of its representatives, this masked champion entered the lists, and by his undaunted bearing and weight of metal, bore down every opponent. That he was unscrupulous, we admit. The floating rumor of the day was adopted, private vices were dragged to light; even natural deformities, as with fiendish exultation, were dilated on, and where other materials were wanting, invention was permitted to enlarge, to aggravate, and to blacken, the follies or the misdeeds of those whom he sought to overwhelm with public infamy. The moral of Junius was inferior to the mental. His character, however, cannot be duly estimated, without regard being had to the circumstances and spirit of his age. The more healthy modes of expressing public opinion were suppressed. Men were forbidden to speak and write as they felt, while the sacredness of the constitution was violated, and public liberty openly assailed. It is not for the advocates of such a policy to censure the vices of Junius. They were the growth of their own measures, the stealthy, unscrupulous, and revengeful indignation with which an outraged people gave utterance to their maledictions. We would his letters had been free from these vices, but as the atrocities of the French revolution were the natural fruit of the heartless tyranny and sensualism of the ruling classes of that country, so the untruths, the slanders, the bitter malevolence of Junius, find their cause and explanation in the political condition of his times. One thing he accomplished, and for this we shall never withhold our gratitude. He had great faults; but he won for the people the right of free speech. He often penned untruths, and for this he is to be censured; but he established the claim of Englishmen to utter within the hearing of their rulers, the indignant re-

bukes of an insulted people. At the commencement of his career his printer, Woodfall, dared not publish, without considerable alterations, a report which he had furnished of one of Burke's speeches; but within two years that same printer published his celebrated "Letter to the King." The nation had found a champion, and they nobly sustained him.

Lord Russell has successfully defended his ancestor from the attacks of Junius. This is simple justice. Though not above the morality of his day, the Duke of Bedford did not fall below it. He was not guilty in the special matters alleged by Junius. He was probably incapable of the

crimes charged upon him. No candid reader of the *Introduction* to this volume will fail to acquit him, whatever estimate may be formed of his patriotism or ability. The *Introduction* itself forms an appropriate comment on the period to which the Letters refer. It is characterized by good sense and clearness of style, and may be read with advantage by the historical student. The noble author is, of course, somewhat partial to the memory of his ancestor. It would have been strange had it been otherwise. His partiality, however, is seen, not so much in any exaggerated estimate of his worth, as in the denunciation of his merciless assailant.

From Tait's Magazine.

CATALINA DE ERAUSO, THE NAUTICO-MILITARY NUN OF SPAIN.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

WHY is it that *Adventures* are so generally repulsive to people of meditative minds? It is for the same reason that any other want of law, that any other anarchy, is repulsive. Floating passively from action to action, as a withered leaf surrendered to the breath of winds, the human spirit (out of which comes all grandeur of human motions) is exhibited in mere *Adventures* as either entirely laid asleep, or as acting only by lower organs that regulate the *means*, whilst the *ends* are derived from alien sources, and are imperiously predetermined. It is a case of exception, however, when even amongst such adventures the agent reacts upon his own difficulties and necessities by a temper of extraordinary courage, and a mind of premature decision. Further strength arises to such an exception, if the very moulding accidents of the life, if the very external coercions are themselves unusually romantic. They may thus gain a separate interest of their own. And, lastly, the whole is locked into validity of interest, even for the psychological philosopher, by complete authentication of its truth. In the case now brought before him, the reader must not doubt; for no memoir exists, or personal biography, that is so trebly authenticated by proofs and attestations direct and collateral. From the archives of the Royal Marine at Seville, from the autobiography of the heroine, from

contemporary chronicles, and from several official sources scattered in and out of Spain, some of them ecclesiastical, the amplest proofs have been drawn, and may yet be greatly extended, of the extraordinary events here recorded. M. de Ferrer, a Spaniard of much research, and originally incredulous as to the facts, published about seventeen years ago a selection from the leading documents, accompanied by his *palinode* as to their accuracy. His materials have been since used for the basis of more than one narrative, not inaccurate, in French, German, and Spanish journals of high authority. It is seldom the case that French writers err by prolixity. They *have* done so in this case. The present narrative, which contains no sentence derived from any foreign one, has the great advantage of close compression; my own pages, after equating the size, being as 1 to 3 of the shortest continental form. In the mode of narration, I am vain enough to flatter myself that the reader will find little reason to hesitate between us. Mine will, at least, weary nobody; which is more than can be always said for the continental versions.

On a night in the year 1592 (but which night is a secret liable to 365 answers), a Spanish "*son of somebody*,"* in the fortified

* i. e., "Hidalgo."

town of St. Sebastian, received the disagreeable intelligence from a nurse, that his wife had just presented him with a daughter. No present that the poor misjudging lady could possibly have made him was so entirely useless for any purpose of his. He had three daughters already, which happened to be more by 2+1 than *his* reckoning assumed a reasonable allowance of daughters. A supernumerary son might be stowed away; but daughters in excess were the very nuisance of Spain. He did, therefore, what in such cases every proud and lazy Spanish gentleman was apt to do—he wrapped the new little daughter, odious to his paternal eyes, in a pocket handkerchief; and then, wrapping up his own throat with a good deal more care, off he bolted to the neighboring convent of St. Sebastian; not merely of that city, but also (amongst several convents) the one dedicated to that saint. It is well that in this quarrelsome world we quarrel furiously about tastes; since agreeing too closely about the objects to be liked and appropriated would breed much more fighting than is bred by disagreeing. That little human tadpole, which the old toad of a father would not suffer to stay ten minutes in his house, proved as welcome at the nunnery of St. Sebastian as she was odious elsewhere. The superior of the convent was aunt, by the mother's side, to the new-born stranger. She, therefore, kissed and blessed the little lady. The poor nuns, who were never to have any babies of their own, and were languishing for some amusement, perfectly doated on this prospect of a wee pet. The superior thanked the hidalgo for his very splendid present. The nuns thanked him each and all; until the old crocodile actually began to cry and whimper sentimentally at what he now perceived to be excess of munificence in himself. Munificence, indeed, he remarked, was his foible next after parental tenderness.

What a luxury it is sometimes to a cynic that there go two words to a bargain. In the convent of St. Sebastian all was gratitude; gratitude (as aforesaid) to the hidalgo from all the convent for his present, until, at last, the hidalgo began to express gratitude to *them* for their gratitude to *him*. Then came a rolling fire of thanks to St. Sebastian; from the superior, for sending a future saint; from the nuns, for sending such a love of a plaything; and, finally, from papa, for sending such substantial board and well-bolted lodgings, “from

which,” said the malicious old fellow, “my pussy will never find her way out to a thorny and dangerous world.” Won't she? I suspect, son of somebody, that the next time you see “pussy,” which may happen to be also the last, will not be in a convent of any kind. At present, whilst this general rendering of thanks was going on, one person only took no part in them. That person was “pussy,” whose little figure lay quietly stretched out in the arms of a smiling young nun, with eyes nearly shut, yet peering a little at the candles. Pussy said nothing. It's of no great use to say much, when all the world is against you. But, if St. Sebastian had enabled her to speak out the whole truth, pussy *would* have said:—“So, Mr. Hidalgo, you have been engaging lodgings for me; lodgings for life. Wait a little. We'll try that question when my claws are grown a little longer.”

Disappointment, therefore, was gathering a-head. But for the present there was nothing of the kind. That noble old crocodile, papa, was not in the least disappointed as regarded *his* expectation of having no anxiety to waste, and no money to pay, on account of his youngest daughter. He insisted on his right to forget her; and in a week *had* forgotten her, never to think of her again but once. The lady superior, as regarded *her* demands, was equally content, and through a course of several years; for, as often as she asked pussy if she would be a saint, pussy replied that she would, if saints were allowed plenty of sweetmeats. But least of all were the nuns disappointed. Everything that they had fancied possible in a human plaything fell short of what pussy realized in racketing, racing, and eternal plots against the peace of the elder nuns. No fox ever kept a hen-roost in such alarm as pussy kept the dormitory of the senior sisters; whilst the younger ladies were run off their legs by the eternal wiles, and had their chapel gravity discomposed, even in chapel, by the eternal antics, of this privileged little kitten.

The kitten had long ago received a baptismal name, which was Kitty; that is, Catharine, or Kate, or *Hispanice* Catalina. It was a good name, as it recalled her original name of pussy. And, by the way, she had also an ancient and honorable surname, viz. *De Erauso*, which is to this day a name rooted in Biscay. Her father, the *hidalgo*, was a military officer in the Spanish service, and had little care whether his kitten should turn out a wolf or a lamb, having made over

the fee simple of his own interest in the little Kate to St. Sebastian, "to have and to hold," so long as Kate should keep her hold of this present life. Kate had no apparent intention to let slip that hold, for she was blooming as a rose-bush in June, tall and strong as a young cedar. Yet, notwithstanding this robust health and the strength of the convent walls, the time was drawing near when St. Sebastian's lease in Kate must, in legal phrase, "determine;" and any *chateaux en Espagne*, that the Saint might have built on the cloistral fidelity of his pet Catalina, must suddenly give way in one hour, like many other vanities in our days of Spanish bonds and promises. After reaching her tenth year, Catalina became thoughtful, and not very docile. At times she was even headstrong and turbulent, so that the gentle sisterhood of St. Sebastian, who had no other pet or plaything in the world, began to weep in secret—fearing that they might have been rearing by mistake some future tigress—for as to infancy, *that*, you know, is playful and innocent even in the cubs of a tigress. But *there* the ladies were going too far. Catalina was impetuous and aspiring, but not cruel. She was gentle, if people would let her be so. But woe to those who took liberties with *her*! A female servant of the convent, in some authority, one day, in passing up the aisle to matins *wilfully* gave Kate a push; and in return, Kate, who never left her debts in arrear, gave the servant for a keep-sake a look which that servant carried with her in fearful remembrance to her grave. It seemed as if Kate had tropic blood in her veins, that continually called her away to the tropics. It was all the fault of that "blue rejoicing sky," of those purple Biscayan mountains, of that tumultuous ocean, which she beheld daily from the nunnery gardens. Or, if only half of it was *their* fault, the other half lay in those golden tales, streaming upwards even into the sanctuaries of convents, like morning mists touched by earliest sunlight, of kingdoms overshadowing a new world which had been founded by her kinsmen with the simple aid of a horse and a lance. The reader is to remember that this is no romance, or at least no fiction, that he is reading; and it is proper to remind the reader of real romances in Ariosto or our own Spenser, that such martial ladies as the *Marfisa*, or *Bradamant* of the first, and *Briomart* of the other, were really not the improbabilities that modern society imagines. Many a stout man, as you will soon see,

found that Kate, with a sabre in hand, and well mounted, was but too serious a fact.

The day is come—the evening is come—when our poor Kate, that had for fifteen years been so tenderly rocked in the arms of St. Sebastian and his daughters, and that henceforth shall hardly find a breathing space between eternal storms, must see her peaceful cell, must see the holy chapel, for the last time. It was at vespers, it was during the chanting of the vesper service, that she finally read the secret signal for her departure, which long she had been looking for. It happened that her aunt, the lady Principal, had forgotten her breviary. As this was in a private 'serutoire, she did not choose to send a servant for it, but gave the key to her niece. The niece, on opening the 'serutoire, saw, with that rapidity of eye-glance for the one thing needed in any great emergency which ever attended her through life, that *now* was the moment for an attempt which, if neglected, might never return. There lay the total keys, in one massive *trousseau*, of that fortress impregnable even to armies from without. Saint Sebastian! do you see what your pet is going to do? And do it she will, as sure as your name is St. Sebastian. Kate went back to her aunt with the breviary and the key; but taking good care to leave that awful door, on whose hinge revolved her whole life, unlocked. Delivering the two articles to the Superior, she complained of a head-ache—[Ah, Kate! what did *you* know of head-aches, except now and then afterwards from a stray bullet or so?]
—upon which her aunt, kissing her forehead, dismissed her to bed. Now, then, through three-fourths of an hour Kate will have free elbow-room for unanchoring her boat, for unshipping her oars, and for pulling ahead right out of St. Sebastian's cove into the main ocean of life.

Catalina, the reader is to understand, does not belong to the class of persons in whom chiefly I pretend to an interest. But everywhere one loves energy and indomitable courage. I, for my part, admire not, by preference, anything that points to this world. It is the child of reverie and profounder sensibility who turns *away* from the world as hateful and insufficient, that engages *my* interest: whereas Catalina was the very model of the class fitted for facing this world, and who express their love to it by fighting with it and kicking it from year to year. But, always what is best in its kind one admires, even though the kind be

disagreeable. Kate's advantages for her rôle in this life lay in four things, viz. in a well-built person, and a particularly strong wrist; 2d, in a heart that nothing could appal; 3d, in a sagacious head, never drawn aside from the *hoc age* [from the instant question of life] by any weakness of imagination; 4th, in a tolerably thick skin, not literally, for she was fair and blooming, and decidedly handsome, having such a skin as became a young woman of family in northernmost Spain. But her sensibilities were obtuse as regarded *some* modes of delicacy, *some* modes of equity, *some* modes of the world's opinion, and *all* modes whatever of personal hardship. Lay a stress on that word *some*—for, as to delicacy, she never lost sight of the kind which peculiarly concerns her sex. Long afterwards she told the Pope himself, when confessing without disguise her sad and infinite wanderings to the paternal old man (and I feel convinced of her veracity) that in this respect, even then, at middle age, she was as pure as is a child. And, as to equity, it was only that she substituted the equity of camps for the polished (but often more iniquitous) equity of courts and towns. As to the third item—the world's opinion—I don't know that you need lay a stress on *some*; for, generally speaking, *all* that the world did, said, or thought, was alike contemptible in her eyes, in which, perhaps, she was not so *very* far wrong. I must add, though at the cost of interrupting the story by two or three more sentences, that Catalina had also a fifth advantage, which sounds humbly, but is really of use in a world, where even to fold and seal a letter adroitly is not the least of accomplishments. She was a *handy* girl. She could turn her hand to anything, of which I will give you two memorable instances. Was there ever a girl in this world but herself that cheated and snapped her hands at that awful Inquisition, which brooded over the convents of Spain, that did this without collusion from outside, trusting to nobody, but to herself, and what? to one needle, two hanks of thread, and a very inferior pair of scissors? For, that the scissors were bad, though Kate does not say so in her memoirs, I know by an *a priori* argument, viz. because *all* scissors were bad in the year 1607. Now, say all decent logicians, from a universal to a particular *valet consequentia*, *all* scissors were bad: *ergo*, *some* scissors were bad. The second instance of her handiness will surprise you even more: She once

stood upon a scaffold, under sentence of death (but, understand, on the evidence of false witnesses). Jack Ketch was absolutely tying the knot under her ear, and the shameful man of ropes fumbled so deplorably, that Kate (who by much nautical experience had learned from another sort of "Jack" how a knot *should* be tied in this world), lost all patience with the contemptible artist, told him she was ashamed of him, took the rope out of his hand, and tied the knot irreproachably herself. The crowd saluted her with a festal roll, long and loud, of *vivas*; and this word *viva* of good augury—but stop: let me not anticipate.

From this sketch of Catalina's character, the reader is prepared to understand the decision of her present proceeding. She had no time to lose: the twilight favored her; but she must get under hiding before pursuit commenced. Consequently she lost not one of her 45 minutes in picking and choosing. No *shilly-shally* in Kate. She saw with the eyeball of an eagle what was indispensable. Some little money perhaps to pay the first toll-bar of life: so, out of four shillings in Aunty's purse, she took one. You can't say *that* was exorbitant. Which of us wouldn't subscribe a shilling for poor Katy to put into the first trouser pockets that ever she will wear? I remember even yet, as a personal experience, that when first arrayed, at four years old, in nankeen trousers, though still so far retaining hermaphrodite relations of dress as to wear a petticoat above my trousers, all my female friends (because they pitied me, as one that had suffered from years of *ague*) filled my pockets with half-crowns, of which I can render no account at this day. But what were my poor pretensions by the side of Kate's? Kate was a fine blooming girl of 15, with no touch of *ague*, and, before the next sun rises, Kate shall draw on her first trousers, and made by her own hand; and, that she may do so, of all the valuables in Aunty's repository she takes nothing beside the shilling, *quantum sufficit* of thread, one stout needle, and (as I told you before, if you would please to remember things) one bad pair of scissors. Now she was ready; ready to cast off St. Sebastian's towing rope; ready to cut and run for port anywhere. The finishing touch of her preparations was to pick out the proper keys: even there she showed the same discretion. She did no gratuitous mischief. She did not take the wine-cellar

key, which would have irritated the good father confessor; she took those keys only that belonged to *her*, if ever keys did; for they were the keys that locked her out from her natural birthright of liberty. "Show me," says the Romish Casuist, "her right in law to let herself out of that nunnery." "Show us," we reply, "*your* right to lock her in."

Right or wrong, however, in strict casuistry, Kate was resolved to let herself out; and *did* so; and, for fear any man should creep in whilst vespers lasted, and steal the kitchen grate, she locked her old friends in. Then she sought a shelter. The air was not cold. She hurried into a chestnut wood, and upon withered leaves slept till dawn. Spanish diet and youth leave the digestion undisordered, and the slumbers light. When the lark rose, up rose Catalina. No time to lose, for she was still in the dress of a nun, and liable to be arrested by any man in Spain. With her *armed* finger [aye, by the way, I forgot the thimble; but Kate did *not*],—she set to work upon her amply embroidered petticoat. She turned it wrong side out; and with the magic that only female hands possess, she had soon sketched and finished a dashing pair of Wellington trousers. All other changes were made according to the materials she possessed, and quite sufficiently to disguise the two main perils—her sex, and her monastic dedication. What was she to do next? Speaking of Wellington trousers would remind *us*, but could hardly remind *her*, of Vittoria, where she dimly had heard of some maternal relative. To Vittoria, therefore, she bent her course; and, like the Duke of Wellington, but arriving more than two centuries earlier [though *he* too is an early riser], she gained a great victory at that place. She had made a two days' march, baggage far in the rear, and no provisions but wild berries; she depended for anything better, as light-heartedly as the Duke, upon attacking, sword in hand, storming her dear friend's entrenchments, and effecting a lodgment in his breakfast-room, should he happen to have one. This amiable relative, an elderly man, had but one foible, or perhaps one virtue in this world; but *that* he had in perfection,—it was pedantry. On that hint Catalina spoke: she knew by heart, from the services of the convent, a few Latin phrases. Latin!—Oh, but *that* was charming; and in one so young! The grave Don owned the soft impeachment; relented

at once, and clasped the hopeful young gentleman in the Wellington trousers to his *uncular* and rather angular breast. In this house the yarn of life was of a mingled quality. The table was good, but that was exactly what Kate cared little about. The amusement was of the worst kind. It consisted chiefly in conjugating Latin verbs, especially such as were obstinately irregular. To show him a withered frost-bitten verb, that wanted its preterite, wanted its supines, wanted, in fact, everything in this world, fruits or blossoms, that make a verb desirable, was to earn the Don's gratitude for life. All day long he was marching and counter-marching his favorite brigades of verbs—verbs frequentative, verbs inceptive, verbs desiderative—horse, foot, and artillery; changing front, advancing from the rear, throwing out skirmishing parties, until Kate, not given to faint, must have thought of such a resource, as once in her life she had thought so seasonably of a vesper head-ache. This was really worse than St. Sebastian's. It reminds one of a French gaiety in Thiebault or some such author, who describes a rustie party, under equal despair, as employing themselves in conjugating the verb *s'ennuyer*—*Je m'ennuie, tu t'ennuies, il s'ennuit; nous nous ennuyons, &c.*; thence to the imperfect—*Je m'ennuyois, tu t'ennuyois, &c.*; thence to the imperative—*Qu'il s'ennuye, &c.*; and so on through the whole melancholy conjugation. Now, you know, when the time comes that, *nous nous ennuyons*, the best course is, to part. Kate saw *that*; and she walked off from the Don's [of whose amorous passion for defective verbs one would have wished to know the catastrophe], and took from his mantelpiece rather more silver than she had levied on her aunt. But the Don also was a relative; and really he owed her a small cheque on his banker for turning out on his field-days. A man, if he *is* a kinsman, has no right to bore one *gratis*.

From Vittoria Kate was guided by a carrier to Valladolid. Luckily, as it seemed at first, but it made little difference in the end, here, at Valladolid, were the King and his Court. Consequently, there were plenty of regiments and plenty of regimental bands. Attracted by one of these, Catalina was quietly listening to the music, when some street ruffians, in derision of the gay colors and the form of her forest-made costume—[rascals! one would like to have seen what sort of trousers *they* would

have made with no better scissors!—began to pelt her with stones. Ah, my friends, of the genus *blackguard*, you little know who it is that you are selecting for experiments. This is the one creature of fifteen in all Spain, be the other male or female, whom nature, and temper, and provocation, have qualified for taking the conceit out of you. This she very soon did, laying open a head or two with a sharp stone, and letting out rather too little than too much of bad Valladolid blood. But mark the constant villany of this world. Certain Alguazils—very like some other Alguazils that I know nearer home—having stood by quietly to see the friendless stranger insulted and assaulted, now felt it their duty to apprehend the poor nun for murderous violence: and had there been such a thing as a treadmill in Valladolid, Kate was booked for a place on it without further inquiry. Luckily, injustice does not *always* prosper. A gallant young cavalier, who had witnessed from his windows the whole affair, had seen the provocation, and admired Catalina's behavior—equally patient at first and bold at last—hastened into the street, pursued the officers, forced them to release their prisoner, upon stating the circumstances of the case, and instantly offered Catalina a situation amongst his retinue. He was a man of birth and fortune; and the place offered, that of an honorary page, not being at all degrading even to a "daughter of somebody," was cheerfully accepted. Here Catalina spent a happy month. She was now splendidly dressed in dark blue velvet, by a tailor that did not work within the gloom of a chestnut forest. She and the young cavalier, Don Francisco de Cardenas, were mutually pleased, and had mutual confidence. All went well—when one evening, but, luckily, not until the sun had been set so long as to make all things indistinct, who should march into the antechamber of the cavalier but that sublime of crocodiles, *Papa*, that we lost sight of fifteen years ago, and shall never see again after this night. He had his crocodile tears all ready for use, in working order, like a good industrious fire-engine. It was absolutely to Catalina herself that he advanced; whom, for many reasons, he could not be supposed to recognise—lapse of years, male attire, twilight, were all against him. Still, she might have the family countenance; and Kate thought he looked with a suspicious scrutiny into her face, as he inquired for the young Don. To avert

her own face, to announce him to Don Francisco, to wish him on the shores of that ancient river for crocodiles, the Nile, furnished but one moment's work to the active Catalina. She lingered, however, as her place entitled her to do, at the door of the audience chamber. She guessed, already, but in a moment she *heard* from papa's lips what was the nature of his errand. His daughter Catherine, he informed the Don, had eloped from the convent of St. Sebastian, a place rich in delight. Then he laid open the unparalleled ingratitude of such a step. Oh, the unseen treasure that had been spent upon that girl! Oh, the untold sums of money that he had sunk in that unhappy speculation! The nights of sleeplessness suffered during her infancy! The fifteen years of solicitude thrown away in schemes for her improvement! It would have moved the heart of a stone. The *hidalgo* wept copiously at his own pathos. And to such a height of grandeur had he carried his Spanish sense of the sublime, that he disdained to mention the pocket-handkerchief which he had left at St. Sebastian's fifteen years ago, by way of envelope for "pussy," and which, to the best of pussy's knowledge, was the one sole memorandum of papa ever heard of at St. Sebastian's. Pussy, however, saw no use in revising and correcting the text of papa's remembrances. She showed her usual prudence, and her usual incomparable decision. It did not appear, as yet, that she would be reclaimed, or was at all suspected for the fugitive by her father. For it is an instance of that singular fatality which pursued Catalina through life, that, to her own astonishment (as she now collected from her father's conference), nobody had traced her to Valladolid, nor had her father's visit any connexion with suspicions travelling in that direction. The case was quite different. Strangely enough, her street row had thrown her into the one sole household in all Spain that had an official connexion with St. Sebastian's. That convent had been founded by the young cavalier's family; and, according to the usage of Spain, the young man (as present representative of his house) was the responsible protector of the establishment. It was not to the Don, as harbinger of his daughter, but to the Don, as *ex officio* visitor of the convent, that the *hidalgo* was appealing. Probably Kate might have stayed safely some time longer. Yet, again, this would but have multiplied the clues

for tracing her; and, finally, she would too probably have been discovered; after which, with all his youthful generosity, the poor Don could not have protected her. Too terrific was the vengeance that awaited an abettor of any fugitive nun; but above all, if such a crime were perpetrated by an official mandatory of the church. Yet, again, so far it was the more hazardous course to abscond, that it almost revealed her to the young Don as the missing daughter. Still, if it really *had* that effect, nothing at present obliged him to pursue her, as might have been the case a few weeks later. Kate argued (I daresay) rightly, as she always did. Her prudence whispered eternally, that safety there was none for her, until she had laid the Atlantic between herself and St. Sebastian's. Life was to be for *her* a Bay of Biscay; and it was odds but she had first embarked upon this billowy life from the literal Bay of Biscay. Chance ordered otherwise. Or, as a Frenchman says with eloquent ingenuity in connexion with this story, "Chance is but the *pseudonyme* of God for those particular cases which he does not subscribe openly with his own sign manual." She crept up stairs to her bed-room. Simple are the travelling preparations of those that, possessing nothing, have no imperials to pack. She had Juvenal's qualification for carolling gaily through a forest full of robbers; for she had nothing to lose but a change of linen, that rode easily enough under her left arm, leaving the right free for answering any questions of impertinent customers. As she crept down stairs, she heard the Crocodile still weeping forth his sorrows to the pensive car of twilight, and to the sympathetic Don Francisco. Now, it would not have been filial or lady-like for Kate to do what I am going to suggest; but what a pity that some gay brother page had not been there to turn aside into the room, armed with a roasted potatoe, and, taking a sportsman's aim, to have lodged it in the Crocodile's abominable mouth. Yet, what an anachronism! There *were* no roasted potatoes in Spain at that date, and very few in England. But anger drives a man to say anything.

Catalina had seen her last of friends and enemies in Valladolid. Short was her time there; but she had improved it so far as to make a few of both. There was an eye or two in Valladolid that would have glared with malice upon her, had she been seen by *all* eyes in that city, as she tripped

through the streets in the dark; and eyes there were that would have softened into tears, had they seen the desolate condition of the child, or in vision had seen the struggles that were before her. But what's the use of wasting tears upon our Kate? Wait till to-morrow morning at sun-rise, and see if she is particularly in need of pity. What now should a young lady do—I propose it as a subject for a prize essay—that finds herself in Valladolid at nightfall, having no letters of introduction, not aware of any reason great or small for preferring any street in general, except so far as she knows of some reason for avoiding one or two streets in particular? The great problem I have stated, Kate investigated as she went along; and she solved it with the accuracy with which she ever applied to *practical* exigencies. Her conclusion was—that the best door to knock at in such a case was the door where there was no need to knock at all, as being unfastened, and open to all comers. For she argued that within such a door there would be nothing to steal, so that, at least, you could not be mistaken in the dark for a thief. Then, as to stealing from *her*, they might do that if they could.

Upon these principles, which hostile critics will endeavor to undermine, she laid her hand upon what seemed a rude stable door. Such it proved. There was an empty cart inside; certainly there was, but you couldn't take *that* away in your pocket; and there were five loads of straw, but then of those a lady could take no more than her *reticule* would carry, which perhaps was allowed by the courtesy of Spain. So Kate was right as to the difficulty of being challenged for a thief. Closing the door as gently as she had opened it, she dropped her person, dressed as she was, upon the nearest heap of straw. Some ten feet further were lying two muleteers, honest and happy enough, as compared with the lords of the bed-chamber, then in Valladolid: but still gross men, carnally deaf from eating garlic and onions, and other horrible substances. Accordingly, they never heard her, nor were aware, until dawn, that such a blooming person existed. But she was aware of *them*, and of their conversation. They were talking of an expedition for America, on the point of sailing under Don Ferdinand de Cordova. It was to sail from some Andalusian port. That was the very thing for *her*. At daylight she woke, and jumped up, needing no more toilet than the

birds that already were singing in the gardens, or than the two muleteers, who, good honest fellows, saluted the handsome boy kindly—thinking no ill at his making free with *their* straw, though no leave had been asked.

With these philo-garlic men Kate took her departure. The morning was divine; and leaving Valladolid with the transports that befitted such a golden dawn, feeling also already, in the very obscurity of her exit, the pledge of her escape; she cared no longer for the crocodile, or for St. Sebastian, or (in the way of fear) for the protector of St. Sebastian, though of *him* she thought with some tenderness; so deep is the remembrance of kindness mixed with justice. Andalusia she reached rather slow; but many months before she was sixteen years old, and quite in time for the expedition. St. Lucar being the port of rendezvous for the Peruvian expedition, thither she went. All comers were welcome on board the fleet; much more a fine young fellow like Kate. She was at once engaged as a mate; and *her* ship, in particular, after doubling Cape Horn without loss, made the coast of Peru. Paita was the port of her destination. Very near to this port they were, when a storm threw them upon a coral reef. There was little hope of the ship from the first, for she was unmanageable, and was not expected to hold together for twenty-four hours. In this condition, with death before their faces, mark what Kate did; and please to remember it for her benefit, when she does any other little thing that angers you. The crew lowered the long-boat. Vainly the captain protested against this disloyal desertion of a king's ship, which might yet perhaps be run on shore, so as to save the stores. All the crew, to a man, deserted the captain. You may say *that* literally; for the single exception was *not* a man, being our bold-hearted Kate. She was the only sailor that refused to leave her captain, or the king of Spain's ship. The rest pulled away for the shore, and with fair hopes of reaching it. But one half hour told another tale: just about that time came a broad sheet of lightning, which, through the darkness of evening, revealed the boat in the very act of mounting like a horse upon an inner reef, instantly filling, and throwing out the crew, every man of whom disappeared amongst the breakers. The night which succeeded was gloomy for both the representatives of his Catholic Majesty. It can-

not be denied by the greatest of philosophers, that the muleteer's stable at Valladolid was worth twenty such ships, though the stable was *not* insured against fire, and the ship *was* insured against the sea and the wind by some fellow that thought very little of his engagements. But what's the use of sitting down to cry? That was never any trick of Catalina's. By day-break, she was at work with an axe in her hand. I knew it, before ever I came to this place, in her memoirs. I felt, as sure as if I had read it, that, when day broke, we should find Kate hard at work. Thimble or axe, trowsers or raft, all one to *her*. The Captain, though true to his duty, seems to have desponded. He gave no help towards the raft. Signs were speaking, however, pretty loudly that he must do something; for notice to quit was now served pretty liberally. Kate's raft was ready; and she encouraged the captain to think that it would give both of them something to hold by in swimming, if not even carry double. At this moment, when all was waiting for a start, and the ship itself was waiting for a final lurch, to say *Good-bye* to the King of Spain, Kate went and did a thing which some misjudging people will object to. She knew of a box laden with gold coins, reputed to be the King of Spain's, and meant for contingencies in the voyage out. This she smashed open with her axe, and took a sum equal to 100 guineas English; which, having well secured in a pillow-case, she then lashed firmly to the raft. Now this, you know, though not "*flotsom*," because it would not float, was certainly, by maritime law, "*jetsom*." It would be the idlest of scruples to fancy that the sea or a shark had a better right to it than a philosopher, or a splendid girl who showed herself capable of writing a very fair 8vo., to say nothing of her decapitating in battle several of the king's enemies, and recovering the king's banner. No sane moralist would hesitate to do the same thing under the same circumstances, on board an English vessel, though the First Lord of the Admiralty should be looking on. The raft was now thrown into the sea. Kate jumped after it, and then entreated the captain to follow her. He attempted it; but, wanting her youthful agility, he struck his head against a spar, and sank like lead, giving notice below that his ship was coming. Kate mounted the raft, and was gradually washed ashore, but so exhausted, as to have lost all recollection. She lay for hours until the warmth

of the sun revived her. On sitting up, she saw a desolate shore stretching both ways—nothing to eat, nothing to drink, but fortunately the raft and the money had been thrown near her; none of the lashings having given way—only what is the use of a guinea amongst tangle and sea-gulls? The money was distributed amongst her pockets, and she soon found strength to rise and march forward. But which *was* forward? and which was backward? She knew by the conversation of the sailors that Paita must be in the neighborhood; and Paita, being a port, could not be in the inside of Peru, but, of course, somewhere on its outside—and the outside of a maritime land must be the shore; so that, if she kept the shore, and went far enough, she could not fail of hitting her foot against Paita at last, in the very darkest night, provided only she could first find out which was *up* and which was *down*; else she might walk her shoes off, and find herself six thousand miles in the wrong. Here was an awkward case, all for want of a guide post. Still, when one thinks of Kate's prosperous horoscope, that after so long a voyage, *she* only, out of the total crew, was thrown on the American shore, with one hundred and five pounds in her purse of clear gain on the voyage, a conviction arises that she *could* not guess wrongly. She might have tossed up, having coins in her pocket, *heads or tails*? but this kind of sortilege was then coming to be thought irreligious in Christendom, as a Jewish and a Heathen mode of questioning the dark future. She simply guessed, therefore; and very soon a thing happened which, though adding nothing to strengthen her guess as a true one, did much to sweeten it if it should prove a false one. On turning a point on the shore, she came upon a barrel of biscuit washed ashore from the ship. Biscuit is about the best thing I know, but it is the soonest spoiled; one would like to hear counsel on one puzzling point, why it is that a touch of water utterly ruins it, taking its life, and leaving a *caput mortuum* corpse! upon this *caput* Kate breakfasted, though *her* case was worse than mine; for any water that ever plagued *me* was always fresh; now *hers* was a present from the Pacific ocean. She, that was always prudent, packed up some of the Catholic king's biscuit, as she had previously packed up far too little of his gold. But in such cases a most delicate question occurs, pressing equally on medicine and algebra. It is

this: if you pack up too much, then, by this extra burden of salt provisions, you may retard for days your arrival at fresh provisions; on the other hand, if you pack up too little, you may never arrive at all. Catalina hit the *juste milieu*; and about twilight on the second day, she found herself entering Paita, without having had to swim any river in her walk.

The first thing, in such a case of distress, which a young lady does, even if she happens to be a young gentleman, is to beautify her dress. Kate always attended to *that*, as we know, having overlooked her in the chestnut wood. The man she sent for was not properly a tailor, but one who employed tailors, he himself furnishing the materials. His name was Urquiza, a fact of very little importance to us in 1847, if it had stood only at the head and foot of Kate's little account. But unhappily for Kate's *début* on this vast American stage, the case was otherwise. Mr. Urquiza had the misfortune (equally common in the old world and the new) of being a knave; and also a showy specious knave. Kate, who had prospered under sea allowances of biscuit and hardship, was now expanding in proportions. With very little vanity or consciousness on that head, she now displayed a really fine person; and, when drest anew in the way that became a young officer in the Spanish service, she looked* the representative picture of a Spanish *caballador*. It is strange that such an appearance, and such a rank, should have suggested to Urquiza the presumptuous idea of wishing that Kate might become his clerk. He *did*, however, wish it; for Kate wrote a beautiful hand; and a stranger thing is, that Kate accepted his proposal. This might arise from the difficulty of moving in those days to any distance in Peru. The ship had been merely bringing stores to the station of Paita; and no corps of the

* "*She looked*," &c. If ever the reader should visit Aix-la-Chapelle, he will probably feel interest enough in the poor, wild, impassioned girl, to look out for a picture of her in that city, and the only one known *certainly* to be authentic. It is in the collection of Mr. Sempaler. For some time it was supposed that the best (if not the only) portrait of her lurked somewhere in Italy. Since the discovery of the picture at Aix-la-Chapelle, that notion has been abandoned. But there is great reason to believe that, both in Madrid and Rome, many portraits of her must have been painted to meet the intense interest which arose in her history subsequently amongst all the men of rank, military or ecclesiastical, whether in Italy or Spain. The date of these would range between sixteen and twenty-two years from the period which we have now reached (1608.)

royal armies was readily to be reached, whilst something must be done for a livelihood. Urquiza had two mercantile establishments, one at Trujillo, to which he repaired in person, on Kate's agreeing to undertake the management of the other in Paita. Like the sensible girl that we have always found her, she demanded specific instructions for her guidance in duties so new. Certainly she was in a fair way for seeing life. Telling her beads at St. Sebastian's, manœuvring irregular verbs at Vittoria, acting as gentleman usher at Valladolid, serving his Spanish majesty round Cape Horn, fighting with storms and sharks off the coast of Peru, and now commencing as book-keeper or *commis* to a draper at Paita, does she not justify the character that I myself gave her, just before dismissing her from St. Sebastian's, of being a "handy" girl? Mr. Urquiza's instructions were short, easy to be understood, but rather comic; and yet, which is odd, they led to tragic results. There were two debtors to his shop (*many*, it is to be hoped, but two meriting his affectionate notice), with respect to whom he left the most opposite directions. The one was a very handsome lady; and the rule as to *her* was, that she was to have credit unlimited, strictly unlimited. That was plain. The other customer, favored by Mr. Urquiza's valedictory thoughts, was a young man, cousin to the handsome lady and bearing the name of Reyes. This youth occupied in Mr. Urquiza's estimate the same hyperbolical rank as the handsome lady, but on the opposite side of the equation. The rule as to *him* was—that he was to have *no* credit; strictly none. In this case, also, Kate saw no difficulty; and when she came to know Mr. Reyes a little, she found the path of pleasure coinciding with the path of duty. Mr. Urquiza could not be more precise in laying down the rule than Kate was in enforcing it. But in the other case a scruple arose. *Unlimited* might be a word, not of Spanish law, but of Spanish rhetoric; such as "*Live a thousand years*," which even annuity offices hear, and perhaps utter, without a pang. Kate, therefore, wrote to Trujillo, expressing her honest fears, and desiring to have more definite instructions. These were positive. If the lady chose to send for the entire shop, her account was to be debited instantly with *that*. She had, however, as yet, not sent for the shop, but she began to manifest strong signs of sending for the shopman. Upon the blooming young Bis-

cayan had her roving eye settled; and she was in course of making up her mind to take Kate for a sweetheart. Poor Kate saw this with a heavy heart. And, at the same time that she had a prospect of a tender friend more than she wanted, she had become certain of an extra enemy that she wanted quite as little. What she had done to offend Mr. Reyes, Kate could not guess, except as to the matter of the credit: but then, in that, she only executed her instructions. Still Mr. Reyes was of opinion that there were two ways of executing orders: but the main offence was unintentional on Kate's part. Reyes, though as yet she did not know it, had himself been a candidate for the situation of clerk; and intended probably to keep the equation precisely as it was with respect to the allowance of credit, only to change places with the handsome lady—keeping *her* on the negative side, himself on the affirmative—an arrangement that you know could have made no sort of pecuniary difference to Urquiza.

Thus stood matters, when a party of strolling players strolled into Paita. Kate, as a Spaniard, being held one of the Paita aristocracy, was expected to attend. She did so; and there also was the malignant Reyes. He came and seated himself purposely so as to shut out Kate from all view of the stage. She, who had nothing of the bully in her nature, and was a gentle creature when her wild Biscayan blood had not been kindled by insult, courteously requested him to move a little; upon which Reyes remarked that it was not in his power to oblige the clerk as to that, but he *could* oblige him by cutting his throat. The tiger that slept in Catalina awakened at once. She seized him, and would have executed vengeance on the spot, but that a party of young men interposed to part them. The next day, when Kate (always ready to forget and forgive) was thinking no more of the row, Reyes passed; by spitting at the window, and other gestures insulting to Kate, again he aroused her Spanish blood. Out she rushed, sword in hand—a duel began in the street, and very soon Kate's sword had passed into the heart of Reyes. Now that the mischief was done, the police were, as usual, all alive for the pleasure of avenging it. Kate found herself suddenly in a strong prison, and with small hopes of leaving it, except for execution. The relations of the dead man were potent in Paita, and clamorous for justice, so that the *corregidor*, in a case

where he saw a very poor chance of being corrupted by bribes, felt it his duty to be sublimely incorruptible. The reader knows, however, that, amongst the relatives of the deceased bully, was that handsome lady, who differed as much from her cousin in her sentiments as to Kate, as she did in the extent of her credit with Mr. Urquiza. To her Kate wrote a note; and, using one of the Spanish King's gold coins for bribing the jailor, got it safely delivered. That, perhaps, was unnecessary; for the lady had been already on the alert, and had summoned Urquiza from Trujillo. By some means, not very luminously stated, and by paying proper fees in proper quarters, Kate was smuggled out of prison at nightfall, and smuggled into a pretty house in the suburbs. Had she known exactly the footing she stood on as to the law, she would have been decided. As it was, she was uneasy, and jealous of mischief abroad; and, before supper, she understood it all. Urquiza briefly informed his clerk, that it would be requisite for him to marry the handsome lady. But why? Because, said Urquiza, after talking for hours with the *corrégidor*, who was infamous for obstinacy, he had found it impossible to make him "hear reason," and release the prisoner, until this compromise of marriage was suggested. But how could public justice be pacified for the clerk's unfortunate homicide of Reyes, by a female cousin of the deceased man engaging to love, honor, and obey the clerk for life? Kate could not see her way through this logic. "Nonsense, my friend," said Urquiza, "you don't comprehend. As it stands, the affair is a murder, and hanging the penalty. But, if you marry into the murdered man's house, then it becomes a little family murder, all quiet and comfortable amongst ourselves. What was the *corrégidor* to do with that? or the public either? Now let me introduce the bride." Supper entered at that moment, and the bride immediately after. The thoughtfulness of Kate was narrowly observed, and even alluded to, but politely ascribed to the natural anxieties of a prisoner, and the very imperfect state of liberation even yet from prison *surveillance*. Kate had, indeed, never been in so trying a situation before. The anxieties of the farewell night at St. Sebastian were nothing to this; because, even if she had failed *then*, a failure might not have been always irreparable. It was but to watch and wait. But now, at this supper table, she was not more alive to the nature of the peril than she was to the

fact, that if, before the night closed, she did not by some means escape from it, she never *would* escape with life. The deception as to her sex, though resting on no motive that pointed to these people, or at all concerned them, would be resented as if it had. The lady would resent the case as a mockery; and Urquiza would lose his opportunity of delivering himself from an imperious mistress. According to the usages of the times and country, Kate knew that in twelve hours she would be assassinated.

People of infirmer resolution would have lingered at the supper-table, for the sake of putting off the evil moment of final crisis. Not so Kate. She had revolved the case on all its sides in a few minutes, and had formed her resolution. This done, she was as ready for the trial at one moment as another; and, when the lady suggested that the hardships of a prison must have made repose desirable, Kate assented, and instantly rose. A sort of procession formed, for the purpose of doing honor to the interesting guest, and escorting him in pomp to his bed-room. Kate viewed it in much the same light as the procession to which for some days she had been expecting an invitation from the *corrégidor*. Far ahead ran the servant-woman as a sort of outrider. Then came Urquiza, like a Pasha of two tails, who granted two sorts of credit, viz. unlimited and none at all, bearing two wax-lights, one in each hand, and wanting only cymbals and kettle drums to express emphatically the pathos of his Castillian strut. Next came the bride, a little in advance of the clerk, but still turning obliquely towards him, and smiling graciously into his face. Lastly, bringing up the rear, came the prisoner—our Kate—the nun, the page, the mate, the clerk, the homicide, the convict; and, for this day only, by particular desire, the bridegroom elect.

It was Kate's fixed opinion, that, if for a moment she entered any bed-room, having obviously no outlet, her fate would be that of an ox once driven within the shambles. Outside, the bullock might make some defence with his horns; but once in, with no space for turning, he is muffled and gagged. She carried her eye, therefore, like a hawk's, steady, though restless, for vigilant examination of every angle she turned. Before she entered any bed-room, she was resolved to reconnoitre it from the doorway, and, in case of necessity, show fight at once, before entering, as the best chance, after all, where all chances were bad. Everything

ends; and at last the procession reached the bed-room door, the outrider having filed off to the rear. One glance sufficed to satisfy Kate that windows there were none, and, therefore, no outlet for escape. Treachery appeared even in *that*; and Kate, though unfortunately without arms, was now fixed for resistance. Mr. Urquiza entered first, "Sound the trumpets! Beat the drums!" There were, as we know already, no windows; but a slight interruption to Mr. Urquiza's pompous tread showed that there were steps downwards into the room. Those, thought Kate, will suit me even better. She had watched the unlocking of the bed-room door—she had lost nothing, she had marked that the key was left in the lock. At this moment, the beautiful lady, as one acquainted with the details of the house, turning with the air of a gracious mistress, held out her fair hand to guide Kate in careful descent of the steps. This had the air of taking out Kate to dance; and Kate, at that same moment, answering to it by the gesture of a modern waltzer, threw her arm behind the lady's waist, hurled her headlong down the steps right against Mr. Urquiza, draper and haberdasher; and then, with the speed of lightning, throwing the door *home* within its architrave, doubly locked the creditor and debtor into the rat-trap which they had prepared for herself.

The affrighted out-rider fled with horror: she already knew that the clerk had committed one homicide; a second would cost him still less thought; and thus it happened that egress was left easy. But, when out and free once more in the bright starry night, which way should Kate turn? The whole city would prove but a rat-trap for her, as bad as Mr. Urquiza's, if she was not off before morning. At a glance she comprehended that the sea was her only chance. To the port she fled. All was silent. Watchmen there were none. She jumped into a boat. To use the oars was dangerous, for she had no means of muffling them. But she contrived to hoist a sail, pushed off with a boat hook, and was soon stretching across the water for the mouth of the harbor before a breeze light but favorable. Having cleared the difficulties of exit she lay down, and unintentionally fell asleep. When she awoke the sun had been up for three or four hours; all was right otherwise; but had she not served as a sailor, Kate would have trembled upon finding that, during her long sleep of per-

haps seven or eight hours, she had lost sight of land; by what distance she could only guess; and in what direction, was to some degree doubtful. All this, however, seemed a great advantage to the bold girl, throwing her thoughts back on the enemies she had left behind. The disadvantage was, having no breakfast, not even damaged biscuit; and some anxiety naturally arose as to ulterior prospects a little beyond the horizon of breakfast. But who's afraid? As sailors whistle for a wind, Catalina really had but to whistle for anything with energy, and it was sure to come. Like Cæsar to the pilot of Dyrrhachium, she might have said, for the comfort of her poor timorous boat (though destined soon to perish), "*Catalinam vehis, et fortunas ejus.*" Meantime, being very doubtful as to the best course for sailing, and content if her course did but lie off shore, she "*ried on,*" as sailors say, under easy sail, going, in fact, just whither and just how the Pacific breezes suggested in the gentlest of whispers. *All right behind*, was Kate's opinion; and, what was better, very soon she might say, *all right ahead*: for some hour or two before sunset, when dinner was for once becoming, even to Kate, the most interesting of subjects for meditation, suddenly a large ship began to swell upon the brilliant atmosphere. In those latitudes, and in those years, any ship was pretty sure to be Spanish: sixty years later the odds were in favor of its being an English buccaneer; which would have given a new direction to Kate's energy. Kate continued to make signals with a handkerchief whiter than the crocodile's of Ann. Dom., 1502, else it would hardly have been noticed. Perhaps, after all, it would not, but that the ship's course carried her very nearly across Kate's. The stranger lay-to for her. It was dark by the time Kate steered herself under the ship's quarter; and *then* was seen an instance of this girl's eternal wakefulness. Something was painted on the stern of her boat, she could not see *what*; but she judged that it would express some connexion with the port that she had just quitted. Now it was her wish to break the chain of traces connecting her with such a scamp as Urquiza; since else, through his commercial correspondence, he might disperse over Peru a portrait of herself by no means flattering. How should she accomplish this? It was dark; and she stood, as you may see an Etonian do at times, rocking her little boat from side to

side, until it had taken in water as much as might be agreeable. Too much it proved for the boat's constitution, and the boat perished of dropsy, Kate declining to tap it. She got a ducking herself; but what cared she? Up the ship's side she went, as gaily as ever, in those years when she was called pussy, she had raced after the nuns of St. Sebastian; jumped upon deck, and told the first-lieutenant, when he questioned her about her adventures, quite as much truth as any man, under the rank of admiral, had a right to expect.

This ship was full of recruits for the Spanish army, and bound to Conception. Even in that destiny was an iteration, or repeating memorial of the significance that ran through Catalina's most casual adventures. She had enlisted amongst the soldiers; and, on reaching port, the very first person who came off from shore was a dashing young military officer, whom at once by his name and rank (though she had never consciously seen him), she identified as her own brother. He was splendidly situated in the service, being the Governor-General's secretary, besides his rank as a cavalry officer; and his errand on board being to inspect the recruits, naturally, on reading in the roll one of them described as a Biscayan, the ardent young man came up with high-bred courtesy to Catalina, took the young recruit's hand with kindness, feeling that to be a compatriot at so great a distance was to be a sort of relative, and asked with emotion after old boyish remembrances. There was a sort of scriptural pathos in what followed, as if it were some scene of domestic re-union, opening itself from patriarchal ages. The young officer was the eldest son of the house, and had left Spain when Catalina was only three years old. But, singularly enough, Catalina it was, the little wild cat, that he yet remembered seeing at St. Sebastian's, upon whom his earliest inquiries settled. "Did the recruit know his family, the De Erausos?" Oh, yes; everybody knew them. "Did the recruit know little Catalina?" Catalina smiled, as she replied that she did; and gave such an animated description of the little fiery wretch, as made the officer's eyes flash with gratified tenderness, and with certainty that the recruit was no counterfeit Biscayan. Indeed, you know, if Kate couldn't give a good description of "Pussy," who could? The issue of the interview was—that the officer insisted on Kate's making a home of his quarters. He did

other services for his unknown sister. He placed her as a trooper in his own regiment, and favored her in many a way that is open to one having authority. But the person, after all, that did most to serve our Kate, was Kate. War was then raging with Indians, from both Chili and Peru. Kate had always done her duty in action; but at length, in the decisive battle of Puren, there was an opening for doing something more. Havock had been made of her own squadron; most of the officers were killed, and the standard was carried off. Kate gathered around her a small party—galloped after the Indian column that was carrying away the trophy—charged—saw all her own party killed—but (in spite of wounds on her face and shoulders) succeeded in bearing away the recovered standard. She rode up to the general and his staff; she dismounted; she rendered up the prize; and fainted away, much less from the blinding blood, than from the tears of joy which dimmed her eyes, as the general, waving his sword in admiration over her head, pronounced our Kate on the spot an *Alférez*,* or standard-bearer, with a commission from the King of Spain and the Indies. Bonny Kate! Noble Kate! I would there were not two centuries laid between us, so that I might have the pleasure of kissing thy fair hand.

Kate had the good sense to see the danger of revealing her sex, or her relationship, even to her own brother. The grasp of the Church never relaxed, never "prescribed," unless freely and by choice. The nun, if discovered, would have been taken out of the horse-barracks, or the dragoon-saddle. She had the firmness, therefore, for many years, to resist the sisterly impulses that sometimes suggested such a confidence. For years, and those years the most important of her life—the years that developed her character—she lived undetected as a brilliant cavalry officer under her brother's patronage. And the bitterest grief in poor Kate's whole life, was the tragical (and, were it not fully attested, one might say the ultra-scenical) event that dissolved their long connexion. Let me spend a word of apology on poor Kate's errors. We all commit many; both you and I, reader. No, stop; that's not civil. You, reader, I know, are a saint; I am not, though very near it. I do err at long in-

* *Alférez*. This rank in the Spanish army is, or was, on a level with the modern *sous-lieutenant* of France.

tervals; and then I think with indulgence of the many circumstances that plead for this poor girl. The Spanish armies of that day inherited, from the days of Cortez and Pizarro, shining remembrances of martial prowess, and the very worst of ethics. To think little of bloodshed, to quarrel, to fight, to gamble, to plunder, belonged to the very atmosphere of a camp, to its indolence, to its ancient traditions. In your own defence, you were obliged to do such things. Besides all these grounds of evil, the Spanish army had just then an extra demoralization from a war with savages—faithless and bloody. Do not think, I beseech you, too much, reader, of killing a man. That word “kill” is sprinkled over every page of Kate’s own autobiography. It ought not to be read by the light of these days. Yet, how if a man that she killed were ——? Hush! It was sad; but it is better hurried over in a few words. Years after this period, a young officer one day dining with Kate, entreated her to become his second in a duel. Such things were every-day affairs. However, Kate had reasons for declining the service, and did so. But the officer, as he was sullenly departing, said—that, if he were killed (as he thought he should be), his death would lie at Kate’s door. I do not take his view of the case, and am not moved by his rhetoric or his logic. Kate was, and relented. The duel was fixed for eleven at night, under the walls of a monastery. Unhappily the night proved unusually dark, so that the two principals had to tie white handkerchiefs round their elbows in order to descry each other. In the confusion they wounded each other mortally. Upon that, according to a usage not peculiar to Spaniards, but extending (as doubtless the reader knows) for a century longer to our own countrymen, the two seconds were obliged in honor to do something towards avenging their principals. Kate had her usual fatal luck. Her sword passed sheer through the body of her opponent: this unknown opponent falling dead, had just breath left to cry out, “Ah, villain, you have killed me,” in a voice of horrific reproach; and the voice was the voice of her brother.

The monks of the monastery, under whose shadows this murderous duel had taken place, roused by the clashing of swords and the angry shouts of combatants, issued out with torches to find one only of the four officers surviving. Every convent and altar had a right of asylum for a short

period. According to the custom, the monks carried Kate, insensible with anguish of mind, to the sanctuary of their chapel. There for some days they detained her; but then, having furnished her with a horse and some provisions, they turned her adrift. Which way should the unhappy fugitive turn? In blindness of heart, she turned towards the sea. It was the sea that had brought her to Peru; it was the sea that would perhaps carry her away. It was the sea that had first showed her this land and its golden hopes; it was the sea that ought to hide from her its fearful remembrances. The sea it was that had twice spared her life in extremities; the sea it was that might now, if it chose, take back the bauble that it had spared in vain.

KATE’S PASSAGE OVER THE ANDES.

Three days our poor heroine followed the coast. Her horse was then almost unable to move; and, on his account, she turned inland to a thicket for grass and shelter. As she drew near to it, a voice challenged—“*Who goes there?*” Kate answered, “*Spain.*” “*What people?*” “*A friend.*” It was two soldiers, deserters, and almost starving. Kate shared her provisions with these men: and, on hearing their plan, which was to go over the Cordilleras, she agreed to join the party. Their object was the wild one of seeking the river Dorado, whose waters rolled along golden sands, and whose pebbles were emeralds. Hers was to throw herself upon a line the least liable to pursuit, and the readiest for a new chapter of life in which oblivion might be found for the past. After a few days of incessant climbing and fatigue, they found themselves in the regions of perpetual snow. Summer would come as vainly to this kingdom of frost as to the grave of her brother. No fire, but the fire of human blood in youthful veins, could ever be kept burning in these aerial solitudes. Fuel was rarely to be found, and kindling a secret hardly known except to Indians. However, our Kate can do everything, and she’s the girl, if ever girl did such a thing, or ever did not such a thing, that I back at any odds for crossing the Cordilleras. I would bet you something now, reader, if I thought you would deposit your stakes by return of post (as they play at chess through the post office), that Kate does the trick, that she gets down to the other side: that the soldiers do not: and that the horse, if

preserved at all, is preserved in a way that will leave him very little to boast of.

The party had gathered wild berries and esculent roots at the foot of the mountains, and the horse was of very great use in carrying them. But this larder was soon emptied. There was nothing then to carry; so that the horse's value, as a beast of burden, fell cent. per cent. In fact, very soon he could not carry himself, and it became easy to calculate when he would reach the bottom on the wrong side of the Cordilleras. He took three steps back for one upwards. A council of war being held, the small army resolved to slaughter their horse. He, though a member of the expedition, had no vote, and if he had the votes would have stood three to one—majority, two against him. He was cut into quarters; which surprises me; for, unless one quarter was considered his own share, it reminds one too much of this amongst the many *facetiæ* of English midshipmen, who ask (on any one of their number looking sulky) "if it is his intention to marry and retire from the service upon a superannuation of £4 4s. 4 1-2d. a year, paid quarterly by way of bothering the purser." The purser can't do it with the help of farthings. And, as respects aliquot parts, four shares among three persons are as incommensurable as a guinea is against any attempt at giving change in half-crowns. However, this was all the preservation that the horse found. No saltpetre or sugar could be had: but the frost was antiseptic. And the horse was preserved in as useful a sense as ever apricots were preserved or strawberries.

On a fire, painfully devised out of broom and withered leaves, a horse-steak was dressed; for drink, snow was allowed *à discretion*. This ought to have revived the party, and Kate, perhaps, it did. But the poor deserters were thinly clad, and they had not the boiling heart of Catalina. More and more they drooped. Kate did her best to cheer them. But the march was nearly at an end for them, and they were going in one half hour to receive their last billet. Yet, before this consummation, they have a strange spectacle to see; such as few places could show, but the upper chambers of the Cordilleras. They had reached a billowy scene of rocky masses, large and small, looking shockingly black on their perpendicular sides as they rose out of the vast snowy expanse. Upon the highest of these, that was accessible, Kate

mounted to look around her, and she saw—oh, rapture at such an hour!—a man sitting on a shelf of rock with a gun by his side. She shouted with joy to her comrades, and ran down to communicate the joyful news. Here was a sportsman, watching, perhaps, for an eagle; and now they would have relief. One man's cheek kindled with the hectic of sudden joy, and he rose eagerly to march. The other was fast sinking under the fatal sleep that frost sends before herself as her merciful minister of death; but hearing in his dream the tidings of relief, and assisted by his friends, he also staggeringly arose. It could not be three minutes' walk, Kate thought, to the station of the sportsman. That thought supported them all. Under Kate's guidance, who had taken a sailor's glance at the bearings, they soon unthreaded the labyrinth of rocks so far as to bring the man within view. He had not left his resting-place; their steps on the soundless snow, naturally, he could not hear; and, as their road brought them upon him from the rear, still less could he see them. Kate hailed him; but so keenly was he absorbed in some speculation, or in the object of his watching, that he took no notice of them, not even moving his head. Kate began to think there would be another man to rouse from sleep. Coming close behind him she touched his shoulder and said, "My friend, are you sleeping?" Yes, he was sleeping; sleeping the sleep from which there is no awaking; and the slight touch of Kate having disturbed the equilibrium of the corpse, down it rolled on the snow; the frozen body rang like a hollow iron cylinder; the face uppermost and blue with mould, mouth open, teeth ghastly and bleaching in the frost, and a frightful grin upon the lips. This dreadful spectacle finished the struggles of the weaker man, who sank and died at once. The other made an effort with so much spirit, that, in Kate's opinion, horror had acted upon him beneficially as a stimulant. But it was not really so. It was a spasm of morbid strength; a collapse succeeded; his blood began to freeze; he sat down in spite of Kate, and he also died without further struggle. Gone are the poor suffering deserters; stretched and bleaching upon the snow; and insulted discipline is avenged. Great kings have long arms; and sycophants are ever at hand for the errand of the potent. What had frost and snow to do with the quarrel? Yet they made

themselves sycophantic servants of the King of Spain; and they dogged his deserters up to the summit of the Cordilleras, more surely than any Spanish bloodhound, or any Spanish tirailleur's bullet.

Now is our Kate standing alone on the summit of the Andes, in solitude that is shocking, for she is alone with her own afflicted conscience. Twice before she had stood in solitude as deep upon the wild—wild waters of the Pacific; but her conscience had been then untroubled. Now is there nobody left that can help: her horse is dead—the soldiers are dead. There is nobody that she can speak to except God; and very soon you will find that she does speak to him; for already on these vast aerial deserts He has been whispering to her. The condition of Kate is exactly that of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." But possibly, reader, you may be amongst the many careless readers that have never fully understood what that condition was. Suffer me to enlighten you, else you ruin the story of the mariner; and by losing all its pathos, lose half the jewels of its beauty.

There are three readers of the "Ancient Mariner." The first is gross enough to fancy all the imagery of the mariner's visions delivered by the poet for actual facts of experience; which being impossible, the whole pulverises, for that reader, into a baseless fairy tale. The second reader is wiser than that; he knows that the imagery is *not* baseless; it is the imagery of febrile delirium; really seen, but not seen as an external reality. The mariner had caught the pestilential fever, which carried off all his mates; he only had survived—the delirium had vanished; but the visions that had haunted the delirium remained. "Yes," says the third reader, "they remained; naturally they did, being scorched by fever into his brain; but how did they happen to remain on his belief as gospel truths? The delirium had vanished; why had not the painted scenery of the delirium vanished, except as visionary memorials of a sorrow that was cancelled? Why was it that craziness settled upon this mariner's brain, driving him, as if he were a Cain, or another Wandering Jew, to "pass like night—from land to land;" and, at uncertain intervals, wrenching him until he made rehearsal of his errors, even at the hard price of "holding children from their play, and old men from the chimney cor-

ner?"* That craziness, as the third reader decipherers, rose out of a deeper soil than any bodily affection. It had its root in penitential sorrow. Oh, bitter is the sorrow to a conscientious heart, when, too late, it discovers the depth of a love that has been trampled under foot! This mariner had slain the creature that, on all the earth, loved him best. In the darkness of his cruel superstition he had done it, to save his human brothers from a fancied inconvenience; and yet, by that very act of cruelty, he had himself called destruction upon their heads. The Nemesis that followed punished him through them—him, that wronged, through those that wrongfully he sought to benefit. That spirit who watches over the sanctities of love is a strong angel—is a jealous angel; and this angel it was

"That lov'd the bird, that lov'd the man,
That shot him with his bow."

He it was that followed the cruel archer into silent and slumbering seas:—

"Nine fathom deep he had follow'd him
Through the realms of mist and snow."

This jealous angel it was that pursued the man into noon-day darkness, and the vision of dying oceans, into delirium, and finally (when recovered from disease), into an unsettled mind.

Such, also, had been the offence of Kate; such, also, was the punishment that now is dogging her steps. She, like the mariner, had slain the one sole creature that loved her upon the whole wide earth; she, like the mariner, for this offence, had been hunted into frost and snow—very soon will be hunted into delirium; and from that (if she escapes with life) will be hunted into the trouble of a heart that cannot rest. There was the excuse of one darkness for her; there was the excuse of another darkness for the mariner. But, with all the excuses that earth, and the darkness of earth, can furnish, bitter it would be for you or me, reader, through every hour of life, waking or dreaming, to look back upon one fatal moment when we had pierced the heart that would have died for us. In this only the darkness had been merciful to Kate—that it had hidden for ever from her victim the hand that slew him. But now

* The beautiful words of Sir Philip Sydney, in his "*Defence of Poesie*."

in such utter solitude, her thoughts ran back to their earliest interview. She remembered with anguish, how, on first touching the shores of America, almost the very first word that met her ear had been from him, the brother whom she had killed, about the "Pussy" of times long past; how the gallant young man had hung upon her words, as in her native Basque she described her own mischievous little self, of twelve years back; how his color went and came, whilst his loving memory of the little sister was revived by her own descriptive traits, giving back, as in a mirror, the fawn-like grace, the squirrel-like restlessness, that once had kindled his own delighted laughter; how he would take no denial, but showed on the spot, that, simply to have touched—to have kissed—to have played with the little wild thing, that glorified, by her innocence, the gloom of St. Sebastian's cloisters, gave a right to his hospitality; how, through him only, she had found a welcome in camps; how, through him, she had found the avenue to honor and distinction. And yet this brother, so loving and generous, it was that she had dismissed from life. She paused; she turned round, as if looking back for his grave; she saw the dreadful wildernesses of snow which already she had traversed. Silent they were at this season, even as in the panting heats of noon, the Zaaarahs of the torrid zone are oftentimes silent. Dreadful was the silence; it was the nearest thing to the silence of the grave. Graves were at the foot of the Andes, that she knew too well; graves were at the summit of the Andes, that she saw too well. And, as she gazed, a sudden thought flashed upon her, when her eyes settled upon the corpses of the poor deserters—could she, like them, have been all this while unconsciously executing judgment upon herself? Running from a wrath that was doubtful, into the very jaws of a wrath that was inexorable? Flying in panic—and behold! there was no man that pursued? For the first time in her life Kate trembled. Not for the first time, Kate wept. Far less for the first time was it, that Kate bent her knee—that Kate clasped her hands—that Kate prayed. But it was the first time that she prayed as they pray, for whom no more hope is left but in prayer.

Here let me pause a moment for the sake of making somebody angry. A Frenchman who sadly misjudges Kate, looking at her

through a Parisian opera-glass, gives it as his opinion—that, because Kate first records her prayer on this occasion, therefore, now first of all she prayed. I think not so. I love this Kate, blood-stained as she is; and I could not love a woman that never bent her knee in thankfulness or in supplication. However, we have all a right to our own little opinion; and it is not you, "*mon cher*," you, Frenchman, that I am angry with, but somebody else that stands behind you. You, Frenchman, and your compatriots, I love sometimes for your festal gaiety of heart; and I quarrel only with your levity and that eternal worldliness that freezes too fiercely—that absolutely blisters with its frost—like the upper air of the Andes. You speak of Kate only as too readily you speak of all women; the instinct of a natural scepticism being to scoff at all hidden depths of truth. Else you are civil enough to Kate; and your "*homage*" (such as it may happen to be) is always at the service of a woman on the shortest notice. But behind you, I see a worse fellow; a gloomy fanatic; a religious sycophant that seeks to propitiate his circle by bitterness against the offences that are most unlike his own. And against him, I must say one word for Kate to the too hasty reader. This villain whom I mark for a shot if he does not get out of the way, opens his fire on our Kate under shelter of a lie. For there is a standing lie in the very constitution of civil society, a *necessity* of error, misleading us as to the proportions of crime. Mere necessity obliges man to create many acts into felonies, and to punish them as the heaviest offences, which his better sense teaches him secretly to regard as perhaps among the lightest. Those poor deserters, for instance, were they necessarily without excuse? They might have been oppressively used; but in critical times of war, no matter for the individual palliations, the deserter from his colors *must* be shot: there is no help for it: as in extremities of general famine, we shoot the man (alas! we are *obliged* to shoot him) that is found robbing the common stores in order to feed his own perishing children, though the offence is hardly visible in the sight of God. Only block-heads adjust their scale of guilt to the scale of human punishments. Now, our wicked friend the fanatic, who calumniates Kate, abuses the advantage which, for such a purpose, he derives from the exaggerated social estimate of all violence. Personal

security being so main an object of social union, we are obliged to frown upon all modes of violence as hostile to the central principle of that union. We are *obliged* to rate it, according to the universal results towards which it tends, and scarcely at all, according to the special condition of circumstances, in which it may originate. Hence a horror arises for that class of offences, which is (philosophically speaking) exaggerated; and by daily use, the ethics of a police-office translate themselves, insensibly, into the ethics even of religious people. But I tell that sycophantish fanatic—not this only, viz. that he abuses unfairly, against Kate, the advantages which he has from the *inevitably* distorted bias of society; but also, I tell him this second little thing, viz. that upon turning away the glass from that one obvious aspect of Kate's character, her too fiery disposition to vindicate all rights by violence, and viewing her in relation to *general* religious capacities, she was a thousand times more promisingly endowed than himself. It is impossible to be noble in many things, without having many points of contact with true religion. If you deny *that*, you it is that calumniate religion. Kate *was* noble in many things. Her worst errors never took a shape of self-interest or deceit. She was brave, she was generous, she was forgiving, she bore no malice, she was full of truth, qualities that God loves either in man or woman. She hated sycophants and dissemblers. I hate them; and more than ever at this moment on her behalf. I wish she were but here, to give a punch on the head to that fellow who traduces her. And, coming round again to the occasion from which this short digression has started, viz. the question raised by the Frenchman, whether Kate were a person likely to *pray* under other circumstances than those of extreme danger? I offer it as *my* opinion that she was. Violent people are not always such from choice, but perhaps from situation. And, though the circumstances of Kate's position allowed her little means for realizing her own wishes, it is certain that those wishes pointed continually to peace and an unworldly happiness, if *that* were possible. The stormy clouds that enveloped her in camps, opened overhead at intervals, showing her a far distant blue serene. She yearned, at many times, for the rest which is not in camps or armies; and it is certain, that she ever combined with any plans

or day-dreams of tranquillity, as their most essential ally, some aid derived from that dovelike religion which, at St. Sebastian's, as an infant and through girlhood, she had been taught so profoundly to adore.

Now, let us rise from this discussion of Kate against libellers, as Kate herself is rising from prayer, and consider, in conjunction with *her*, the character and promise of that dreadful ground which lies immediately before her. What is to be thought of it? I could wish we had a theodolite here, and a spirit-level, and other instruments, for settling some important questions. Yet no; on consideration, if one *had* a wish allowed by that kind fairy, without whose assistance it would be quite impossible to send, even for the spirit-level, nobody would throw away the wish upon things so paltry; I would not put the fairy upon any such errand; I would order the good creature to bring no spirit-level, but a stiff glass of spirits for Kate—a palanquin, and relays of fifty stout bearers—all drunk, in order that they might not feel the cold. The main interest at this moment, and the main difficulty—indeed, the “open question” of the case, was, to ascertain whether the ascent were yet accomplished or not; and when would the descent commence? or had it, perhaps, long commenced? The character of the ground, in those immediate successions that could be connected by the eye, decided nothing; for the undulations of the level had been so continual for miles, as to perplex any eye but an engineer's in attempting to judge whether, upon the whole, the tendency were upwards or downwards. Possibly it was yet neither way; it is, indeed, probable that Kate had been for some time travelling along a series of terraces, that traversed the whole breadth of the topmost area at that point of crossing the Cordilleras, and which perhaps, but not certainly, compensated any casual tendencies downwards by corresponding reascents. Then came the question, how long would these terraces yet continue? and had the ascending parts *really* balanced the descending? upon *that* seemed to rest the final chance for Kate. Because, unless she very soon reached a lower level, and a warmer atmosphere, mere weariness would oblige her to lie down, under a fierceness of cold, that would not suffer her to rise after once losing the warmth of motion! or, inversely, if she even continued in motion, mere extremity of cold would of itself speedily absorb the little surplus energy for

moving, which yet remained unexhausted by weariness.

At this stage of her progress, and whilst the agonizing question seemed yet as indeterminate as ever, Kate's struggle with despair, which had been greatly soothed by the fervor of her prayer, revolved upon her in deadlier blackness. All turned, she saw, upon a race against time, and the arrears of the road; and she, poor thing! how little qualified could *she* be, in such a condition, for a race of any kind; and against two such obstinate brutes as time and space! This hour of the progress, this noontide of Kate's struggle, must have been the very crisis of the whole. Despair was rapidly tending to ratify itself. Hope, in any degree, would be a cordial for sustaining her efforts. But to flounder along a dreadful chaos of snow-drifts, or snow-chasms, towards a point of rock, which, being turned, should expose only another interminable succession of the same character, might *that* be endured by ebbing spirits, by stiffening limbs, by the ghastly darkness that was now beginning to gather upon the inner eye? And, if once despair became triumphant, all the little arrear of physical strength would collapse at once.

Oh! verdure of human fields, cottages of men and women (that now suddenly seemed all brothers and sisters), cottages with children around them at play, that are so far below—oh! summer and spring, flowers and blossoms, to which, as to *his* symbols, God has given the gorgeous privilege of rehearsing for ever upon earth his most mysterious perfection—Life, and the resurrections of Life—is it indeed true, that poor Kate must never see you more? Mutteringly she put that question to herself. But strange are the caprices of ebb and flow in the deep fountains of human sensibilities. At this very moment, when the utter incapacitation of despair was gathering fast at Kate's heart, a sudden lightening shot far into her spirit, a reflux almost supernatural, from the earliest effects of her prayer. A thought had struck her all at once, and this thought prompted her immediately to turn round. Perhaps it was in some blind yearning after the only memorials of life in this frightful region, that she fixed her eye upon a point of hilly ground by which she identified the spot near which the three corpses were lying. The silence seemed deeper than ever. Neither was there any phantom memorial of life for the eye or for the ear, nor wing of bird, nor echo, nor

green leaf, nor creeping thing, that moved or stirred, upon the soundless waste. Oh, what a relief to this burden or silence would be a human groan! Here seemed a motive for still darker despair. And yet, at that very moment, a pulse of joy began to thaw the ice at her heart. It struck her, as she reviewed the ground, that undoubtedly it had been for some time slowly descending. Her senses were much dulled by suffering; but this thought it was, suggested by a sudden apprehension of a continued descending movement, which had caused her to turn round. Sight had confirmed the suggestion first derived from her own steps. The distance attained was now sufficient to establish the tendency. Oh, yes, yes, to a certainty she had been descending for some time. Frightful was the spasm of joy which whispered that the worst was over. It was as when the shadow of midnight, that murderers had relied on, is passing away from your beleaguered shelter, and dawn will soon be manifest. It was as when a flood, that all day long has raved against the walls of your house, has ceased (you suddenly think) to rise; yes! measured by a golden plummet, it is sinking beyond a doubt, and the darlings of your household are saved. Kate faced round in agitation to her proper direction. She saw, what previously, in her stunning confusion, she had *not* seen, that, hardly two stones' throw in advance, lay a mass of rock, split as into a gateway. Through that opening it now became probable that the road was lying. Hurrying forward, she passed within the natural gates. Gates of paradise they were. Ah, what a vista did that gateway expose before her dazzled eye? what a revelation of heavenly promise? Full two miles long, stretched a long narrow glen, everywhere descending, and in many parts rapidly. All was now placed beyond a doubt. She *was* descending—for hours perhaps *had* been descending insensibly, the mighty staircase. Yes, Kate is leaving behind her the kingdom of frost and the victories of death. Two miles further there may be rest, if there is not shelter. And very soon, as the crest of her new-born happiness, she distinguished at the other end of that rocky vista, a pavilion-shaped mass of dark-green foliage, a belt of trees, such as we see in the lovely parks of England, but islanded by a screen (though not everywhere occupied by the usurpations) of a thick bushy undergrowth. Oh, verdure of dark-olive foliage, offered

suddenly to fainting eyes, as if by some winged patriarchal herald of wrath relenting—solitary Arab's tent, rising with saintly signals of peace, in the dreadful desert, must Kate indeed die even yet, whilst she sees but cannot reach you? Outpost on the frontier of man's dominions, standing within life, but looking out upon everlasting death, wilt thou hold up the anguish of thy mocking invitation, only to betray? Never, perhaps, in this world was the line so exquisitely grazed, that parts salvation and ruin. As the dove to her dove-cot from the swooping hawk, as the Christian pinnacle to Christian batteries, from the bloody Mahometan corsair, so flew, so tried to fly towards the anchoring thickets, that, alas! could not weigh their anchors and make sail to meet her, the poor exhausted Kate from the vengeance of pursuing frost.

And she reached them; staggering, fainting, reeling, she entered beneath the canopy of umbrageous trees. But, as oftentimes, the Hebrew fugitive to a city of refuge, flying for his life before the avenger of blood, was pressed so hotly that, on entering the archway of what seemed to him the heavenly city-gate, as he kneeled in deep thankfulness to kiss its holy merciful shadow, he could not rise again, but sank instantly with infant weakness into sleep—sometimes to wake no more; so sank, so collapsed upon the ground, without power to choose her couch, and with little prospect of ever rising again to her feet, the martial nun. She lay as luck had ordered it, with her head screened by the undergrowth of bushes, from any gales that might arise? she lay exactly as she sank, with her eyes up to heaven; and thus it was that the nun saw, before falling asleep, the two sights that upon earth are fittest for the closing eyes of a nun, whether destined to open again, or to close for ever. She saw the interlacing of boughs overhead forming a dome, that seemed like the dome of a cathedral. She saw through the fretwork of the foliage, another dome, far beyond, the dome of an evening sky, the dome of some heavenly cathedral, not built with hands. She saw upon this upper dome the vesper lights, all alive with pathetic grandeur of coloring from a sunset that had just been rolling down like a chorus. She had not, till now, consciously observed the time of day; whether it were morning, or whether it were afternoon, in her confusion she had not distinctly known. But now she whispered to herself—"It is

evening:" and what lurked half unconsciously in these words might be—"The sun, that rejoices, has finished his daily toil; man, that labors, has finished his; I, that suffer, have finished mine." That might be what she thought, but what she said was, "it is evening; and the hour is come when the *Angelus* is sounding through St. Sebastian's." What made her think of St. Sebastian's, so far away in depths of space and time? Her brain was wandering, now that her feet were not; and, because her eyes had descended from the heavenly to the earthly dome, that made her think of earthly cathedrals, and of cathedral choirs, and of St. Sebastian's chapel, with its silvery bells that carried the *Angelus* far into mountain recesses. Perhaps, as her wanderings increased, she thought herself back in childhood: became "pussy" once again; fancied that all since then was a frightful dream; that she was not upon the dreadful Andes, but still kneeling in the holy chapel at vespers; still innocent as then; loved as then she had been loved; and that all men were liars, who said her hand was ever stained with blood. Little enough is mentioned of the delusions which possessed her; but that little gives a key to the impulse which her palpitating heart obeyed, and which her rambling brain for ever reproduced in multiplying mirrors. Restlessness kept her in waking dreams for a brief half hour. But then fever and delirium would wait no longer; the killing exhaustion would no longer be refused; the fever, the delirium, and the exhaustion, swept in together with power like an army with banners; and the nun ceased through the gathering twilight any more to watch the cathedrals of earth, or the more solemn cathedrals that rose in the heavens above.

All night long she slept in her verdurous St. Bernard's hospice without awaking, and whether she would ever awake seemed to depend upon an accident. The slumber that towered above her brain was like that fluctuating silvery column which stands in scientific tubes sinking, rising, deepening, lightening, contracting, expanding; or like the mist that sits, through sultry afternoons, upon the river of the American St. Peter, sometimes rarefying for minutes into sunny gauze, sometimes condensing for hours into palls of funereal darkness. You fancy that, after twelve hours of any sleep, she must have been refreshed; better at least than she was last night. Ah! but sleep is not always sent upon missions of

refreshment. Sleep is sometimes the secret chamber in which death arranges his machinery. Sleep is sometimes that deep mysterious atmosphere, in which the human spirit is slowly unsettling its wings for flight from earthly tenements. It is now eight o'clock in the morning; and, to all appearance, if Kate should receive no aid before noon, when next the sun is departing to his rest, Kate will be departing to hers; when next the sun is holding out his golden Christian signal to man, that the hour is come for letting his anger go down, Kate will be sleeping away for ever into the arms of brotherly forgiveness.

What is wanted just now for Kate, supposing Kate herself to be wanted by this world, is, that this world would be kind enough to send her a little brandy before it is too late. The simple truth was, and a truth which I have known to take place in more ladies than Kate, who died or did *not* die, accordingly as they had or had not an adviser like myself, capable of giving so sound an opinion, that the jewel star of life had descended too far down the arch towards setting, for any chance of re-ascending by *spontaneous* effort. The fire was still burning in secret, but needed to be rekindled by potent artificial breath. It lingered, and *might* linger, but would never culminate again without some stimulus from earthly vineyards.* Kate was ever

* Though not exactly in the same circumstances as Kate, or sleeping, *à la belle étoile*, on a declivity of the Andes, I have known (or heard circumstantially reported) the cases of many ladies besides Kate, who were in precisely the same critical danger of perishing for want of a little brandy. A desert spoonful or two would have saved them. Avaunt! you wicked "Temperance" medallist! repent as fast as ever you can, or, perhaps the next time we hear of you, *anasarca* and *hydrothorax* will be running after you to punish your shocking excesses in water. Seriously, the case is one of constant recurrence, and constantly ending fatally from *unseasonable* and pedantic rigor of temperance. The fact is, that the medical profession composes the most generous and liberal body of men amongst us; taken generally, by much the most enlightened; but professionally, the most timid. Want of boldness in the administration of opium, &c., though they can be bold enough with mercury, is their besetting infirmity. And from this infirmity females suffer most. One instance I need hardly mention, the fatal case of an august lady, mourned by nations, with respect to whom it was, and is, the belief of multitudes to this hour (well able to judge), that she would have been saved by a glass of brandy; and her attendant, who shot himself, came to think so too late—too late for *her*, and too late for himself. Amongst many cases of the same nature, which personally I have been acquainted with, twenty years ago, a man, illustrious for his intellectual accomplishments, mentioned to me that his own wife,

lucky, though ever unfortunate; and the world, being of my opinion that Kate was worth saving, made up its mind about half-past eight o'clock in the morning to save her. Just at that time, when the night was over, and its sufferings were hidden, in one of those intermitting gleams that for a moment or two lightened the clouds of her slumber, Kate's dull ear caught a sound that for years had spoken a familiar language to *her*. What was it? It was the sound, though muffled and deadened, like the ear that heard it, of horsemen advancing. Interpreted by the tumultuous dreams of Kate, was it the cavalry of Spain, at whose head so often she had charged the bloody Indian scalpers? Was it, according to the legend of ancient days, cavalry that had been sown by her brother's blood, ca-

during her first or second confinement, was suddenly reported to him, by one of her female attendants (who slipped away unobserved by the medical people), as undoubtedly sinking fast. He hurried to her chamber, and *saw* that it was so. The presiding medical authority, however, was inexorable. "Oh, by no means," shaking his ambrosial wig, "any stimulant at this crisis would be fatal." But no authority could overrule the concurrent testimony of all symptoms, and of all unprofessional opinions. By some pious falsehood my friend smuggled the doctor out of the room, and immediately smuggled a glass of brandy into the poor lady's lips. She recovered with magical power. The doctor is now dead, and went to his grave under the delusive persuasion, that not any vile glass of brandy, but the stern refusal of all brandy, was the thing that saved his collapsing patient. The patient herself, who might naturally know something of the matter, was of a different opinion. She sided with the factious body around her bed (comprehending all beside the doctor), who felt sure that death was rapidly approaching, *barring* that brandy. The same result in the same appalling crisis, I have known repeatedly produced by twenty-five drops of laudanum. An obstinate man will say—"Oh, never listen to a non-medical man like this writer. Consult in such a case your medical adviser." You will, will you? Then let me tell you, that you are missing the very logic of all I have been saying for the improvement of blockheads, which is, that you should consult any man *but* a medical man, since no other man has any obstinate prejudice of professional timidity. N.B. I prescribe for Kate *gratis*, because she, poor thing! has so little to give. But from other ladies, who may have the happiness to benefit by my advice, I expect a fee, not so large a one considering the service, a flowering plant, suppose the *second* best in their collection. I know it would be of no use to ask for the *very* best (which else I could wish to do), because that would only be leading them into little fibs. I don't insist on a *Yucca gloriosa*, or a *Magnolia speciosissima* (I hope there *is* such a plant). A rose or a violet will do. I am sure there is such a plant as that. And if they settle their debts justly, I shall very soon be master of the prettiest little conservatory in England. For, treat it not as a jest, reader; no case of timid practice is so fatally frequent.

valry that rose from the ground on an inquest of retribution, and were racing up the Andes to seize her? Her dreams that had opened sullenly to the sound waited for no answer, but closed again into pompous darkness. Happily, the horsemen had caught the glimpse of some bright ornament, clasp, or aiguillette, on Kate's dress. They were hunters and foresters from below; servants in the household of a beneficent lady; and in some pursuit of flying game had wandered beyond their ordinary limits. Struck by the sudden scintillation from Kate's dress played upon by the morning sun, they rode up to the thicket. Great was their surprise, great their pity, to see a young officer in uniform stretched within the bushes upon the ground, and perhaps dying. Borderers from childhood on this dreadful frontier, sacred to winter and death, they understood the case at once. They dismounted: and with the tenderness of women, raising the poor frozen cornet in their arms, washed her temples with brandy, whilst one, at intervals, suffered a few drops to trickle within her lips. As the restoration of a warm bed was now most likely to be successful, they lifted the helpless stranger upon a horse, walking on each side with supporting arms. Once again our Kate is in the saddle; once again a Spanish Caballador. But Kate's bridle-hand is deadly cold. And her spurs, that she had never unfastened since leaving the monastic asylum, hung as idle as the flapping sail that fills unsteadily with the breeze upon a stranded ship.

This procession had some miles to go, and over difficult ground; but at length it reached the forest-like park and the chateau of the wealthy proprietress. Kate was still half-frozen and speechless, except at intervals. Heavens! can this corpse-like, languishing young woman be the Kate that once, in her radiant girlhood, rode with a handful of comrades into a column of two thousand enemies, that saw her comrades die, that persisted when all were dead, that tore from the heart of all resistance the banner of her native Spain? Chance and change have "written strange defeatures in her face." Much is changed; but some things are not changed: there is still kindness that overflows with pity; there is still helplessness that asks for this pity without a voice: she is now received by a Senora, not less kind than that maternal aunt, who, on the night of her birth, first welcomed her to a loving home; and she, the heroine

of Spain, is herself as helpless now as that little lady who, then at ten minutes of age, was kissed and blessed by all the household of St. Sebastian.

Last month, reader, I intended to drive through to the end of the journey in the present stage. But, oh, dear reader! these Andes, in Jonathan's phrase, are a "severe" range of hills. It takes "the kick" out of any horse, or, indeed, out of any cornet of horse, to climb up this cruel side of the range. Rest I really must, whilst Kate is resting. But next month I will carry you down the other side at such a flying gallop, that you shall suspect me (though most unjustly) of a plot against your neck. Now, let me throw down the reins; and then, in our brother Jonathan's sweet sentimental expression, "let's liquor."

TESTIMONIAL TO THE ORIGINATOR OF PUBLIC WASH-HOUSES.—On Monday afternoon, a gratifying testimonial was presented to Mrs. Catherine Wilkinson, the originator of public wash-houses, and at present the matron of the Corporation Baths and Wash-houses, in Upper Frederick street, in this town. A large party was invited at the mansion of C. Lawrence, Esq., Mosely-hill, to witness the presentation. The Mayor and his lady, Mrs. Earle of Spekelands, and other branches of the family of the respected and worthy host and hostess, Mrs. Wm. Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Tinne, and the members, both old and young, of several of the families of the neighborhood, attended on this interesting occasion. Mrs. Wilkinson was led to a chair, handsomely decorated with flowers, by Mr. Lawrence, who pleasantly observed that though it was June, he would crown her Queen of May. The day being fine, tables with refreshments were laid out on the lawn in front of the house, after which the testimonial was presented, consisting of a silver teapot, cream-jug, spoons, and China tea service, and tray, inlaid with pearl. On the teapot and cream-jug there is the following inscription:

Presented by
The Queen,
The Queen Dowager,
And the Ladies of Liverpool,
To Catherine Wilkinson.
1846.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

MR. CHARLES KINNAIRD SHERIDAN (son of the late Thomas Sheridan, and grandson of Richard Brinsley Sheridan,) one of the Attachés of the British Embassy at Paris, died in the Hotel of the Embassy on Sunday night last, May 30, in the 30th year of his age.

A PRINCELY COMPOSER.—The opera of *Zaire*, composed by the Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, brother of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, was performed in Berlin, for the first time, on the 23d of May, with decided success.

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From Howitt's Journal.

CASPAR HAUSER, THE HEREDITARY PRINCE OF BADEN.

SUCH is the startling title of a little book, professing to be published at Paris, but supposed to be printed in Switzerland, and to this hour most religiously proscribed in Baden. Thereby hangs a tale, and a most strange tale, yet little known, and never published in England.

Our readers will well recollect the Life of Caspar Hauser, published in London by Simpkin and Marshall in 1833. It was a translation of the account drawn up from legal documents by Anselm von Feuerbach, the criminal judge, and one of the very commissioners appointed in Bavaria to inquire into the facts connected with the life, the discovery, and the murder of Hauser. There was also a little book published about him by the Earl Stanhope, who patronized and adopted Hauser while alive, but after his death, having been on a visit to the court of Baden, professed to have discovered that Hauser was an impostor. So far, however, from Hauser having been discovered to be an impostor, all the circumstances of his life are utterly opposed to such a possibility; and the circumstances of both his life and death, the more they are reflected upon by the German public, the more firmly do they fix themselves in its mind, as connected with some great state mystery and crime. The very fact, that this youth was for seventeen years shut up in a hidden cell; that he was tended by a man in disguise; that when he was supposed to have lost all recollection of his origin, and all power of communicating ought respecting his life except one long and great blank, he was sent out into the world, with a letter in his hand, purporting him to be the son of a poor girl; but, when it was found that, having acquired the power of speech, he began to put one thing to another, and to draw forth from the strange mystery of his life indications which might eventually furnish a clue to his real origin, that then "The Man," as Hauser always called him, the man in disguise who had kept him prisoner, should suddenly appear, and attempt his life: should again appear, and stab him to death—these circumstances were to the German public convincing proofs that no poor girl was the mother, no priest, as asserted, the

father of this youth; but that more wealthy, more powerful, and more worldly exalted personages were implicated in the parentage, and in the crimes perpetrated on this unfortunate person.

These things have made Caspar Hauser the very Perkin Warbeck of Germany. That he had, however, a more real claim to a lofty origin is strongly attested by the secret firmness with which the faith in his right to the title indicated in the heading of our article, is held by a vast body, not only of the people, but of the most intelligent classes in Germany; and still more so by the active and rigid vigilance with which all publications, all talk, and even all whispers of this faith in Baden are suppressed. Let but a copy of the book or pamphlet be sent in the most secret manner into any town of Baden, and the police is instantly on the track of it; letters are intercepted in the post that mention it, and questions on the subject in ordinary conversation are touched with alarm.

Before going into the singular details which we mean now to give, in order to put the reader on the true ground for fully comprehending their bearings, it will be as well to give a concise history of Caspar Hauser, from the publications already referred to, and well known in England.

Kaspar, or Caspar Hauser, the Nuremberg foundling, was observed in the evening of Whit-Monday, the 26th of May, 1828, standing against the wall in the Unschlitt market-place. The citizen, an inhabitant of the market-place, who first observed him, was struck by his singular appearance. It was that of a peasant youth, clad in the peasant costume, and holding in his hand a letter addressed to the captain of the fourth squadron of the sixth regiment of light horse, lying there. Being conducted to him by this good citizen, and questioned by him who and what he was, it became evident that he was almost wholly incapable of speech, was thoroughly ignorant of everything in life, and strange in his behavior. To all questions he answered, "From Regensburg," or "*Joh woais nit*," in the dialect of Bavaria, "I don't know;" and yet on pen and ink being put before him, he wrote in a tolerably legible hand, his name,

"Kaspar Hauser." All endeavors to draw from him, however, whence he came, where he had lived, or any other matter connected with himself, were vain. He appeared to be from sixteen to seventeen years of age. He was of middle size, broad-shouldered, and of a perfect regularity of build. His skin was white and fine, his limbs were delicately moulded, his hands small and beautifully formed; and his feet, which were as soft in texture and finely shaped as his hands, bore not the slightest trace of having been compressed in shoes. He showed the utmost abhorrence of all food or drink, except dry bread and water. His speech was confined to a very few words or sentences in the old Bavarian dialect, as "*Reuta wühn, wie mei Votta Wühn is*:" "I wish to be a trooper, as my father was." He exhibited the most utter unacquaintance with the commonest objects and most daily appearances of nature, and a total indifference to the comforts and necessities of life. In his wretched dress was found a handkerchief marked K. H.; and he had also in his pocket a manuscript Catholic prayer-book. The writer of the letter which he had brought in his hand professed to be a poor laborer, and the father of ten children, and said that the boy had been left by his unknown mother at his door; that he had taken him in, and brought him up secretly, teaching him reading, writing, and Christianity. The letter was dated 1828, from the Bavarian frontiers, but the place not named. Within it was another letter, purporting to be from the mother, and written in Roman characters, saying that the boy was born on the 30th of April, 1812; that his mother was a poor maiden, who could not support him, and his father a soldier in the 6th regiment of light horse, now dead. That she requested the laborer to keep him till he was seventeen, and then send him to the regiment.

The whole of the story was soon felt to hang very badly together. It was not likely that a mother, determining to expose her child, would lay it at the door of a poor laborer with ten children, and expect him to keep it seventeen years. It was less likely that any poor laborer in such circumstances could or would so faithfully support a burden of this kind for so many years, and then so punctually convey him to the place appointed. Besides, what motive could the man have for concealment? The mother might have, but what could the poor laborer have? If he had received the

child, he would most likely have let him run about with his own ten. But to shut him up in a dark den, and there for seventeen years feed and visit him, was a piece of labor and mystery which no common laborer would subject himself to. There was evidently a nobler parentage, and another story, for which this was but a clumsy substitute.

He was handed over by the captain of horse to the police the very evening that he was found, and he was treated by them as a helpless person from some unknown place. The greatest curiosity was excited regarding him, as soon as the case was known, and the Bürgermeister Binder especially exerted himself to penetrate the mystery which surrounded him. The result of much inquiry, partly from himself, and partly from circumstantial evidence, was that he had been kept from his childhood in a dark, subterranean place, where he could not once stretch himself properly, it was so small, and there he had remained, clad only in a shirt and trowsers, and fed on bread and water. Occasionally he found himself attacked with very heavy sleep, and on awaking from these peculiar sleeps he found that his clothes had been changed, his nails cut, and the place had been cleaned out. His only amusement was playing with two wooden horses. For some time, however, before he was carried off to Nuremberg, the man who tended him, but whose face he never saw, had come frequently into his cell, had guided his hand in writing with a pencil on paper, which had delighted him very much, and had taught him to say he would be a soldier as his father had been; that he was from Regensburg; and "I don't know." At length "the man," as he always called him, came one night, carried him out of his dungeon, made him try to walk, on which he fainted, and at last brought him to the gate of Nuremberg.

Every circumstance testified to the truth of these facts. He stumbled slowly forward in attempting to walk. He appeared to have no guidance or control of his limbs. His feet, which had never been used to boots, were now thrust into them, and evidently gave him the greatest torture. Walking occasioned him to groan and weep. His eyes could not bear the light, but became inflamed; and the formation of the bones and muscles of his legs demonstrated that he had sat all his life long. At first he had no idea whatever of the qualities of

things; nor of distances. He was delighted with the flame of a candle, and put his finger into it. At the police office he exhibited no symptoms of interest in anything, of confusion, or of alarm. Feigned cuts were made at him, and thrusts, but he did not even wink in consequence. The sound of bells made no impression on him; but on drums beating near him he was thrown into convulsions.

From the police-office he was removed to the prison for vagabonds and beggars. Here the keeper at first regarded him as an impostor, but soon found him actually to be in the state of a little child; and the jailor's children played with him, and taught him to speak.

The public curiosity regarding him and his story grew, and numbers flocked from all sides to see him. They brought him toys. Von Feuerbach visited him after he had been considerably more than a month in Nuremberg, and found his room stuck all over with prints and pictures which had been given him, and money, playthings, and clothes lying about in regular order, which every night he packed up, and unpacked and arranged every morning. He complained that the people teased him; that he had head-aches, which he had never known in his cell.

On the 18th of July he was released from the prison, and given into the care of Professor Daumer, who undertook to bring him up and educate him; and an order was issued by the magistrates that he should not be interrupted by any more visitors. Here being shown a beautiful prospect from a window, he drew back in terror; and when afterwards he had learned to speak, and was asked why he did so, he said it was because a wooden shutter seemed to have been put close before his eyes, spattered all over with different colors. His sense of smell was most acute, and often gave him great agony. He could not bear to pass through or near a churchyard, because the effluvia, unperceived by others, affected him with horror. He was extremely amiable, and attached himself with the utmost affection to Professor and Mrs. Daumer.

On the 17th of October he was found bleeding and insensible, from a dreadful wound in the forehead, in a cellar. He was supposed to be dead; but he finally recovered, and stated that "the man" had entered the house in the absence of the family, having his face blacked, and had wounded him; how he got into the cellar

he could not tell. In his delirium he had often said, "Man come—don't kill me. I love all men—do no one anything. Man, I love you too. Don't kill—why man kill?"

Strict official inquiry was made into the circumstances, but no further light was thrown upon them. It was evident, however, that some diabolical mystery hung over him. There were powerful enemies somewhere, and it was now evident that they had taken alarm. The public curiosity had spread far and wide the fame of this strange youth, and it was evident that he might yet recollect things which might lead to a detection of his origin. Amongst those who now became deeply interested in him was Lord Stanhope, who undertook the whole charge of his education, and removed him to Anspach. Here he was placed for awhile as clerk in the registrar's office of the Court of Appeal; and he was quietly performing his duties when Lord Stanhope began to talk of adopting him and bringing him to England. This most probably sealed his fate; for one evening, December 14, 1833, as he was returning from the office, a stranger accosted him in the street, and on pretence of giving him news from Lord Stanhope, and intelligence regarding his origin, induced him to accompany him into the castle gardens, where he suddenly stabbed him in the left side. Hauser had strength enough to reach home, and to utter a few indistinct words, when he fainted. The police were instantly summoned, but before they arrived Kaspar Hauser was dead. No trace of the murderer could be found.

It is no wonder that a fate so melancholy upon a life so strange should rouse the public mind to an extraordinary degree. It was felt that the eyes of those who, for some unknown purpose, but as clearly from most important grounds, had thus treated this unfortunate youth, who had inflicted on him a treatment which Professor Feuerbach styled "a crime against the life of a soul," had never been removed from him. It was evident that no ordinary persons, and no ordinary fears, were concerned. It became the subject of deep popular inquiry; and the public knowledge of certain strange events in a certain high quarter led gradually to a conviction which now exists with a wide and deep effect on the popular mind in Germany. We will proceed to state what this conviction is, and on what it rests, from a little volume entitled, "*Einige Beiträge Zur Geschichte Caspar*

Hausers, nebst einer dramaturgischen Einleitung von Joseph Heinrich Garnier."

CASPAR HAUSER.

"The first prince was a murderer, and introduced the purple to conceal the stains of his deed in this blood color."—SCHILLER'S *Fiesco*.

[The author, after glancing at some of the many rumors of the crimes of palaces which, spite of the censorship of the press and the swarming of police, still circulate in Germany, proceeds as follows:—]

To these princely family-histories I add, as no unfitting topstone, the singular fate of Caspar Hauser. In the territory of Baden the story runs from end to end, that the unfortunate Hauser was the true heir of the throne of Baden, a son of the Grand-Duke Karl and the adopted daughter of Napoleon, Stephanie Tascher. If this rumor stood nakedly and alone, we should hesitate to make it public; but it stands linked with such a train of facts, which we produce for our justification, that we entertain at least a doubt, a bitter doubt.

In the time of the French Revolution, in Baden ruled the Margrave Karl Frederick, a brave and able man, and one of the few sovereigns whom the public could honestly praise. At an already advanced age, he made a left-handed marriage with a lady of the court, Fräulein Geyer von Geyersberg. The fruits of this marriage were the three Margraves, formerly the Counts von Hochberg, of whom the eldest, through a singular concurrence of circumstances, yet sits on the grand-ducal throne.

The heir apparent to the throne (namely, the eldest son of the Margrave Frederick) died during the lifetime of his father a violent death, while on a journey to the north, in the year 1801. The carriage was upset, and his neck was broken. He left, however, a son, Karl, who succeeded on the death of his grandfather in 1811. This was the husband of Stephanie, whom he married in 1806. Stephanie, now in advanced age, is esteemed a lady of fascinating manners, full of intellect and goodness of heart; but in the flower of her youth she united in herself all which constitutes the perfect charm of a young Frenchwoman. Notwithstanding, for a long time she deigned not to confer on her husband a word or look. An evil demon appeared to stand between them, and it did stand between them; who it was we shall anon see. Sound sense and natural goodness, however,

finally triumphed; the married pair discovered the truth, and became attached to each other. Their eldest child was the Princess Louise, who was born in 1811. Their marriage seemed to promise to become one of the happiest in the world, but the evil demon again presented itself. Karl was amiable, but weak; a knot of dissipated people acquired an influence over him; he was regularly ruined, and died of exhaustion in the thirtieth year of his life. He had had in the whole five children; three princesses, who still live; and two princes, one born in September, 1812, who died (?) in a few weeks; the other born in 1816, who died in the following year. Karl, therefore, left no male heir; and, at his death, who succeeded to the throne?—The evil genius of his father—his father's brother Ludwig, and that after the next eldest brother, the Margrave Frederick, had died in the preceding year 1817, and died, too, of a sudden death.

Since, then, this Grand-Duke Ludwig, the predecessor of the present reigning grand-duke, is the principal figure in the infernal picture that we now unroll, it is necessary in a few words to denote his character. Possessing a powerful constitution, he was full of vehement and contradictory passions. He was dissolute to the highest degree, irreconcilable in his hatred, constant in friendship, or more properly, grateful for personal services rendered him which were truly of a very dubious kind, consisting in procuration and base adulation, arbitrary and despotic, and yet so able, that perhaps never was there a prince who could rely so unconditionally on the devotion of his soldiers; at a signal from him they would have fired on father and mother. He was, moreover, persevering and determined in his resolves and opinions, and, finally, not wanting in personal courage, to which he added tolerable knowledge of military affairs.

Let us now take a retrospective review of the whole succession of deaths which must happen, in order to open to him the way to the throne: and we find his eldest brother, who was killed by the overturning of his carriage; his next elder brother, who also died a sudden death; his brother's son, who died in the bloom of his years; and the two male children of this nephew, who both perished in their infancy.

Without allowing ourselves to speculate how far these circumstances were ordered or effected by a human hand, since the inquiry is impossible, so much is certain, he

was the murderer of his nephew, the murderer of Karl.

At the time of the Congress of Vienna, a rumor was abroad that he had procured poison to be given him in Vienna; and the suicide of Karl's valet which took place in that city, and the cause of which never could be discovered, was soon connected with it in the public mind, and regarded as the consequence of the stings of conscience. Yet Karl died not till 1818: it did, indeed, appear as if his health had suffered a shock since his sojourn in Vienna; yet we willingly admit that Karl died in direct consequence of his debaucheries; but, if we cast a glance at the loose companions who seduced him into these disgraceful excesses, we at once discover none but people who, after the death of the nephew, became the particular favorites of the uncle.

One of these, Von Gensau, colonel of the guards, led a life of constant scandal, contracted false debts, embezzled even fees belonging to the war-office, for which a poor devil of the name of Bernauer, who served both gentlemen as secretary, soon after the accession of the present grand-duke, was arrested, and for two years continued under trial at Carlsruhe. But Ludwig was too shrewd, and too zealous an observer, for he acquainted himself with the whole gossip of the city, and knew it all, for the debaucheries of his colonel of guards to escape him, which the very children in the streets were familiar with, and yet he never brought him to account for them. Was there a criminal secret between the two—the cement of this enduring connexion? The reward for having ministered diligently to the excesses of the nephew, which exhausted his strength? Was there a secret between them? Probably there was more than one!

Another favorite of the Grand-Duke Ludwig was the Major Hennehofer, in whom many believe that they see the murderer of Caspar Hauser. This man has, indeed, talent, but unrestrained by principle, and capable of anything. He made a strikingly rapid career in Germany. The war of 1813 found him a commissary, if I mistake not, at Gernsbach. He was about the person of Karl, as a ranger; but under Ludwig he rose speedily to the rank of Minister of Foreign Affairs. Those must have been important services which were rewarded with so rapid an advancement. Was he also in the secret?

The grand-duke openly took from the

theatre a dancer, Mademoiselle Werner; he had two children by her, and afterwards created her Countess of Langenstein. Extensive and various as were his intrigues, to this lady he showed an unvarying constancy; he visited her every day, reposed in her the most unbounded confidence, and left her at his death the bulk of his private property, which was considerable. Near the residence of this Mademoiselle Werner was that of the park-ranger Häuser, who had earlier been chamberlain to Ludwig of Baden, still stood in high favor with him, and whose daughter daily visited her neighbor, where she often saw the grand-duke too. Both Mademoiselle Werner and the daughter of the park-ranger are good, plain, unpretending women, of the middle class, to whom people willingly listen when they talk out of their own heads, or become the echoes of persons of fashion. In this way, on one occasion came flying to me a feather, which once hung in the pinion of one of the Häuser family.

The conversation was of Hennehofer; of his brilliant career; and whether, in case of a change in the government, he might not be a loser. "By no means," was the answer, "*he knows too much.*" That much could not have grown in her garden; it was evidently the observation of the ruler, who had let it fall in confidential talk with his mistress. I could well comprehend on what occasion the grand-duke might have dropped this expression. Major Hennehofer stood in connexion with Mademoiselle Werner, he was even about to marry her sister; he had no private property; nothing but his pay. In the intimate conversations concerning this marriage, in which the grand-duke took a lively interest, and which he particularly desired, it was quite in character that the princely favorite or her sister, who was looking for a secure provision, should observe to the duke that the future bridegroom depended entirely on his pay, and might lose it under a successor. To which the reply was the requisite consolation. "He is indispensable to the successor, *he knows too much.*" But what *did* he know?

Perhaps it was how both the heirs male had perished so speedily while the sisters all remained alive. The people from the first regarded the affair as very striking, and said all sorts of things about it: the deaths were also attended with truly extraordinary circumstances.

Before the death of each of the princes

appeared the white lady. This white lady, as every one knows, bestowed formerly, and for ages, her visits on many of the great families of Germany, and each appearance was the herald of death. In the Castle of Blankenburg in the Hartz country, you may see a very striking full-length portrait of her. The white lady appeared at the cradle of the princes successively, bowed herself in grief over it, and the terrified nurses fled away.

I have read with much pleasure the stories of the white lady and of the banshee, in the Irish popular legends; but as all these bore an ancient date, I had drawn the conclusion that the white lady had long since vanished, and appeared no more. I deduce, therefore, from this present fact, another meaning, one which certain persons in Carlsruhe adopted, that the white lady was no other than the Reichsgräfin, formerly maid of honor, Geyer von Geyersberg, the mother of the present grand-duke, and that she destroyed the children.

This woman must have been an unnatural monster towards her own children. She was recklessly extravagant and irregular in her life; credit, she had none amongst the rich, to whom she was too well known; her agents went continually about amongst the dwellings of the poor, and exacted from them, under menaces and the most deceitful promises, their little savings for their own necessities.—She is dead, but curses and imprecations on her memory daily resound around her grave, from thousands of those whose families she reduced to poverty or whose poverty she aggravated to ruin. Her eldest son is now Grand-duke of Baden; her two other sons are Margraves of Baden, and all three are very rich; yet it has occurred to none of them to rescue the memory of their mother! They left her, during the latter years of her life, in a condition of indigence and destitution, which she endeavored to escape by compelling from widows and orphans their last mites: and now that she is in her grave, they will not, by a small part of their superfluous wealth, purchase her an exemption from the curses of these unhappy ones! When the mother appears so infamous to her own children, what shall we think of her? We must believe everything, the moment that we can be shown what interest she could have to become the accursed work-tool of the murder in question.

We have already said, that the Margraf

Karl Frederick, *at an advanced age*, contracted a left-handed marriage with the maid of honor, Mademoiselle Geyer von Geyersberg, *who was very young*, and she bore the margraf particularly strong and healthy children. The courtiers made remarks thereon, and plenty of people set it down to their own satisfaction, that the real father of these children was no other than their own half-brother, the evil demon of our history, Ludwig of Baden; and certainly he who could seduce his father's wife to a crime of this kind, could easily lead her to the infinitely lesser sins of stealing or smothering other people's children. But if, indeed, these partly worn-out rumors were based on fact, there are other mysterious circumstances in the history of Ludwig, which can only be explained by the intimate relation between father and son, between a man and his successor.

When Ludwig ascended the throne, he was yet a vigorous man. He had two healthy and strong children by his mistress the Gräfin Langenstein; he was not a man to be dreaming of dying soon; he was ambitious to the highest degree; why then did it never occur to him to marry, that he might be able to leave his throne to his own children—that throne, which, according to all appearances, he had grasped only by a whole series of crimes? The most powerful reasons of state must indeed urge upon him the policy of hastening such a marriage.

Between the courts of Bavaria and Baden, there existed and still exist the most serious and earnestly contested claims to the possession of the Pfalz, the richest and most beautiful portion of Baden. After the death of the Grand-Duke Ludwig, there remained none of the family of the Margrave Karl Frederick, except the children of the Reichsgräfin von Hochberg, *i. e.* Madam Geyer von Geyersberg, who had been so created. But these were the fruit of a left-handed marriage, *i. e.* of a marriage in which the children inherited the quality, not of the father, but of the mother only. Thus the ruling family legally expired with Ludwig of Baden; and Bavaria might now make good its claims on the Pfalz, and Austria its claims on the Breisgau, which, in consequence of the French Revolution, had been given to Baden, at the expense of Bavaria. It became doubtful even whether the Reichsgräfin Hochberg could establish the claims of her children to the old hereditary portion of Baden

which had for centuries belonged to the house.

There were stupendous difficulties in these respects to surmount. The congress of Aix-la-Chapelle must declare the Graf von Hochberg capable of succeeding; and the whole influence of Alexander, the Emperor of Russia, who had married a princess of Baden, was necessary to elicit this declaration; which, however, after all, could not be elicited further than that the Hochberg family, if entitled to succeed at all, was entitled to succeed only to the original hereditary lands of the Margrave of Baden. It became necessary to make many journeys to all the courts of Europe; the Margrave Wilhelm, brother of the present grand-duke, engaged in the time of Charles X. to support the French court, and continued some months in Paris. There was a mass of memorials written and dispersed amongst the ruling powers. The Baden Chamber of Deputies was called on time after time to declare that the whole Grand Duchy of Baden was one and indivisible. A thousand other things were done and attempted; and yet, notwithstanding all this, the Court of Bavaria has never resigned its claims to the Pfalz, and these affairs at the present hour are by no means decided.

Now all these difficulties were at once at an end, had Ludwig early married, and had legitimate male heirs. Why then did he not marry immediately on coming to the throne? Why did he not marry long before, as the creeping disease of his nephew had for years plainly opened to his view the certainty of his succession?

Could it be that he had brought the Reichsgräfin to act the white lady, and to the pitch of infanticide, by the promise of setting her own children—*his own children*, on the throne? If he gave such a promise, he was the man to keep it. But if he gave no such promise, or were no such man, was he not in the hands of the participator of his crime, and could she not come forward with this menace: "Remember the Bohemian Forest!* keep faith with us, or we will discover all!" Should he free himself from this by fresh murders? He was weary of murder, and in his wild doings towards the end of his life, many saw only his violent efforts to drown the irrepressible reproaches of his conscience.

But if he did not revolt from recent murder, were not the confidants perhaps too many? Could not these hold, in prepara-

tion for the worst chance, a written disclosure for foreign countries? It is certainly true that Ludwig of Baden never appeared to regard his heir to the throne but with a degree of aversion; but the case is very common, that the reigning father does not love his successor, who seems to await his end, and every day to pray for his life to be shortened. Ludwig was, moreover, sagacious, and must thoroughly perceive the pitiful want of character and the intellectual insignificance of his successor, who was not the man for him. Or was there engraven in his expressionless countenance, palpable *to his eye*, a train of crimes which made his hair stand on end, his blood run ice-cold?

But did he really feel the pangs of an evil conscience? In his last years he had about him a dissolute, but at the same time bigoted and ignorant priest of the name of Engesser, who possessed an unlimited influence over him, an influence which he shared only with the aforesaid Hennehofer. These two understood each other admirably. Engesser, at the time that he contrived to attract the eye of Ludwig, was simply a parish priest. In little more than the space of a year, he rose to be the head of a ministerial department; but, in fact, he was prime minister, at whose nod everything gave way. Besides this, the grand-duke, who was otherwise avaricious, lavished upon him houses and money. Did the Protestant but aged prince feel a necessity to shrive himself before the Catholic priest? Spite of his stupidity he was Jesuit enough to appease the conscience of the ruler with Catholic grounds of consolation. The priest still lives, and is become a rich man.

To all these rumors there is a consideration on the other side to be weighed, and it is important. If these rumors could spread themselves, and maintain themselves till now, had it been only in a confined circle, how did it happen that Karl of Baden, and his intellectual wife, against whom, and whose children, these hellish plans were directed, had no suspicion of them? Who knows? perhaps they had more, perhaps they had certainty.

Ludwig was banished at the command of the Grand-Duke Karl to his estate, and a good many other persons at the same time.

Nothing more precise ever reached the public regarding this measure, than that a political crime was laid to his charge, a conspiracy to hurl Karl from the throne, to which, in fact, Ludwig climbed out of his

* See Schiller's "Robbers."

very banishment. The crime, and cause of abhorrence, must have been of no ordinary dye, which induced the nephew, for the honor of the family, to conceal it in a mysterious darkness. And if injustice were on this occasion done to Ludwig, why have none of the participators in it complained of it; Ludwig being upon the throne, and having raised them every one into places of high trust around him? They continued dumb, as before.

But of whatever kind these crimes were, how do they connect themselves with the history of Hauser?

His apparent age tallied exactly with the elder of the young princes who perished or were conveyed away, who was born at the end of 1812, and his first appearance with the termination of the reign of Ludwig.

His birth occurred at an agitated period. His father made the campaign in 1813 in France; afterwards he went to Vienna; and his absence gave to his enemies opportunity enough to carry off the child, and to take the necessary measures for its concealment, when the white lady brought under her veil a dead child to exchange for the living one, which, according to the rumor, was strangled.

At the ascension of Leopold, the present grand-duke, to the throne, there was again a strange but general report through Carlsruhe, that the ghost of a murdered prince had appeared to him as he went through the vaults of the palace. Did some one of those in the secret blab in this shape? In a censor-ridden country this is the only way in which a weary conscience can relieve itself. It cannot speak out, but it can half speak.

But if Hauser was the son of Karl of Baden, and Ludwig of Baden, the uncle, was the cause of his incarceration, who was then the cause of his murder? God knows! I know only this, that the present Grand-Duke Leopold, in whose time the murder happened, is called the friend of the middle class, and is universally beloved by his subjects; for so we read very often in the Carlsruhe Court Journal.

After Leopold's accession to the government, Engesser and Hennehofer retained for a while their posts. Certain passages in the "*Hochwüchter*," to which I alluded in my preface, made, however, such a scandal regarding the doings of these two gentlemen, that they were both removed; but it was done very gently, and Hennehofer,

it is said, will one day be reinstated.—*He knows too much!*

Well, I have related only *surmises*, and made thence only dubious *deductions*: *they of whom I have spoken are answerable to no tribunal which can put these surmises to the proof.*

These words are not mine. My passions as a republican might have led me wrong, and have given an importance to these matters which they might not deserve. But the words are those of an unimpassioned man; of a sober criminal judge, Feuerbach, to whom the king of Bavaria deputed the inquiry concerning Caspar Hauser, and who printed them in the report of the inquiry thus: "*There are circles of human society into which the arm of justice dares not penetrate.*"

As the result of my material towards the history of Baden, the following important queries particularly present themselves:—

1. Did Karl actually begin to sicken at the Congress of Vienna?

2. Does the murder of his chamberlain stand connected with that circumstance, or with that of the murder of the former prince which had occurred before?

3. Have people seen the white lady, who are yet still living?

4. Had the ranger Hennehofer already been connected with the successor of Ludwig?

5. Why did he make so rapid a career of advancement?

6. How great is the sum which Engesser received from Ludwig? and how can such an endowment be explained?

7. Why was Ludwig banished to his estate? and what were those who were banished with him charged with?

8. In the features of Caspar Hauser is there not an obvious likeness to Karl of Baden, especially in the lower part of the face?

9. For some time before the appearance of Caspar Hauser there came every five days a man into his cell, who taught him to write and read. Did any confidant of Ludwig of Baden,—for instance, Hennehofer,—make such regular journeys?

To these there might be added another query, out of the political circumstances which arose on Caspar's death:—

10. Was the Ritter von Lange, who is by no means an ass in other respects, and who asserts in the public prints that Caspar Hauser destroyed himself *on speculation*,—

was this man before in debt and difficulties, and is he so no longer?—or has his property since then received a remarkable augmentation?

The answer to these queries would solve a multitude of mysteries.

To this little book is added this:—

POSTSCRIPT.

I wrote the above in a kind of compulsory solitude, without books or other means of assistance than a copy of Schiller's "Robbers," and a little table of the genealogy of the House of Baden, which I owed to the care of an acquaintance. In other circumstances my details might have been richer. At this moment, the printing being finished, there comes to my hands something, which, for the sake of completeness, I add. The *Frankfort Journal* of the 4th of February states that:—

"A certain Herr Cuno, Royal Economy Counsellor of Prussia, writes from Ratibor to the Magdeburg Gazette of the 9th of February, 1834, a letter, in which he says, that in the Vossich Gazette of November the 16th, 1816, No. 138, stands this communication:—

"Paris, 6th Nov., 1816.

"A boatman of Gross-Kemps found, on the 23d of October, a bottle swimming in the Rhine, containing a paper with this passage in Latin:—*Cui-cunque qui hanc epistolam invenit. Sum captivus in carcere apud Lauffenburg juncta Rheni flumen; meum carcer est subterraneum, nec novit locum ille qui nunc solio meo politus est. Non plus possum scribere, quia sedulo et crudeliter custoditus sum.*

"S. Hanes Sprancio."

To him who shall find this letter. I lie in a dungeon at Lauffenburg, on the Rhine; my subterranean prison is unknown to him who now sits on my throne. I can write no more because I am strictly and severely watched.

This singular document Herr Cuno communicated to Feuerbach, the President of the Court of Appeal, because he believed him to be prosecuting the history of Hauser. What must we think of it? Many things. The letter being written in Latin, and Latin of its kind, seems to indicate the author of it to be a country clergyman. Further, the writer being closely watched was to account for the singular choice of the vehicle of publication. The bottle had probably not been carried far, but flung out of the house window into the flood, which is stated to be on the Rhine. The place, Lauffenburg, points to the Upper

Rhine Lands of Baden, for in Switzerland there is no throne. The date agrees with the government of Karl, and if Hauser was really the elder prince, then *his underground dungeon was unknown* to his father.

Now, Engesser was a parish priest in the Upper Rhine Land; had he a hand in this, and thereby laid the foundation of his rapid fortune? In this case, he must have been too wicked to have written this document. It must have been some subordinate clergyman who had been made prison assistant; whose conscience oppressed him; but who was too closely watched to allow him to fly, and who hoped to help his charge by this scheme. If that charge was Hauser, he was then only four years old.

Or, perhaps, it was a chaplain, who by chance was brought there upon the trace of his superior clergyman. It would be interesting to learn whether, about this time, there was not a sudden death in the neighborhood. The inhabitants of Lauffenburg should recollect, and if any such fact occurred, send the account of it to the Swiss newspapers.

I learn further, that some days ago the *Dorfzeitung* contained the intelligence that the father of Hauser had been discovered to be a Catholic priest. I am generally on my guard against such reports, because of late there have been obviously manifold attempts to lead the public mind from the track; but in this case, perhaps, the last news may link itself to the first, and may locate Hauser's dungeon in some parsonage on the Rhine, near Lauffenburg, if, on the appearance of the paragraph in the Vossich Gazette, the youth had not been conveyed elsewhere.

Here I send my little volume into the world, with a greeting to my friends. I must hide myself like a thief, in order to complete and print it. The Baden government has recently made inquisition after me, and the Strasburg police in consequence have been actively on the alert to discover me. As I have, since my abode on the French frontiers, held myself aloof from political correspondence, and concealed my retreat even from my most intimate friends, I may certainly believe that my regular and retiring behavior can have drawn no increased surveillance of the French police upon me. And what can the Baden government want with me? A respectable and trustworthy person, who neither knew of the conversation in Rebstock alluded to in my preface, nor of my

pamphlet, assured me that it was on account of a *brochure*, which this government was anxious to prevent me publishing. In this case the Baden government could not surely be aware that I meant to give forth the history of Hauser merely in the form of *rumors*, timidly and in doubt. Are mere *rumors* of such consequence that people should give themselves so much trouble about them?

I have thus printed pretty fully the contents of this singular little volume, which has so long kept, and still keeps, the Baden government in such uneasiness. Mere rumors, nay, the slightest rumors, on this subject, put it into the greatest alarm. The story of Caspar Hauser had been read by us in England, and was partly forgotten, when, during, our residence in Heidelberg in 1841, there was a sudden muttering in society of some circumstance which had taken place there. It was this. The police had waited on three citizens, and demanded their attendance at the police-office. There as many letters were produced, addressed to these gentlemen respectively, each announcing that a copy of the pamphlet now translated in these pages, and containing also an essay on Schiller's "Robbers," full of allusion to its subject, had been forwarded in a certain parcel to a certain Herr Trübner for each of them. These letters had been intercepted at the post-office, and the parcel in question, on its arrival, also had been intercepted at the parcel post, and the said books taken out, and were now produced. The three gentlemen were now strictly questioned as to their knowledge of, and connexion with, the senders of these books. They pleaded ignorance, but were not entirely dismissed without shrewd suspicions; and the books and letters were taken care of.

This circumstance, in a little gossiping place like Heidelberg, where the police is strong and active, but tittle-tattle is still more strong and active, created, as may be supposed, a most lively, deep, and universal, though whispered, sensation. It was to us a matter of no little surprise how so strange an interest could attach to the story of Caspar Hauser, but particularly why the government treated a knowledge of it as a criminal matter. The love of talking on a prohibited subject was in our favor, and we soon were let into the whole mystery.

We found the belief of Caspar Hauser having been no other than the eldest son of

the Grand-Duke Karl, a fixed and most extensively diffused article of faith in the public mind, and not the less so in the higher than in the lower classes. All the suspicious circumstances above mentioned were detailed to us—the bad character of Ludwig, the sudden deaths which had cleared his way to the throne; the worse character of the Margravine of Hochberg, his step-mother, and supposed to be something even nearer to him; the fate of the Grand-Duke Karl, and the deaths, so called, of his two sons, while his daughters all lived; and then the mysterious story of Caspar Hauser; all were put together with matters that gave a strange verisimilitude to the relation. All that had been alleged of Caspar Hauser's being the son of a laborer, and then of a priest, would not satisfy public belief. They felt that the care and expense of seventeen years' so peculiar incarceration implied a victim of a higher station. The fame of the old Margravine von Hochberg was terrifically evil: her name was accompanied by muttered curses. There was no doubt whatever in the public mind that the Major Hennehofer was THE MAN spoken of by Caspar Hauser as his keeper, and who was, after two attempts, finally his murderer. It appeared clear that the party which had doomed Caspar Hauser to so strange a confinement, had believed that he would never be able to tell tales; but when they found that he had acquired languages, and that public curiosity was excited about him, they became alarmed. He was pursued and killed by *the man*; the man escaped readily, and was never discovered. The Baden government betrayed no eagerness to find him, or to dive into the mystery. When suspicion turned strongly upon this Hennehofer, he was never brought to any inquiry by government, but continued to live under its protection, and does so continue to this day. He lives in his castle in the Upper Rhine Land, leading a gloomy and secluded life. The public has always looked on the widow of the Grand-Duke Karl, and supposed mother of Caspar Hauser, with great regard, attracted not only by her talents and virtues, but by her ill health, and supposed secret sorrows. It believed, and believes, that the wicked old Margravine, as they call her, and her paramour Ludwig, had resolved at all costs that the children of the Frenchwoman, Stephanie, adopted daughter of Napoleon, should never sit on the ducal throne of Baden.

And what course did the reigning family

of Baden take to get rid of these dark suspicions? Did it invite inquiry; bring them to the light and disprove them? No! It has, from the first moment of their spreading, regarded them with the utmost apparent alarm and anxiety. Every means has been employed to stifle and suppress the report. The police has everywhere the strictest orders to keep it down—to watch for and seize every book or writing on the subject. In fact, if the reigning family be innocent, it has adopted every means calculated to convince the public that it is guilty. It has adopted every means that guilt could instinctively adopt.

In the meantime, the Court of Bavaria, on the murder of Caspar Hauser, had instituted an inquiry, which went on for some time under the management of the acute and celebrated President of the Court of Appeal, Anselm von Feuerbach, and at length terminated with an abrupt announcement in the report of the judge in the words quoted above, that “*there are circles of human society into which the arm of justice dares not penetrate.*”

Such a termination, accompanied by such an announcement, was not calculated to set the public mind at rest. It only went on questioning, and putting things together with a more insatiable avidity. What increased and sustained this avidity was, that Lord Stanhope, who had evinced so much interest in Hauser while living, after his death was invited to the Court at Carlsruhe, and speedily professed that he regarded the whole history of Hauser as a hoax, or something of the kind, and manifested no care about him. Not so with the sagacious and persevering Feuerbach. He pursued his own individual scrutiny into this mysterious history with enduring ardor, and it was said had made curious discoveries, and was likely one day to publish them. Feuerbach died suddenly, as has done almost every one who, in Germany, has been rash enough to trouble himself about this matter. We have conversed with connexions of the judge, and they seemed to entertain little doubt of the *nature* of his *fatal disease*.

The books about Caspar Hauser were strictly prohibited throughout Baden. The portraits of him were considered to bear a striking resemblance to the reigning family. Any talk on this subject was secret; and the greatest vigilance on the part of the police made every one who had a copy of Hauser's history hide it carefully.

There was a lady, who came occasionally

to our house, whom we unexpectedly found very open on the subject; but not being able to answer certain questions, she said she would ask her father, who knew a great deal about it from a friend at court. The next time we saw this lady we asked the result of her inquiries. Her countenance fell at once. She said that she had done very wrong. Her father had reprimanded her very severely; for this matter was by no means to the honor of the reigning family; and should, least of all, have been exposed to foreigners.

Thus this opening was as suddenly closed as found. We learned nothing more from this informant, than that there were many things of strange character about the history of the Baden family, and that a great sensitiveness reigned throughout the palace on these subjects.

So great was the jealousy of any discovery of an interest in the story of Caspar Hauser, that we never could procure a sight of the book we have now quoted from more than one person in Germany; and a second loan of it was declined, lest no good might come of it. We tried Hamburg and other large cities, but in vain. On our return to England, hearing that the work was published in Paris, we commissioned a German physician there, a warm friend of ours, to procure a copy. He sent us word that all his exertions to that end had been in vain. The shop was speedily shut after the publication there; the publisher had disappeared; and it was believed that the Baden government had taken care both of him and his dangerous stock.

We learned, however, that the author of the book was living in England. He had been obliged to make a rapid retreat not only from Germany, but from the continent, in consequence of this publication, and has continued to reside in England ever since, as his only retreat. The author, however, did not possess a copy of his own book; and it has not been without a most unremitting research that we have at length procured it.

Some time ago we received from the author the following letter, which will open up a new and unexpected connexion of the history of Caspar Hauser with the politics of the continent. It is full of matter of singular importance.

SIR,

I have not forgotten the permission you gave me in a letter some four months ago to call on you; but it is now my turn to ask you whether you still take some interest

in the subject of Caspar Hauser? His mother, the Grand-Duchess Stephanie, is here, and something serious might be done. I have documents in hand never printed before, and the discovery or detection can be pushed forth several steps more. A new book would now be in time. The only misfortune is this—I know it from my own experience, to what persecutions a man is exposed by interfering in this subject; and I should under no circumstances advise you to publish ever a translation under your name, if you wish ever to return to Baden; and then secondly, there are so many new statements to be made, which nobody but myself can take under his responsibility. I intend, under all circumstances, to publish a new book on Caspar Hauser; but, as it would be quicker done and better, if I had your co-operation, consider whether it is worth your while to undertake the thing. Many things will only be translations in it, and it is only the new information I must work out myself.

As you have some knowledge of Baden and the subject of Caspar Hauser, I may be brief enough in laying before you the plan of the book as I have conceived it. The book is to contain a full information of all that is known until now to the public, and also to me, concerning Hauser. In my new statements certainly I appear as a witness, and for this reason I should distribute the matter in the following way:

Introduction.—A short sketch of my own life, with a view of showing the way in which I got connected and acquainted with the principal actors of the tragedy, also throwing new light on their doings and character. The sketch is limited to this point—elucidating the subject of C. H.

The book itself would contain a review of the principal publications on C. H. that have appeared; and lastly, my new statements and unprinted documents. There would be for consideration:

1. *Feuerbach's little work on Caspar Hauser*, as containing all the principal incidents in the life of C. H. from his first appearance at Nuremberg, to the first attempt on his life. As to the authors of the crime, Feuerbach hints bravely that a court and priests (the priest Engesser) were implicated in it. The book being already translated into English, extracts would be sufficient principally referring to the facts, leaving the proofs aside. (In my possession.)

2. *The little work of the Earl of Stanhope on Hauser.* From this must be taken the

relation of the end of C. H., and as he represented him as an impostor, his assertions must be disproved. (I can get it.)

3. The little pamphlet I published myself at Strasburg, 1834, wherein the family crimes of the grand-ducal family were drawn to the light. (I can get it.)

4. A second article of mine which appeared in a German paper, "Deutsches Leben," of which I published four numbers here in 1834. (I can get it.)

These two productions of mine must be translated and given in whole, because they had their history; inciting the court of Baden to important steps, and serving, by a strange accident, as a trap in which the principal culprit "Von Hennehofer" was caught. Of this immediately after having despatched two other publications.

There appeared in Switzerland a little book on Hauser, with the name of Paris on the title; this is probably the work you meant when you wrote to me. Besides some generally known notices, it is merely an amplification of my own pamphlet, in which the author has drawn largely on fiction. The book, however, is useful, as the subject is complete, and reads like a novel. (I can get it.)

A real novel, however, appeared under the title Caspar Hauser, at Stuttgart, by a friend of mine, Sieboldt, which is partly made up from real facts, and in this respect deserves consideration. (I have it in my own possession.)

We come now to the subsequent events.

When my pamphlet appeared, the Baden government took the most extraordinary measures to suppress it. But the strangest events happened after I had already left Strasburg for Paris.

I was hidden at Strasburg because the French government wanted to induce me not to print the pamphlet. Some of the Germans, however, saw me occasionally; amongst those was a man I had only seen once or twice without taking much notice of him. His name was Sailer, he is a native of Wirtemberg, where his father was deputy, and by profession an apothecary. To this Sailer a friend of mine had given the manuscript of the Preface, in which, after it had been printed, I had wrapped some tobacco for him. My friend, without my knowledge, had given that manuscript to Sailer, Sailer soon afterwards departed for Kippenheim, where he had an uncle, and in the neighborhood of which Hennehofer, minister of foreign affairs in Baden, under Lud-

wig, lived. He heard of the manuscript of a Preface, in which mention was not yet made of the real subject, and asked it from Sailer. From this moment, willing to employ him as his spy, he cultivated his acquaintance, and after the pamphlet had appeared, he really sent him to Strasburg, which I had already left. But arrived there he discovered his mission immediately to a friend of mine, who wrote down everything he said he had heard *from*, or been told by Hennehofer. What he said rendered the guilt of the latter glaring, and I learned several new facts of importance. All these discoveries were sent to me to Paris.

In the summer of the same year I published here the above mentioned periodical, "*Deutsches Leben, Kunst und Poesie*," in the second number of which I began a paper on Caspar Hauser, a condensation and criticism of what I had said before, but also containing a new matter of importance, the dispute of Baden with Bavaria about the Palatinate.

Though this matter belongs to details further on, I will state it here as showing you at once how the affairs of Hauser enter into the politics of Europe.

The Palatinate formerly belonged to Bavaria, and the Breisgau, or South of Baden, to Austria. In 1813, when Baden had not yet separated from Napoleon, the two powers concluded a treaty at Ried, in virtue of which Bavaria ceded to Austria the Tyrol, under a promise of indemnification by the Palatinate, and a yearly payment of 100,000 guilders by Austria, until Bavaria should be in possession, paid to the present day—whilst on the other hand Austria coveted the Breisgau. These designs were, however, frustrated by the accession of Baden to the allied army and the protection of Russia. There remained only one chance: the Grand-Duke Karl, husband to Stephanie, had at that moment no male children: and the same was the case with the only two remaining heirs, his two uncles. If he, therefore, died without male issue, the reigning family became extinct, and then both Austria and Bavaria could renew their pretensions. Thus both powers were interested in the extinction of the family.

Of these two uncles, the younger, Ludwig, grand-duke (1818—1830), who was very ambitious, had likewise no chance of reigning unless his nephew died without male issue. He was, moreover, much in want of money, and had a personal spite

against Stephanie. He it was who, through the *Reichsgräfin*, Geyer von Geyersberg, the mother of the Margraves and the reigning duke, put the two male children of Stephanie out of the way. This was long known in the country; but the elder one, Hauser, who was believed to have been murdered like his brother, was saved in a strange way. It is almost certain that this was not done with the knowledge of Ludwig, but rather by his confederates, who in the child wished to preserve a weapon wherewith to frighten Ludwig, when on the throne, into a compliance with their wishes. Here Austria got in by obtaining knowledge of the secret, and forced Ludwig to a great extent to reign according to her own wishes. The same threat of exposing him was also employed against the reigning grand-duke. For this I can quote now an English authority for you, namely, extracts from the French papers, with the editorial observations in the *Chronicle*, then the organ of the ministry, number of October 28, 1839. But there being a slight mistake in it, I will place here the fact as it is.

Papers referring to Hauser and the crimes committed against him were deposited with Rothschild and the Baden ambassador at the Diet; von Blittersdorf, a creature of Metternich, had the impudence to tell the grand-duke either to buy off the papers with two millions of guilders, or to run the risk of having the thing published.

The grand-duke, frightened, laid the affair before the council of state, who advised him not to pay; but he was so full of fear that he paid the money from his private purse. Not satisfied with that, he was forced also to make Blittersdorf his minister of foreign affairs—(it was the period of the Syrian question, when a war against France was possible, and Austria, consequently, interested to have a creature of her own master of the policy and army of Baden.) The grand-duchess, aware of the disappearance of the money, and the part Blittersdorf had taken in the transaction, openly showed him her indignation. Then they took this revenge: the Jewish banker von Haber, who had acted as the agent of Austria, near Don Carlos, slandered her, openly boasting of having enjoyed her favors. Julius von Goeler then reproved him, and denounced him to the magistrate (*vor Amt*), but the thing was quashed. It was the same Goeler who in 1843 (October), refused to admit Haber at the ball given in honor of the Prussian grand-duchess, Helena, at Baden-Baden, for

the reason assigned, and thus gave rise to those two famous duels: in the first of which both Goeler and his antagonist, a Russian officer, were killed; and in the second, the Baden artillery officer, Don Sarahaga, by the hands of Haber. But the Goelers, whom I know intimately, belonging to the highest nobility of Baden, the first result was, that the Austrian party was overthrown, and Blittersdorf driven out of the ministry. The thing, however, had created such a scandal, that the grand-duke also repudiated his wife, a daughter of the ex-king of Sweden, Gustavus, as blasted in her reputation. This again was answered by her brother, the Prince of Sweden, in the service of Austria, who had married a daughter of Stephanie, now here in England, from whom he also separated as being a princess of Baden. There is already plenty of other scandal, but what I cannot explain here; through Austria, also, the Jesuits were introduced into the business of Hauser.

To return now to our real subject: I said, then, above, that Sailer had been sent by Hennehofer to Strasburg as a spy, with an order of finding out "from whom I had received my information," and then exposed his secrets. For the moment I could not make use of the discoveries, valuable as they had been. But in the same year, 1834, towards the end of it, when arrived here, I published the above-mentioned German paper. Sailer was at that moment at Strasburg; and now Hennehofer, by pay, and under the greatest promises, succeeded in persuading him to suppress the numbers that were sent to Strasburg, and prevent their circulation in Germany. To a great extent this was done; but Sailer, now still more in the possession of the secrets of Hennehofer, used his position to extort money from him, and thus lived at his expense until the end of 1835. At that time Sailer was at Zurich, and there a political murder was committed against a Prussian spy, named Lessing (see *Conversations-Lexicon der Neuzeit*, s. v.) and Sailer, like many others of the German refugees, was arrested. In searching his house, the whole series of the letters of Hennehofer to Sailer was discovered, and Sailer himself by the judge examined on the subject of Hauser. Both his deposition and the letters of Hennehofer have since been printed in *Schauberg artenmüssige Darstellung der über die Ermordung des Studenten Lessing, geführten Untersuchung*, Zürich, 1837; and created an immense sensation (I have in my possession

the leaves of the book referring to Hauser); but strange as is their nature already, without the letters in my possession not yet printed, the importance of the discovery cannot be fully appreciated.

This would form a new topic, and the most interesting part of the book.

The conclusion would consist of those diplomatical admixtures hinted at above—chiefly based on some despatches of Metternich, to be found in the works of "Genz," and "Kombst's Bundestag."

Excuse me, Sir, for having troubled you with these lines, but the interest you appeared to feel in the matter encourages me now to bring the subject to your remembrance, when the right moment of doing something is come.

I hope I have written enough to enable you to judge whether there is a possibility for you of taking the direction of this work, without the responsibility of your name.

To count from next Saturday, I shall be glad to meet you at your house at any time you may be pleased to fix. The morning would be most agreeable for me.

In case, however, it should not suit your convenience to enter into the enterprise—of which the above is only an outline, subject to any alterations suggested by you—I beg you to accept these lines as the homage of a German to one of the first German scholars here, and a man who has done so much to spread a true knowledge of Germany and its customs among his compatriots.

Yours, etc. J. H. G.

Such is a brief outline of this most singular story. What further light the inquiries of persevering Germans may throw upon it remains yet to be seen. At present the evidence is but circumstantial; but whether the fact be, that Caspar Hauser was the hereditary Prince of Baden or not, there is a mass of evidence that makes it one of the most curious questions, not of the age only, but of history in general. The circumstance, that no ordinary cause could have led to so singular and long-continued immurement of a boy, and that the alarm manifested on his acquiring language, and exciting the inquiry of the public, *demonstrated* that no ordinary causes *did* lie at the bottom of it, and that parties of no ordinary station and power were vitally mixed up with the mystery;—these things, combined with the trembling anxiety of the Baden government whenever the mystery was touched upon, will, should

nothing further come to light, leave firmly on the public mind of Germany a strong opinion on the subject. Men of known sudden elevation under very suspicious circumstances, still living with all these suspicious circumstances under the protection of the government;—the fact of one of these men, suspected of having been the most active instrument in Caspar Hauser's fate, being the first to pounce on any one who dares to utter

a syllable on the subject—the agreeing dates of things—the inroads of death on certain lives, and as if purposely to serve the views of certain ambitious parties—and finally, the constant, active, and continued suppression by the Baden government of all whisper of this history—make the subject one of singular interest as a literary topic, and as such we have thrown it before the English public.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

PHILIP ARMYTAGE; OR THE BLIND GIRL'S LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

—————"A child most infantine
Yet wandering far beyond that innocent age
In all but its sweet looks and mien divine."
SHELLEY.

IT was morning—beautiful morning—in that fairest season of the year—

"When April has wept itself to May."

Earth awoke from her winter sleep, fresh and glorious and young, as if it were but a day since she bore on her bosom Adam and Eve, and shed around them the flowers, and breezes, and sunshine of Eden. Beautifully looked the Eternal Mother, in her ever-renewed youth, over which the change, and misery, and crime of six thousand years have passed like a shadow, and left no trace.

There is no glamor like that of the pen; and it has this surpassing spell, that the magic extends also to the one who yields the charm. Let us, therefore, in this wet and gloomy day, when a heavy mist hangs like a shroud over the dreary city—when under our window sound the plashing foot-falls of tired passers-by, and the incessant rattle of vehicles—let us, amidst all this, call up to our mind's eye the scene where our story begins, and linger fondly over that beautiful spot, in the delineation of which memory strives with imagination.

It was the breakfast-room of a house that stood alone on a hill side—one of those stately mansions that are found in England, far in the country, where generation after generation of the old families of the gentry are born, live, and die; father, son, and grandson occupying, in their turn, the same

abode, and descending to the same ancient stone monument hard by. Cheerfully came the warm morning sun into the room, not stealthily, as in early spring, but with a glad overflow of light and warmth, brightening even the solemn oak furniture, and contending bravely with the tiny fire that was lit through habit, until it fairly put out its puny antagonist and reigned supreme. The long low windows, on one side, opened on a formal, dainty little flower-garden, and then, winding through a smooth lawn, lay a narrow walk that led into the forest, on whose borders the house lay. In three minutes one might pass into that beautiful wood, wild as if man's foot had never entered it, and alive with the melodies of leaves quivering in the morning breezes. The tender green of the thorn mingled with the dark holly, that here vied even with the oak in size and grandeur: the primroses looking out smiling from the roots of the old trees: and large beds of the wood anemone or wind flower, seemed like a white, wavy mantle cast over the long grass, in recesses so thick that not a stray sunbeam could pierce through. The loud songs of the birds reached even to the house, like a flood of aerial music; the ringing carol of the lark, the deep note of the thrush, the silvery warble of the linnet, and the soft coo of the wood-dove, all mingling in sweet harmony.

Listening eagerly, with up-turned face, that did not shrink even from the broad dazzling sunlight, sat a little girl beside the open window. Her soft hair falling in curls, that prettiest fashion for a child, was of that hue which a gleam of sunshine changes into gold; her head was turned

aside ; but her attitude was full of childish grace, with the little hands crossed on her knee, motionless, in silent thought. Opposite to her was a boy—her twin-brother—a taller and bolder model of herself ; sitting carelessly on the floor ; he was busily carving the top of a hazel wand. Boy-like, he whistled merrily over his work, and looked so happy and handsome, with his sunny curls, like his sister's, hanging over a face that still preserved the round curves of childhood, his deep blue eyes shaded by dark, heavy lashes, and the perfect classic profile of his mouth and chin, over which smiles were ever dimpling. With these young creatures, as with the earth, it was the spring of life—to them it was beautiful, hopeful, joyous morning.

The mother entered—a sweet, delicate-looking woman, fragile and graceful, in her robe of pure white ; and then the father came in, like a shadow after sunshine. He was a tall man, of middle age ; but the sharp lines about his mouth, and a crown entirely bald, gave him the appearance of being much older. Yet, not a single grey hair mingled with the thick brown locks at the back of his head, and his form was unbent. His cold, clear blue eyes gleamed from under hanging brows, and his noble forehead was full of intellect. He looked like a man in whom mind held a pre-eminence over heart. The little ones timidly advanced towards him.

“Why, Edmund—Stella—early this morning?” he said, and stooped mechanically to kiss them, while a smile like winter sunshine just bent his lips. Edmund, the boldest, and the favorite, stayed to show his wonderful wood-carving to his father, with boyish pride ; but little Stella crept along by the table, and nestled beside her mother's knee.

“What has my little girl been doing?” said Mrs. Brandreth, twining her fingers in the long silken hair.

“I have been listening to the birds, mamma, and feeling the sunshine, it is so warm and pleasant.”

A light sigh heaved the mother's bosom.

“That is well ; I like to see my darling happy and gay,” she answered tremulously.

And now came the pleasant breakfast hour—the pleasantest meal of all to country-dwellers, and visitants. How cheerful, and fresh, and blithe all look ; how welcome is the balmy morning air ; nay, to descend to common things, how fragrantly rises up the steam of coffee, and how grate-

ful both to sight and taste are the country viands—snowy new-laid eggs, and golden butter, and cream—rich and lucid as nectar. Commend us to a country breakfast. Who *could* come down with sour looks, and bitter speeches, on a sunny morning, and not feel all the hardness and ill-temper melt away from his heart beneath its influence ?

Merrily the children laughed and talked, making, at times, even the sedate father look up from his reading, and winning the gentle mother to smiles less pensive than ordinary. At last Mr. Brandreth collected his papers, and laid them carefully aside ; he was a learned man, wise in geology and natural philosophy, and always devoted the breakfast-hour to the re-perusal and arrangement of his lucubrations. The twins received the signal to retire, and Edmund hastily rose, while Stella moved slowly from her seat. As she passed, her stretched out arms, by which she guided her steps, came in contact with the heap of papers so carefully arranged, and they fell in confusion on the floor. Mr. Brandreth started up angrily—

“Careless child—always doing some mischief or other,” said he, and thrust Stella rudely away. The child fell, and began to weep—not loudly as most children—but with the silent tears of advanced life. The mother took her to her bosom, and soothed her.

“Do take the child away—Marian,” said Mr. Brandreth, in a vexed tone, “she annoys one so much.”

Mrs. Brandreth looked with meek reproach at her husband—“Hush, hush—you forget,” she answered, imploringly, still pressing the little girl closer to her bosom, where the tears at last ceased. Stella walked, or rather crept, to her father's knee, and said, gently—

“Papa, I did not mean to do harm. Forgive poor Stella—she is blind !”

It was so—there was no light in those large, blue, limpid eyes, that were lifted so meekly to the father's face. Six years had the little child looked on the beautiful sky, and then a shadow grew over her vision ; gradually it darkened and darkened, and the world grew dimmer, until, at last, she saw it no more. Now, all the visible earth was become to her like a scene once beheld in a dream, and then shut out for ever. Yet, but for an uneasy wandering of the eyes, no one could have told that those beautiful blue orbs were sightless. The

sweet face wore, at times, that peculiar mournful look which the blind always have, but this was the only outward token of the affliction which had fallen upon her. Affliction it could hardly be called, for the child scarcely felt it as such; her blindness had come on so gradually, that Stella had become accustomed to her helpless condition. And, besides, from her very infancy the child had been quiet and thoughtful, caring little for the sports attractive to her age, as if with a foreshadowing of how soon she was to be deprived of them. Gentle and subdued she was, as became her helpless condition; it seemed as if He, who knew how dependent her whole life must be on the affection of others, had endowed her with that irresistible beauty which wins love, and the meek spirit which preserves it.

But now Stella hardly felt her darkness, so illuminated was it by the light of a mother's love. More than her own life, more than her handsome, frank-hearted boy—nay, more even than the husband of her youth, did Mrs. Brandreth cling to her blind child; with a passionate fervor, an all-absorbing love, that atoned to Stella for the loss of the blessed gift of sight. Perhaps her own delicate health made this love more intense, from the feeling that she would not always be with her darling, to cherish her in her heart's core, and shield her there from all contact with the rough world which the poor stricken one was ill-fitted to brave.

The mother knew well that every year which unfolded, in new beauty, Stella's mind and person, drew her own life nearer towards its close. At last, when Stella and Edmund still lingered on the verge of childhood, the mother was called away. Gently, not rudely, came the summons, and yet it was sudden—just as an autumn leaf flutters and flutters until it drops at once and is seen no more.

Thus did Mrs. Brandreth die—even before her husband, who, all-unconscious of danger, was on a journey, could reach his home, the wife whom he had sincerely loved, though hardly with the tenderness meet for her gentle nature, had passed away. So swiftly came the angel of death, that the mother had hardly time to bless her two babes, and commend poor Stella to her brother's care, in a charge that lingered on the boy's memory from youth to old age. Then, worn out with pain, she kept silence, and lay with closed eyes still holding fast the little hands of her daughter, the thought of whose desolation troubled her spirit,

even on the threshold of paradise. It was night, and the wearied child laid her head on the pillow and slept. Mrs. Brandreth's elder sister and tender nurse wished to remove her, but the mother would not suffer it.

"Do not wake her," she whispered, faintly—"let my darling sleep—I have kissed her and said good-night—a long night—until comes the eternal morning; let her sleep." * * * *

No more words passed through those white lips. Once or twice the eyes opened and rested lovingly, lingeringly, on the face of the sleeping child; then they closed for ever! When morning came, another spirit had entered the gates of heaven. Silently, and without tears, the sister unclosed Stella's warm fingers from those that stiffened around them, and bore her away, still sleeping.

Wildly and resolutely the child strove to return to her mother. Her darkened eyes could not see the change of death, therefore she did not believe in its reality. An hour before she had heard the voice, had felt the hand; both were the same, though feeble; she could not comprehend that one short sleep had parted her mother from her. So clinging to her twin-brother, Stella came and stood by the dead; she called, but there was no answer.

"Where is she, where is she?" cried the despairing child.

Edmund guided his sister's hand to the fingers that had held hers while life lasted; their marble coldness made her start, and cling, trembling, to her brother's neck.

"Edmund—I cannot see—tell how she looks," fearfully whispered Stella.

"White—still—with closed eyes and parted lips—oh, mother! mother! it is not you!" and the boy burst into tears.

"No, my children," said the sister of Mrs. Brandreth, who stood behind them. "Edmund—Stella—I will tell you what she is now—a white-robed, glorious angel at the footstool of God's throne—a voice for ever singing his praise—a spirit pure and perfect, though we know not what form she bears in heaven, save that it is in God's image, and must be beautiful."

And in the stillness of the death chamber that pious and gentle woman drew the orphans of her dead sister to her side and read aloud from the Holy Book, the words that speak of the immortality of the soul, and the state of the blessed in heaven; words so simple, that childhood finds in

them no mystery hard to be understood—so sublime, that the grey-haired philosopher may feel his heart glow with the consciousness that he bears within his frail mortal frame a spirit that can never know death !

The children listened, standing beside the clay of their mother ; yet even then they thought of her no longer as dead on earth, but as rejoicing in heaven.

CHAPTER II.

“ Are we not formed, as notes of music are,
For one another, though dissimilar ?
Such difference without discord as can make
Those sweetest sounds in which all spirits shake,
As trembling leaves in a continuous air.”—SHELLEY.

FROM the time of her mother's death, Stella drooped and pined. The world had grown all dark to the motherless child. Her wild brother, and her cold, reserved father, alike strove to soften their natures and show tenderness to the hopeless one ; but man is so different to woman, and all their kindness atoned not for the love of her who was gone. Edmund remembered well his mother's dying injunction, and many a time he left the field sports, of which he was so passionately fond, to come and talk with his sister, and lead her into the beautiful forest, where she could hear the birds' songs, and be made glad with the gladness of nature. But nothing could altogether remove the perpetual sadness which now darkened the face of the blind girl. Excluded from the pleasures of childhood, hers passed away like a sorrowful dream. She grew up, living within herself, in a world of her own imagining, over which death hung, like an eternal shadow, a mysterious woe which she could not fathom, and which yet haunted her like a spectre. The remembered touch of that icy hand made her shudder in her dreams ; it was all she knew of the great change. Her mind, undiverted from the past by any charms of the present, became dead to all outward impressions, and alive only to imagination, and most of all to memory.

Thus, in this dreamy state of mind, the blind girl insensibly passed from childhood into girlhood. She had attained the age of which poets write as sweetest of all, when the bud is just opening into a flower, and life is in its hopeful spring. How little do these said poets know that this is the saddest age of all. What woman would ever

wish to be again “ sweet sixteen !” Childhood's life is a never-ending present, a contented dwelling on what is best and pleasantest *now*, without memory to sharpen the past, or anxiety to darken the future. But with youth, soon—ah, how soon comes the thirst for something more—the bitter, unsatisfied yearning after vague happiness, some glorious ideal of human felicity, the same in all, yet varied in form, according to the different minds in which it abides. One dreams of wealth, another of gaiety, another—alas for her!—of love ; and so the young creatures go on restlessly seeking to fathom their newly-awakened thoughts and feelings ; and, knowing not their own hearts, nor yet life, they wander about, blindly dazzled or groping in darkness, until the waking comes from that troubled dream, and they enter on the reality, the true life of heart and soul, for which woman was made.

Stella entered upon girlhood with few or none of the buoyant hopes of most young maidens. She saw not beauty, and love was to her only a name that brought to her the memory of her mother—the sole love she had ever known. Always thoughtful, she lived more than ever within the dark chambers of her own soul—her only world. But that world now became peopled with deeper and wilder fancies ; every day new chords were touched in her heart, the mysterious harmonies of which she could scarcely understand. She loved to be alone : in winter she listened to the wind until she almost fancied it talked with her ; in summer, she sat for hours in the still, silent sunshine, and thought of heaven, of the time when she should go thither, and see her mother, with eyes no longer darkened. Then a warble—a perfume would bring back the dreaming girl to earth, and she would think how sweet the world must be to others, and droop her head, and weep that she was blind.

One gift atoned to Stella, in some measure, for the loss of sight, and that was a soul to which music was as its very breath. Her voice had those deep, low tones, that thrill from the heart to the heart ; not a clear, musical, gladsome warble, but a voice that spoke of mind, of feeling, of passion, such as came from no angel's lips, but from a woman's heart. We once heard, and from one too who spoke and thought well, the saying—“ One must always love a woman who sings sweetly ;” and Stella's was a voice not to be admired, perhaps,

but to be loved, as coming from a heart as pure, and beautiful, and sincere as itself. But now this lovely voice was only to her as the means whereby she poured out that overflowing heart in a river of melody; sitting, Ophelia-like, for hours and hours chanting "snatches of old songs," and running her fingers over that sweetest of home's friends, the fire-side piano, in harmonious revealings. And when, day by day, the vague sadness of aimless and unsatisfied youth grew upon her, the blind girl still clung to her ever mournful strains, that made her feel less the weight of her solitude.

There are in life crises, distinct and vivid, on which we can look back and feel that they have colored our whole destiny; can say, but for that one year—one week—one day, how different would all have been. Silently, unconsciously, are we swept on towards these moments, which lie like hills, placed here and there, from whose top we can see our whole life, like a panorama, stretched out before us; and know that but for such and such events we should not have felt, and been as we are. Chance, fatality, are the words on the lips of the wise proud man, in explanation of this; but the humble, loving spirit, looks higher for the unveiling of these marvels which pass worldly wisdom.

Thus, nearer and nearer came the blind girl to the boundary of that golden shadow which overhangs human life, and ever has done so since the time when the first created one wooed the mother of all men, in the twilight of paradise. Once, and once only, can come this sunny cloud over mortal life. Man may love twice, thrice—nay, even woman's constancy may know the freshness of early fancy, or the calm peace of healed affections; but, be it first or last, every man and woman has, or has had, some love supreme to which all others are as nothing. And this is the immortality of love; falsehood, or change, or death, may intervene; the wounded heart may be healed, the fickle vow forgotten in other and higher ones, but no other feelings can ever be exactly the same. It is the idealization of love, which happens but once in a lifetime, and which each young life that enters earth renews in itself, thus making an ever fresh eternity of love.

Some inexplicable whim allured the retired and studious Mr. Brandreth from his home; and he set off to travel on the continent, taking with him his daughter.

Wearily did the blind girl ask to be left in peace with her birds and flowers, and heavily and fearfully did she look forward to entering on a world that could bring her naught but pain. Stella did not know that the silken thread of her destiny was insensibly drawing her towards him who was to lighten its burden, and make all joy and sunshine to her. Thus it was that she met him.

As a man of science and learning, Mr. Brandreth had the entrée everywhere among the gifted, and the patrons of such. Thither he also carried his blind daughter, perhaps because he thought to please her, for he was a kind father, in the main, and perhaps he liked to see many eyes resting with admiration on the beautiful English girl, and to hear praises of her glorious voice. Rarely was it that Stella suffered this gift to be shown forth; but, on one night, wearied of herself, of solitude, of society, she gave way to her feelings, and sang, with her whole soul in the music.

"Who is she who sang?" said a clear, low-toned, manly voice, whose pleasant English tones ran through the Babel of French, Italian, and German tongues that filled the saloon, and pierced to the acute ears of the blind girl. The answer was inaudible to her, but then she heard the same pleasant voice again, in tones that were much fainter, and had a mournful emphasis.

"Poor girl, poor girl, I had a sister who was blind."

A deep crimson flushed Stella's cheek, for she was ever sensitive on the subject of her misfortune; but that sweet and compassionate voice healed where it wounded.

As she left the piano, the blind girl felt her hand taken by that of a stranger, and a gentle "Suffer me to lead you," fell on her ear, in the same voice to which she had listened before. Ere they could find Mr. Brandreth, the stranger had time to ask and claim pardon, as a countryman, for thus addressing one unknown; and by declaring his name, and speaking of some mutual friends, he won upon even the reserved father. All that evening, Philip Armytage sat by the side of the blind girl, who felt her heart warm to the sound of an English voice in that far land; and his was so sweet, and when he spoke to her, had such a pitying softness, as if he thought of the sister he had mentioned. No wonder that when sleep came over poor Stella's dimmed eyes, that voice haunted her in her dreams.

Philip Armytage was that darling hero of novelists, that Pariah of real life, a poor gentleman. Heir to an old uncle, who *would* marry and thwart the hopes of the nephew he had educated with all the luxuries and expectations of wealth, young Armytage, at twenty-five, was thrown like a stray sea-weed on the ocean of the world, with manners, mind, and education that only made him feel more keenly his changed position. He experienced to the full how differently the world looks on a baronet's heir and a nobleman's secretary; even the fine gentlemanly bearing and richly-gifted mind, which could not be taken away from him, were almost thought to add to the category of his imperfections now.

Under the influence of these changed fortunes, Philip Armytage ought, in order to become a true novel hero, to have grown cold, sarcastic, haughty, misanthropic; but he very wisely did no such thing. A good mother, the guardian angel of a boy's life, had better trained her fatherless and only son. Philip's mind and principles were too well regulated for one blast of misfortune to wither the flowers, and cause ill weeds to spring up rampant in the garden of his heart. That heart was disappointed, but not chilled or soured; he did not scorn or rail at the world, but strove, like a true hero, to brave its frowns, and wait patiently until his own firm will and endurance should earn for him what fortune had denied. Philip Armytage was not perfect, who on earth ever was? but his foibles never amounted to vices; and, young as he was, he had learned wisdom, and bade fair to become, if he were not already, a talented and good man. Thus far we have spoken of the mind of Philip Armytage; reversing the general order, and putting foremost what is indeed the highest. Of his face and person, we may now say, that both were pleasing to a lady's eye; he was certainly not an Apollo, but he was tall, graceful, and looked, moved, spoke like a gentleman. Such was he whom destiny, what can such things be but destiny? threw in the way of the young, beautiful, blind girl, whose lonely dreaming heart yearned for an ideal round which to hang, as a garland, all its flowers of love and fancy. And rare as the fact is in the history of most maidens' hearts, in this case the shrine was one worthy to receive that purest and holiest sacrifice, a woman's first love. If this be so powerful that it is sometimes unchanged, always remembered, to old age, what must be the

feelings of those on whom outward impressions can have no influence, whom outward beauty cannot lure to fickleness! how intense, how all-engrossing must be the love of the blind!

CHAPTER III.

"Amor che nullo amato amor perdona
Mi prese, del cestui piacer si ferte
Che come vedi, ancer non m'abbandona."

DANTE.

"Love, that to none beloved to love again
Remits, seized me with wish to please so strong
That as thou seest, even yet it doth remain."

THE wise ones of the earth may ridicule love's mysterious sympathies, as they do the stories of ghosts and apparitions, but there must be some truth in both, or so much pains need not and would not be taken to prove them to be false. How was it, then, that before Stella and Philip Armytage had met half a dozen times, they began to feel and to talk like old friends? What was that strange sympathy which made the very words he uttered appear to her as if she had heard them before in some dim dream, as if she had thought his thoughts long before? And what was it that caused Philip Armytage, who had basked all his life in the smile of woman, to feel an irresistible charm in gazing on the sweet face of the poor blind girl, who, as yet unconscious of the nature of the invisible tie between them, treated him with the frank regard of a young sister towards a dear brother.

Most welcome is the society of a countryman to those who are travelling abroad, and Stella thought it was this reason that made Philip's presence so grateful to her. Then, too, he was so gentle, and talked to her of his lost sister, blind like herself, until she felt that blindness to be less pain. He read to her, and thus opened a new world to her view; his high and cultivated intellect drawing out the hidden treasures of hers, and his early ripened judgment guiding her until she awoke from the vague, idle dreams of girlhood unto a better, brighter life. Yet all this while no words of love passed between them.

For weeks, months, their life was a long dream of happiness, so sweet that neither thought of the waking. By slow degrees the truth dawned on Philip Armytage, and he knew that he, over whose heart light

fancies before had swept like a summer wind, now loved, for the first time, with his whole heart and soul. And who was the object of this passionate love? A blind girl, whose helplessness made her only the dearer; for what is so sweet to proud man as the sense of protection? Often when Philip sat and listened to her voice, or looked on her fragile loveliness, as she clung to his guiding arm, he felt that if he could only take her in his heart's core, and shield her there from every breath of sorrow, what bliss it would be! And then he remembered himself, poor, friendless as he was, how dared he love her! And so his lips were sealed.

Had Philip Armytage guessed that Stella would learn to love him, he would have flown from the spot rather than thus have brought sorrow upon her. He was too honorable, knowing his own poverty, to steal into a girl's heart, whose hand he hoped not to claim. Stella was so different from any woman he had ever met; her manner towards him was so frank, so open, with not a shadow of disguise in her simple, truthful soul, that Philip thought she regarded him only as a friend, and never by one word did he overstep the limits of that friendship. And Stella, in her unworldly and innocent nature, had deceived herself likewise. It was not until he came to tell her that he must soon depart with the noble lord who hired his services, that Stella knew how dearly she loved Philip Armytage.

But with that knowledge came thronging a host of maidenly feelings, not pride, nor yet shame, why should she blush, that in loving him she had loved goodness, and talent, and everything that ennobles man? but painful reserve and sadness, which must now be hidden from sight. How little the poor blind girl knew how to conceal aught. Yet in a few hours of anguish, she learned more than in her whole life; and when Philip came next day to bid her adieu, he was almost startled by the change in her. The wavering color on her cheek had settled into a deadly paleness; and there was womanly calmness in her manner, but not the girlish freedom of old.

A wild thought of sweet agony shot through Philip's brain—did she then love him? But no, there was no tremulousness in the lip, no blush, no tear, it could not be.

They talked long and calmly of his proposed journey—of Italy, whither he was going, of the time passed here so pleasant-

ly, of the chances how and where they might again meet.

"I shall hear of you sometimes," said Philip, in that old, old parting sentence, "and you will think of me now and then, Stella?" It was at her own particular wish that he had called her by her sweet Christian name.

"Yes," answered Stella, "I shall not forget how many dull hours you have made pleasant; I shall ever remember your kindness, your pity, to one like me."

"You pain me by speaking thus," Philip said, after a pause, during which his heart beat so violently that he vainly tried to make his voice seem calm.

"I am sorry; then I will say no more about myself, and only thank you very much for all you have been to me," returned Stella, with something of her smile of old.

Philip Armytage rose—he lingered over the last adieu. He held her hand and looked at her as if to imprint every feature of that beautiful face in his memory. Alas for the blind girl, who could not see what a world of love was revealed in his gaze! With a voice, whose tremulousness went to Stella's very heart, he said, Farewell! lifted her hand half-way to his lips, and relinquished it without the so-longed-for kiss, and departed.

He had scarcely crossed the threshold when he remembered Mr. Brandreth, whose cold but always courteous welcome had never failed him, and surely merited some adieu. Philip returned; but he had not meant to seek Stella again, for her silent farewell had pained him, but he heard a low wailing in the room where he had left her, and came near. There, weeping with a passionate vehemence that shook her slight frame, knelt the blind girl, her head bowed, and her hands tightly clasped together.

"My mother—my Philip—both gone—I am all alone now," she murmured in accents of thrilling sorrow.

Philip forgot everything except that he loved and was beloved. He darted forward and knelt beside her.

"No, not alone, my Stella—star of my life—my only beloved," he cried, lavishing upon her the passionate epithets that love teaches. "I will never leave you, my heart's darling, my beautiful, more than all the world!" he continued, while his arms encircled his treasure, and she trembling, almost doubting the joyful certainty, could only weep. He asked her why she did so.

"Because I am unworthy of you—I, so ignorant—so young, and blind."

"I will be your eyes, my dearest!" cried the lover, kissing the blue veined lids that drooped over those poor sightless orbs, as with the most tender and earnest assurances, he told Stella all—how her sweetness and childlike simplicity had awakened his deepest love—how he had struggled against it, and finally, how he had found out his error, and was resolved in despite of ill-fortune, pride, poverty, to ask her for his own. And so they plighted their faith one to the other; the blind girl and her lover. One hour, almost one moment, had changed their fate through life.

Philip Armytage went home full of deep thought. His step was firmer, his carriage bolder, for he felt that he was no longer a lonely man; he was the guardian of another's happiness; the object of woman's priceless love. He had not only to think of himself, but of her who trusted him, who placed her fate in his keeping. Since yesterday, his whole thoughts were changed; even his worldly prospects seemed brighter now that Stella loved him, and that his fortunes might one day be linked with hers. Poverty looked dim in the distance; he felt a proud consciousness of his own powers; it seemed that he could brave all things—do all things, if Stella might one day be his wife. The glamor of love overspread all he looked upon; and with these delicious feelings, Philip Armytage, before he slept, sat down, and wrote a letter to Mr. Brandreth, asking Stella's hand.

It was refused! The father, though not unkind, was firm. He regretted his own error in not having foreseen the end of such a friendship, and courteously, but resolutely, refused to sanction a marriage or even betrothal, so wild and imprudent.

The lover read the cold, the formal epistle through twice, before he had comprehended clearly; it came like ice upon fire. The sensible, right-minded Philip Armytage was still under the influence of that sweet, bewildering love-dream. Yet, there the words were, freezing and plain, "that a man without riches should never be the husband of Stella Brandreth." His spirit sank within him; he covered his face, and the burning tears, so seldom wrung from manhood, stole through his fingers. How well he loved the poor blind girl!

Night found him still pacing his chamber in utter desolation of heart. Then he yearned once more to look upon the face of

her he loved. He longed to tell Stella that he had not forsaken her, that he would never love any but her. Under cover of darkness he stole to her home, crept along the grass to the window of the room where he and Stella had so often sat; the light, through the half-drawn curtains, showed that she was there and alone. From the deep sadness of her face and attitude he guessed that she knew all. Philip touched the window; it was a little way open, and in a moment he stood by her side.

Long and mournful was the conference between the two; but when Philip spoke of his departure for Italy, the girl's sorrow amounted almost to agony.

"Philip, Philip, do not leave me," she cried imploringly, "I was so desolate before you came; you only brought light and joy to the poor blind girl. No one has loved me but you since my mother died. Philip, I shall die too, if I lose you. Forsake me not, take me with you; as your wife I shall fear nothing, shall regret nothing."

Poor Stella! she knew so little of the world, and she was so young, hardly more than a child in years, and a child in simplicity. All that she felt was the anguish of losing him who was the only one who made life precious to her. She clung around his neck, and besought him to stay, in spite of her father, of every one.

Bitter, indeed, was the struggle in the young man's bosom; but the right triumphed at last. He would not commit so grievous a sin as to bring sorrow and poverty on the innocent creature who trusted him, by wedding her against her father's will.

"Stella, dearest," he said, "you do not know what you ask; we must part for a while. There never comes a blessing on disobedience; and God forbid that I should be the one to steal a child from her father's arms even if I loved her as my heart's blood; and thus love I you, my own Stella."

A deep flush of womanly shame crossed the girl's face. She drew herself from her lover's arms, and stood upright.

"I have been wrong, Philip; I have forgotten what I owe to myself, to my father, to you: forgive me; I am very ignorant; you are wiser and better than I. Forget all this, and only remember that I am blind and lonely, with no one to love me but you. Go, you are right; I will strive to be content in thinking how little I deserved to be loved so well by one like you."

Philip used all the sweet language of a lover, to soothe and cheer her. He told her that he would struggle for life and death, to gain that wealth which would enable him to win her; that she was so young; that nothing was impossible to love, and it might only be a few years before he could boldly come and claim his bride.

"I ask no promise, but I trust your love, my Stella; you will not doubt mine?"

"Never, never," murmured the girl. "But I need not say farewell now; you will come once more?" she added, trembling.

Philip promised, for his patron would remain yet a week. He clasped his beloved wildly to his heart, leaped through the window, and was gone. For an hour he haunted the place, until he saw Stella at the window; the lamp showed him her face, pale, sad, and composed; she stayed a moment to breathe the cool night air, and then turned away. It was his last vision of the beautiful blind girl.

When, a few days after, Philip came again to the house where he had been so welcome, it was deserted; the Englishman and his daughter had gone, no one knew whether.

CHAPTER IV.

"How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought
And simple truth its utmost skill.
This man is free from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall,
Lord of himself, tho' not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all."

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

PHILIP ARMYTAGE went to Italy, a weary hearted, disappointed man. He had loved; he loved still; the life of love was over; yet its memory was as a sweet perfume, that would not depart. No true, earnest, pure love can be utterly in vain. Such a love is rarely placed on an unworthy object; and the mere act of loving hallows and elevates the soul. If death takes away the desire of the eyes, who shall repine at having loved, and made life sweet by that love, while it lasted? If, more hard to bear still, comes earthly separation from the beloved, nay, even falsehood, still the poor lonely one has not loved in vain. Why do poets rave about unhappy love? There is

no unhappiness in love, if it be sinless. The stricken heart has shed its odors like a flower; if they are wasted or cast aside, it is sad; but still they have not been poured out in vain, they have perfumed the air around, and the flower has lived amid the incense it made. Again we say, no man or woman, who loved truly, ever loved in vain.

And Philip's love for Stella was not in vain; it purified his heart; it taught him his own strength; it nerved to energy a spirit that might otherwise have yielded to apathy. In the thorny path of life, even the strong-minded Philip Armitage might have sunk in despair but for that poor little wayside flower which had brightened his way, if only for a time. Love for a virtuous woman is man's best armor against sin, his strongest spur to exertion; and thus, when Philip awoke from his dream of love, he determined resolutely to gain the reality of it.

He saw that to saunter lazily through life, as the dependant of a great man, would not be the way to win him his Stella, that he must strive to enter some profession that might give him wealth and a position in society. Yet how, without means of support, was he to attain this end? How live while he was studying, how bear the expenses of study? Many a time did he ponder over this, until he was nigh unto despair. There was but one chance, and to that he bent his proud spirit. A greater testimony could not be given to the intense love which animated him to exertion, for her sake who had awakened it.

Philip Armitage came to England, and, uninvited, crossed the threshold of the uncle whose delight he had been in boyhood, and from whom he had parted a year before, if not in anger, at least in coolness; the result of suffering on the one hand, and conscious injustice on the other. He did what will at once stamp him as no hero of romance, but yet what was, in itself, the greatest heroism, as it cost him the severest struggle of his life. He asked humbly, and as a favor, that his uncle would, out of his abundant wealth, supply him with a pittance while he studied for the bar, pledging himself if he lived, to return the loan.

Sir Philip Heatcote was not a man of deep feelings, yet he perceived at once how violently those of his nephew were agitated while making this request. He took his hand kindly, almost deprecatingly, for it seemed to him that his dead sister looked

at him out of her son's eyes, reproaching him for the caprice which had brought Philip so low.

"Tell me, first, why you are thus anxious to become a barrister, my dear boy?" said the old man to him.

The endearing expression, and somewhat of the love of former days, melted away all Philip's lingering pride. He told his uncle why he wished advancement in the world, for the sake of one beloved.

"It is foolish, very foolish; a girl so young, and blind too! What sort of a wife will she make, think you, for a man who must struggle with the world?" said the cautious uncle.

Philip's pride once more rose up in his heart. "I only asked you if you would show me this kindness; if not, I will depart," he replied, coldly.

"I must consider," Sir Philip was about to say, still doubtful, when the rustle of silks announced the old man's young, beautiful, worldly wife, and he hastily grasped his nephew's hand, whispering, "Not a word, Philip, you shall have all you wish!" There was much good in the old baronet, after all.

Philip entered on his new career. It was one from which, in his earlier days of academic honors and literary pleasures, he would have shrunk in disgust, as being wearisome and dull: but he had now a great end to gain, and he heeded not how uninviting was the path that led towards it. Month after month he pored over dusty law folios, until his brain grew heated and weary; but then between him and the page would float Stella's face, with the long lashes cast down, and the sweet lips that trembled with every change of feeling, as rose petals by the breath of the breeze. In the day time, when mingling with the hurrying scenes of the life he had chosen, that image grew fainter; but when at night he closed his eyes, and his spirit retired within itself, deep in his heart's core did Philip cherish the memory of Stella.

As months, years flew on, and no tidings reached him, this memory became like a dream. He had no clue whereby to trace her, and even if he had, what could it have availed? Still though hope grew less, it never utterly failed him, he could not but think that he should meet her again one day, and no other love ever came to render him forgetful of that which he bore towards her.

Thus Philip Armytage went on his way,

until his brave spirit had conquered all difficulties; and, no longer dependent on his uncle's kindness, he took his stand among those whose eloquence and talents made them renowned in the land. How was the boyish dreamer changed, and become the thoughtful high-hearted man, before whose intellect the wisest bowed, and upon whose eloquent tongue the learned and unlearned, the rude and the gentle, hung spell-bound with equal delight? No shallow sophistry, no underhand double-dealing ever sullied the lips or disgraced the actions of Philip Armytage; he ever stood forward for truth and justice. He showed the dignity of the law, and his strong, clear mind was never warped by meanness or prejudice.

And not alone at the bar did his fame make its way; but his fine intellect blossomed anew in the sunshine of good fortune. His darling dream from his boyhood was realized, he became an author. The voice of the poet went forth like a trumpet, sounding aloud for the just and right cause; men listened to it, and woman's lips grew eloquent in praise of the noble spirit that was ever on the side of truth and mercy. His songs went through the length and breadth of the land, to prove what the true poet ought to be—not the idle rhymers, the visionary sentimentalist, but the teacher of all high things, the voice of God to mankind, leading them to a purer life, and himself showing the way. The man of genius stands forth as the high priest of Divinity itself, before whom it befits him to offer up, not only the first fruits of his intellect, but the continued sweet savor of a life high and pure, and in accordance with the love he teaches. He should realize his own ideal, and be what he strives to delineate. And thus, amidst fame and high fortune was Philip Armytage the eloquent upholder of virtue, the scorner of vice, the earnest, music-breathing poet, the noble man.

CHAPTER V.

"In the unruffled shelter of thy love,
My bark leaped homewards from a rugged sea.
And furled its sails, and dropped right peacefully
Hope's anchor, quiet as a nested dove."—LOWELL.

AMONG the many whose society was pleasant to Philip Armytage, as he was to them, stood foremost an aged couple, who, united late in life, spent their childless old

age in pleasing themselves with all that was good and beautiful around. Mrs. Lyle was one of those few women who know how to "grow old gracefully," and are as winning and lovely in their decay as the twilight in a summer evening fading in the grey of night. None of the sourness and cold-heartedness of age was in her gentle nature; she did not turn away from the young and ardent, but rather clung to them and encouraged them. She loved all that was beautiful; she filled her pretty home with pictures, and statues, and books, so that to enter it was like coming into a sweet garden of fancy, in which the continual perfume of a graceful and elegant mind pervaded all things. And about this pleasant home moved its gentle possessor, with her low voice, her kind manner, and her face still beautiful even in age, from the sweet expression it wore. Hither she welcomed many of those who were rising or risen in art and literature, rejoicing with the fortunate, cheering the doubtful, encouraging the struggling, and sympathizing with all, and with none more than with Philip Armytage.

One day the young barrister came thither to see Mrs. Lyle. The gentle old lady was in her flower garden; she loved her flowers so much, as indeed she loved everything in which was a shadow of the beautiful—and Philip was shown into an inner room where she received her favorite guests. A pleasant room it was; with its antique furniture, its crimson walls, from which looked the sweet heads of Raffaele, and the soft-eyed Madonnas of Guido, besides the pure outlines of Flaxman's marble bas-reliefs, with its painted windows through which the sunlight struggled quaintly, giving an air of dreaminess and mystery to the whole.

Philip Armytage half entered, but stayed his feet, for the room was not unoccupied. At the further end a lady sat reading. From her slight but rounded figure she seemed in the meridian of womanhood; her face was turned away, but Philip looked in admiration at the graceful outline of her cheek, and her Grecian shaped head, round which soft golden hair was braided, contrasting with the mourning dress she wore.

Wondering who she could be, he came nearer, she turned round, half-bending in acknowledgment to a stranger, and Philip looked upon the face of his early love. Yes! it was indeed Stella; but how changed! the fairy girl was matured in the

dignified woman, and those sweet blue eyes, sightless no longer, coldly met his own without recognising Philip Armytage.

A chill crept over him; he, who a day before would have flown to clasp her to his bosom, now stood spell-bound by her presence, as if she had been a vision from the dead.

"Have you forgotten me?" at last burst from his quivering lips.

At the sound of his voice she started, glanced wildly towards him—her cheek grew marble white and then crimson.

"Have you forgotten me, Stella?—forgotten Philip Armytage?" and he took her hand.

"No—no—no!" cried the girl, as she clasped it in both hers, and looked eagerly in his face. In a moment Philip's arm was round her, and his long-lost, long-beloved one wept joyful tears upon his breast.

"And do you indeed remember me still, Philip?" asked Stella, with a doubtful look in her eyes. "Have all these years brought no change?"

"It is you who are changed, my beloved," Philip answered, gazing earnestly at her.

An expression of rapturous joy irradiated Stella's face.

"Yes! I am not now as when you knew me—I am no longer blind."

They sat together, hand in hand, and talked of all that had happened since they parted. Stella told her lover how, after their forced separation, months had glided into years, and still she heard no tidings of him; how she and her father at last returned to England, where the skill of an eminent oculist restored to her the light of day, and all the delights of a world so long shut out from her. Thus her girlhood stole into womanhood, and she entered into society, still keeping faithful to the memory of her early dream, dim and hopeless as it had now become. Then Stella spoke of her father, of his increased kindness, which had continued until his death. Her high-spirited brother had gone to India, and she was now all alone, save for the sister of her mother—the gentle-hearted Mrs. Lyle. All this Philip learned, in return for his own tale of faithful love. But Stella, with woman's reserve, did not tell him how entirely the thought of him had engrossed her own soul; that by night and by day his name was in her heart, his voice in her ear; that she existed but in that one idea, through months and years of absence, during which

she knew not if he ever once remembered her. She did not tell him how, when his fame increased, it reached even to her, and her woman's heart swelled with pride at having loved and been loved by one so worthy; how she lived for days on the delight of having read his name, or heard him spoken of by strangers with words of praise; how she hung over his writings, and traced there the ripe harvest of mind which she had known in its early luxuriance; and how at times came the wild yearning to see him once more, and to know if in the memory of the honored man of genius lingered one thought of the blind girl he had once loved, and who returned that love with such passionate devotion, though it was buried in the depths of her inmost heart.

This sweet communion was broken by the entrance of Mrs. Lyle; but all was soon revealed to her, and she rejoiced with almost a mother's joy over the happiness of the two whom she loved so well. Once more Philip and Stella renewed their early vows; there was now no impediment to their union, save in that lingering pride which made the lover shrink from receiving from his wife those worldly riches with which it would have been his delight to load her. But the young barrister was still poor, and Stella was an heiress.

When Philip spoke of this, she answered with the loving dignity of a woman, who, with her heart, gives her all—

"Do you remember, Philip, years ago when I was a wild, foolish girl, I besought you to take me as your wife, and you nobly refused to bring sorrow upon me in return for my love? I am now a woman, wiser, I trust, and more worthy of you, though still most humble compared to Philip Armytage. But such as I am, take me, and all that is mine; I count it as nothing when I think of the bliss of being beloved by one like you."

And now the betrothed lovers entered on that sweet time when the doubt and fear of love is over, and the two heart-united ones stood on the threshold of wedded life, and looked forward to the future as an endless vista of pleasant paths to be trodden together. How sweet were the long summer evenings when Philip left weary, dull, dusty London behind him, and came to Mrs. Lyle's cottage at Hampstead, that prettiest of pretty spots, which, but for its metropolitan *prestige*, would be thought a very Arcadia! It was very pleasant to Philip and Stella to stroll along the green lanes be-

tween Hampstead and Highgate, and talk of their old favorites who had loved these very spots—the young dreamer, Keats, and Coleridge, the philosopher-poet, and Shelley, the gentle-hearted, whose life was a long sunbeam of love and poetry. And when they came home there was Mrs. Lyle, ever ready to welcome them with her quiet smile; and then there was some good book to be read, over which the good-natured, but less ethereally inclined friend dozed in sweet oblivion: or else Stella sang to her lover the dear old songs, of which she had not forgotten one—not even the one which he had first listened to in the gay *soirée*, when sung by the blind English maiden.

Day by day Stella's character unfolded itself more to her betrothed—not as the sweet, innocent girl, whose helplessness had entwined her round the heart of the strong man, in spite of her half-formed mind so inferior to his own, with a tie in which compassion had awakened love; but as the matured, high-souled woman, whose ripened, cultivated powers made her a help meet for the man of intellect. Philip Armytage did not know how much of this was owing to himself. A woman's character in after-life often, nay almost always, takes its nature from that of her first love—not her first crude, girlish fancy, but the one who unsealed the fountain of woman's feelings. She becomes like him she loves; her thoughts and predilections take their hue from his; if she weds him, their union is thus made sweeter by sympathy; if not, however her lot may be cast, she never entirely ceases to be influenced by those feelings which he first created and guided. Thus, had Stella loved one of inferior mind, she would never have become what she was now, her nature would have sunk to his, and many of its hidden treasures would have lain dormant for ever.

But though hardly a trace remained of the undeveloped character of the blind girl, Stella still preserved the pure simplicity and meekness which distinguished her then. She was still as humble-minded, as devoted to him she loved, hardly bestowing a thought on her surpassing beauty and her many attractions, except so far as they made her more precious to him and more worthy to be his wife. And such was the bride whom, ere the leaves of autumn had fallen to the earth, Philip Armytage took to his home and to his heart, a treasure long wooed, long sighed for, at last won!

CHAPTER VI.

"Their sky was all glory; but a cloud sailed into it; there was lightning in its bosom, and it broke."
—BERNARD.

WE have seen the blind girl as a child, a young maiden, a woman in the pride of her loveliness; let us now behold her as a wife, no longer the idol of a lover's dream, but the sharer of his life—the joy, the comfort of her husband's home. We would fain describe her, but the words float from our pen, and glide away into poesy—into that sweetest picture of woman that ever dawned on poet's brain. Stella was—

"A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles!"

* * * * *

"A being breathing thoughtful breath;
A traveller betwixt life and death;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit, still and bright,
And something of an angel light."

After this, what can we say but that Philip Armytage had, in truth "an angel in the house." Rare, very rare, are such in this world; but we have known some, and others, doubtless, have done the same. Alas! that while they were walking with us we knew them not, until they had spread their invisible wings and flown to heaven!

The home of Philip Armytage was one in which the world may see that poesy can hallow daily life, and that the glorious light of genius is not incompatible with the subdued, delicious glow of the domestic fire-side. A man of talent is like a beacon set on a hill, exposed to every wind of heaven, and to the gaze of innumerable eyes, eagerly watching lest its light should be extinguished. If it flutter or wave for a moment, like any other common fire, up rises the cry of a hundred voices, and a hundred hands are lifted to quench the unworthy beacon. God help the man of genius! he walks through a road that is full of snares, more, and deeper, for him than for men of less exalted minds and less sensitive natures; and all these set up a rejoicing shout if he only stumble. Yet it is not impossible to tread the path in safety; many strive thus to walk, and all honor to those whose life proves that men may glory at once in a lofty intellect and a blameless and pure heart. Such an one approaches nearest to that ideal of humanity—which

all shall, we trust, one day attain—when mind and matter shall no longer strive together, and we become only "a little lower than the angels."

Philip Armytage lived this life, as near as man can do on earth. He brought the treasures of his lofty intellect to brighten his home; he did not relinquish his profession, but he adorned it with the refinements of a gifted mind. He had none of the vagaries of the poet; he did not consider that genius must necessarily be eccentric, and no one would have thought that the clear-headed, sensible man, whose courteous and winning manners were the ornament of the intellectual society which he collected round him, in his well-ordered home, or the gentle, affectionate husband, who read and talked cheerfully to his wife, during the long winter evenings, was the same high souled poet, whose brilliant imagination made his writings worshipped by some, and wondered at by others.

When the long, pleasant, summer days came again, Philip and Stella took "the wings of the dove," and fled away for a time to a home far down in the country, the same where Stella's mournful childhood had been spent, and which was now left half desolate in the absence of its present owner, Edmund Brandreth. The happy wife of Philip Armytage trod, with her husband by her side, all those forest walks where the lonely blind girl had once wandered, and the contrast made her, if possible, happier still. Life was to the young pair an enchanted dream of such deep joy that their hearts trembled under the burden, like flowers heavy with much dew. Young, rich, with minds gifted to behold and enjoy, to the full, all that was beautiful, and hearts that seemed as one in close and loving union; what had they more to desire? Sometimes a light shadow of fear would flit over them—a sort of vague doubt that as night comes after day, so grief ever follows happiness. But then love chased the dim phantom away with its angel wings.

It had been a long season of drought, so that the very grass was parched in the meadows, the birds became almost mute and fled to the deepest shades of the vast forest. Very grateful now was the thick wood, whose verdant recesses formed the only relief from this insupportable heat. Every evening Stella and her husband took their pleasant ramble together, from twilight until the stars came out: the young wife added to every beautiful sight and sound

by her deep sense of enjoyment, while Philip's noble mind invested all things with a halo of poesy, so that to walk with him was to walk with a magician, who unveiled the inner life of nature.

One evening they went out together as usual, but did not pass beyond the lawn, for twilight brought with it the tokens of a coming storm. Dark, vapor-fringed cumuli rose up o'er the bed of the departing orb, shutting out all the lovely purple and gold of a September sunset, and growing thicker and blacker, until they reached mid heaven, covering the pale moon, that in her feeble age followed quickly after the fading light. A heavy stillness succeeded—a darkness that might be felt, oppressing both mind and body with a dull weight.

"Let us go in," said Stella, as she leaned wearily upon her husband's arm; "see, the storm is coming nearer; and look! there is a flash."

"It is only summer lightning," Philip answered. "But come, dear, we will go within doors, and watch it from the window, it is so beautiful."

They went in, and stood watching the storm. Stella felt no fear, for her husband was beside her. She rested her head on his shoulder, and felt his arm encircle her, and thus they looked on the gathering clouds, and the brilliant flashes of sheet lightning that momentarily illumined the whole heaven, and made the dark woods as bright and distinct as in broad daylight. Even when the heavy drops began to fall, and a low rumbling of thunder was heard in the distance, they did not turn away, for the minds of both were of too high an order to experience that weak sorrow which makes the feeble shrink from that grandest and most beautiful sight—a thunder-storm at night.

"You are not afraid, my dearest?" asked the husband.

"No, Philip," answered Stella. "I like to watch a storm coming on. I feel a kind of awful delight, as though I were drawn nearer to heaven, and heard the voice of God in the thunder. I have no fear, except that I would ever have those I love beside me as now."

Philip pressed his wife nearer to him with a smile. "Now you are quite safe, love."

"Yes, with you. I remember the first storm I ever watched, after my sight was restored. It was here at this very window. I was foolish, my Philip, I know, but I could not turn my thoughts from you. I

wondered where you were—if you were safe; and dreading no danger for myself, I felt a shuddering fear lest harm should come to you. Now I have you with me, my own husband."

"For ever—for ever," cried Philip, stooping over her with intense love, "my Stella, my——"

As he spoke, a dazzling, blinding flash enveloped them in one sheet of lurid flame; then came a burst of thunder, so long and loud, that it seemed as if the heavens were falling. But the husband and wife heard it not. They both lay insensible, Philip's arm still clasping his beloved. Philip Armytage woke to consciousness, and found Stella still lying motionless. Her eyes were fixed and open; her features white and livid, while her arm still twined round his neck, as cold and heavy as stone. He uttered one cry of agonized despair, and then a desperate calmness came over him. He felt her heart; a faint pulse was still beating there. He lifted her hand; it did not fall down again, but remained stiffly extended. She was not dead, but remained in a trance if possible more fearful still than death.

All that night, the next day, and throughout another horrible night, did Philip hang over his insensible wife. No skill could wake her from her terrible repose; she lay immovable, breathing faintly, but a tinge of life was on her marble-like face, and the glare of her open eyes was fearful to behold. Philip tried to close them, but the eyelids shrank back again from the dilated pupils. He covered them with a veil, for he could not bear to see the horrible expression they gave to the beautiful face he loved so much.

When the second day was at its meridian, Philip thought he saw her breast heave, a faint hue dyed her white lips—they moved; and with a wild cry he clasped his wife in his arms, and strove to reanimate those pale lips with kisses.

"Philip," she murmured faintly, "I thought I was dead."

"You are living—here in my arms, my beloved—my heart's treasure," cried the husband, almost weeping with joy.

"Ah, I remember the storm; it is all over now. It is night; but why have you put out the lamp? I cannot see you, love."

Philip shuddered at her words, for the room was flooded with the golden light of noon. He looked at Stella's eyes; their

expression revealed the awful truth; the lightning had struck her, and she was once more hopelessly blind.

CHAPTER VII.

"Go not away—yet ah, dark shades I see
Obscure thy brow—thou goest! but give thy
hand;
Must it be so?—Then go—I follow thee;
Yes! unto death—unto the Silent Land."

FREDERIKA BREMER.

STELLA awoke from that thunder-stricken trance unto darkness that no human power could henceforth sweep away—those sweet eyes were now blind for ever. Meekly, as became her nature, did she bow beneath the stroke, but Philip writhed under it in insupportable agony. Stella's health slowly recovered, and she rose up from her bed of sickness, and once more wandered about the house, pale, pensive, but still calm. Then burst forth her husband's wild despair. His frantic words sometimes reached almost to imprecations. He wished that the terrible lightning flash had struck him dead, rather than that he should live to see this wreck of his happiness. His whole nature seemed changed; the gentle, upright, pious-hearted Philip Armytage was all but a maniac in his wild despair.

But Stella seemed to have gained all the firmness which he had lost. Patient, unrepining, she was to him like a guardian angel, soothing and cheering him, as if he had been the stricken one, and she the consoler. He would take her away, to try all that metropolitan skill could effect, and to amuse her, as he thought, with every enjoyment that London could furnish. But Stella knew it was hopeless, and though she submitted, to please her husband, still it was not long before her health failed in the close air of the city, and Philip bore her again to her native home.

There the soft spring breezes once more brought faint roses to the cheek of the blind wife, and hope, almost joy, stole back again to her heart, for she knew that heart would soon throb with the pulses of a mother's love. Again life became sweet to her, and a little of her cheerfulness communicated itself to Philip's melancholy spirit. In his wife's presence he grew more calm, and for her sake he returned to those pursuits which, in the first burst of wild agony, he had vowed to relinquish for ever. He read to her, as of old; he wrote poetry, because

it pleased her; he no longer shrank from the pleasant sunshine, because she could behold it no more; but spent whole days in guiding her steps through the forest, describing everything he saw with the eloquence of love.

"Do you remember once when you said, 'I will be your eyes, dearest?'" Stella one day whispered to him; "and now you are so, my Philip! you make me see with your eyes."

Philip groaned, "Hush, hush, I cannot bear it."

"Nay, nay, look at me; I am not sad; indeed, Philip, you do not know how happy I am. If I were now, as I once was—lonely, helpless, with no one to love me—I might indeed lament; but with you, my husband, ever with me, giving up all for me, with the knowledge that my infirmity only proves how strong is your love, how can I murmur? My own Philip; you are the light of my eyes; there is no darkness for me when you are by."

And Philip could only press her to his heart, and weep.

But though when her husband was by, Stella appeared contented and cheerful, and indeed was so, yet there were times when she felt bitterly the deprivation of all those pleasures which had become so dear to her. She longed to behold that beautiful world which had been revealed to her sight, only to be shut out again for ever; and more than all did she yearn to look once more upon the face of her husband, to watch it kindling into genius, until it became, to her at least, as the face of an angel. She knew, by the tones of his voice, when it wore that look, and then her heart sank to think that she must see it no more for ever. At times, too, when in her darkness she was attiring herself, or arranging her long auburn hair, a natural sigh would escape her at the memory of the days in which her unsealed eyes first discovered that she was beautiful; and a throb of pleasure came to her heart at the thought that she was thereby more worthy of the long absent, but well-beloved one. Then, too, Stella would turn from the past to the dim future, and sometimes even weep that she would never behold the face of her child—that the blind mother would not trace, in its opening beauty, a likeness to the features more dear to her. And then, with these mother thoughts, came memories of her own lost parent, in solemn sweetness leading her from earth to heaven.

Thus the time wore on ; Philip's anguish was lulled by happy hopes for the future, and Stella's brow wore a holy calmness. One day, an aged woman, who had nursed her in her infancy, shook her head as she looked mournfully on the changing cheek and transparent hands ; she knew well that the mysteries of the coming birth alone kept away the dread phantom, whose shadow already hung over the blind mother.

The hour of trial came ; it brought a moment's joy, and then the gloom of despair. In a few days, the faint wailing cry of the young spirit which had entered this world of care was hushed ; and silently, slowly, the mother was following her babe to heaven. No earthly power could save her, and Philip knew it. As still and speechless as her whose life was ebbing away on his bosom, the husband waited for death to take his treasure from his arms.

Stella lay in the heavy slumber which a temporary delirium had left behind. She did not even know on whose anguish-riven bosom her head rested. Once only she spoke like one dreaming.

"I see her, there, there, with white garments. Mother, I am coming ; only let me bid *him* farewell." And her lips closed, murmuring Philip's name.

An hour before death her senses returned. She bade Philip kiss her, then whispered faintly—

"I am content, my husband, my beloved ! You will come too, soon, oh ! soon. There is no darkness there."

She felt for his hand, laid it on her heart, and spoke no more. Death stole over that gentle one, not with gloom and sorrow, but with the peaceful shadows of a child's rosy sleep.

* * * * *

Let us pause for a moment to think of Death—Death, as he comes in the midst of life, and youth, and love, when the world is yet sweet, and the journey has been too short for the limbs to grow weary. Yet, even so ; blessed are they who never know the burden and heat of the day ! To them the Dread Presence comes as a white-winged angel, ere they have time to invest him with shadows that are alone the creation of man's fearful heart. He comes smiling, to waft them from earth's pleasures to those which are eternal. It is better to depart while love's roses are blooming than to linger until they fade. Therefore, blessed are the young who die beloved and loving still ! And for those, few in years, but many in sorrows, who have already

seen the sun of hope set ere noon, who would keep the poor mourning ones from their rest ! Thus let us think of thee, O Death ! gentle unlooser of life's burden, who foldest thy calm, still arms round the weary frame, and leavest the immortal spirit to rise rejoicing unto God.

For months after the death of Stella, the world was a blank to Philip Armytage. His noble mind was a wreck, and if at times glimpses of reason and intellect came, like wandering meteors through the ruins, they only showed more plainly the mournful desolation around. One soft woman's voice, and gentle woman's hand had power over him in his wildest moods, they were those of Mrs. Lyle. Many thought that his brain had never recovered from the fearful lightning stroke, so that any great sorrow was sure to overthrow reason for ever. But the love which had suffered so much, and then been riven by death, was cause sufficient. Rarely do men love to such intensity, but when they do it is a fearful thing.

After a long season, Philip's mind awoke from its sleep. With declining health came restored reason. He lost that delusion, which had constantly haunted him, in which he fancied that the lost one was ever present by his side. It might have been a dream or not ; God only knows. If the departed become ministering spirits, as may be, what office would be sweeter to that blessed angel than to watch over and soothe the bewildered mind of him whom she had so fondly loved on earth ? Calmly, with a kind of mournful joy, did Philip Armytage see the world glide from him. Its pleasures were like shadows to him now. He lived near the fatal yet beloved home whose gloom was now brightened by infant smiles and gay young voices, the children of Edmund Brandreth. These loved to gather round the knees of the pale, but ever-gentle mourner, and hear him talk of her who was gone—of her darkened childhood, her happy youth, her sweetness, and her suffering ; and then they would listen with him to the murmuring of the trees in the old churchyard, the more fanciful of them thinking it was her voice whispering to them in the still evening twilight. But when the solitary one had kissed them all, and bade them good night, he would stretch his arms out in the darkness and cry with a low yearning voice—

"My Stella, my beloved, let me come to thee."

And at length the longing prayer was heard.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE LAMARTINE.—BY C. COCKS.*

WHILST Paris, France, and the leaders and armies of factions, were preparing to tear the republic to pieces, the shadow of a mighty spirit was hovering over the soul of a young girl, and about to disconcert both men and events by placing the arm and the life of a woman across the path of the destiny of the revolution.

In a lonely by-street of the city of Caen, then the centre of the Girondist insurrection, may still be seen an old, grey, weather-beaten house, at the end of a court-yard. There, in the beginning of 1793, lived a grand-niece of our great tragic poet, Pierre Corneille. Poets and heroes are of the same race. There is no other difference between them than that of conception and achievement; the latter realize the conceptions of the former; but the thought is the same. Women are naturally as enthusiastic as the former, and as courageous as the latter. Poetry, heroism, and love, are of the same family.

This house belonged to a poor, aged, infirm, and childless widow, named Madame de Bretteville. She had had with her, for a few years, a young relation, whom she had brought up for the support of her old age, and to enliven her solitude. This damsel was then in her twenty-fourth year. Her stature, though tall, did not exceed that of the generality of the fine graceful women of Normandy. Her complexion partook of the ardor of the south, and the rosy hue of the women of the north. Her hair, which seemed dark, when tied round her head, or opening in two waves on her brow, had a golden tinge at the extremity of the tresses. Her eyes, large and extending to the temples, were blue when she was lost in reflection, but changed to black when she became animated; they were shaded by long eye-lashes, darker than her hair, and adding depth to the soul which beamed in her eye. Her nose united with her forehead by an imperceptible curve; and her Grecian mouth and lips had a wavering, indefinable expression between tenderness and severity. Her prominent chin,

divided by a deep dimple, gave to the lower part of her visage a character of manly resolution, which contrasted with the perfectly feminine grace of the rest of her countenance. Her cheeks, glowing with youth, possessed the firm fulness of health. The least emotion would cause her to blush or turn pale. Her broad, though somewhat thin chest, was a bust for a sculptor. Her skin was white. Her arms were strong and muscular, her hands long, and her fingers tapering. Her costume, conformable to her limited means and the solitude in which she lived, was of sober simplicity. She trusted to nature, and disdained every artifice and caprice of fashion in her dress. Persons who knew her in her youth, describe her as being uniformly dressed in a dark-colored robe, cut like a riding-habit, and wearing a grey felt hat, turned up at the edge, and ornamented with black ribbons, as was then the mode among women of her condition. The sound of her voice, that living *écho* which sums up all the deep feelings of the soul in a vibration of the air, left a deep and tender impression on the ears of those whom she addressed. They would speak of the sound of that voice ten years after they had heard it, as a strange music indelibly impressed on their memory.

This young damsel was named Charlotte Corday-d'Armont. Although of noble extraction, she was born in a cottage in the village of Lignerles, not far from Argentan. Her father, François de Corday-d'Armont, was one of those provincial *gentilshommes* whom their poverty almost confounded with the peasantry. Occupied with agricultural pursuits, he beguiled his leisure with political and literary studies, then much diffused among that uneasy class of the population.

It was the time when the Girondists were contending, with glorious courage and prodigious eloquence, against their enemies in the Convention. The Jacobins, so it was believed, wanted to snatch the republic out of the hands of the Girondist party, only to plunge France into a bloody anarchy. In place of those great men, who seemed to be defending at the breach the

* This graphic account will appear in M. de Lamartine's next volume of the History of the Girondists, which is not yet published.

last ramparts of society, and the sacred home of every citizen, Marat, sprung from the loathsome dregs of the populace, triumphing over the laws by sedition, carried in the arms of rioters to the tribune, now assumed the dictatorship of anarchy, robbery, and assassination, and menaced independence, property, liberty, life itself in the departments. These convulsions, excesses, and terrors, had deeply moved the provinces of Normandy.

Charlotte Corday's wounded heart felt all these calamities inflicted on her native land. She saw the ruin of France, and the victims; she thought, too, she perceived the tyrant. She vowed to herself that she would avenge the former, punish the latter, and save her country. For some days she brooded over her vague resolution in her soul, without knowing what act France demanded of her, or what source of crime it was most urgent to remove. She studied men, circumstances, and the state of affairs, in order that her blood should not be shed in vain!

The Girondists whom the city of Caen had taken under its protection were lodged all together, by the town, in what had been the Intendant's palace. There meetings of the people used to be held, at which the citizens, and even women, were present, in order to contemplate and hear those first victims of anarchy—those last avengers of liberty. On leaving those assemblies, the people would cry *to arms!* and incite their sons, brothers, and husbands, to enlist in the battalions. Charlotte Corday, surmounting the prejudices of her rank, and the timidity of her sex and age, had the courage to attend those meetings several times, with a few of her female friends. She desired to behold those whom she was about to save. The situation, the language, and the countenances of those first apostles of liberty, almost all young men, became engraven in her soul, and imparted something more personal and impassioned to her devotion to their cause.

Charlotte witnessed from a balcony the enlisting of the volunteers and the departure of their battalions. The enthusiasm of those young citizens, abandoning their homes in order to protect the violated asylum of the national representation, and to brave bullets or the guillotine, chimed with her own.

After the departure of the volunteers, Charlotte was occupied with one single thought; to anticipate their arrival at

Paris, spare their generous lives, and render their patriotism superfluous by delivering France from tyranny before their arrival.

A presentiment of terror was then pervading France. The scaffold was erected at Paris, and was expected to be shortly seen throughout the republic. The power of the Montagne and Marat, if it triumphed, could be defended only by the hand of the executioner. It was said that the monster had already written lists of proscription, and counted the number of heads that were to be sacrificed to his suspicions and vengeance. Two thousand five hundred victims were marked out at Lyons alone, three thousand at Marseilles, twenty-eight thousand at Paris, and three hundred thousand in Brittany and Calvados. The name of Marat caused a shudder like the name of death. To prevent the shedding of so much blood, Charlotte was resolved to give her own. Under specious pretext she presented herself to the Hotel de l'Intendance, where the citizens who had business with deputies were able to approach them. She saw Buzot, Pethion, and Louvet, and had two conversations with Barbaroux. She pretended to be a petitioner, and asked the young Marseillois for a letter of introduction to one of his colleagues of the Convention, who could present her to the Minister of the Interior. She said she had a petition to present to the government in favor of Mademoiselle de Forbin, the friend of her childhood. Barbaroux gave her a letter to Duperret, one of the seventy-three deputies of the Gironde forgotten in the first proscription. This letter, which later caused Duperret to ascend the scaffold, contained not one word that could be imputed as a crime to him who received it. Provided with this letter, and a passport, which she had taken a few days before for Argentan, Charlotte thanked Barbaroux, and bade him farewell. The sound of her voice filled Barbaroux with a presentiment then incomprehensible to him. "If we had known her design," said he, afterwards, "and if we had been capable of committing a crime by such a hand, Marat is not the man we should have pointed out to her vengeance."

The last struggle now took place within her, between thought and the deed; but only the gravity of her countenance and a few tears, ill-concealed from the eyes of her household, revealed the involuntary agony of her suicide. When questioned by her aunt: "I weep," said she, "for the

miseries of my country, for those of my parents, and for yours; as long as Marat lives, nobody will be sure of one day's existence." Madame de Bretteville remembered, later, that, on entering Charlotte's room to wake her, she had found, on her bed, an old Bible open at the book of Judith, and that she had seen these words underlined with a pencil: "Judith left the city, adorned with marvellous beauty, with which the Lord had gifted her, to deliver Israel." On the same day, Charlotte, on walking out to prepare for her departure, found in the street some of the citizens of Caen playing at cards before their door. "You play," said she, in an accent of bitter irony, "and our country is dying!" Her language and manner showed her impatience and eagerness to depart. She accordingly departed on the 7th of July for Argentan. There, she bade her father and her sister a last farewell, telling them she was about to seek an asylum and a livelihood in England, and that she wanted to receive her father's benediction before that long separation. Her father approved of her departure; so having embraced him and her sister, Charlotte returned the same day to Caen. There, she deceived the tenderness of her aunt by the same stratagem, telling her she was going soon to England, where some of her friends had found her an asylum. She had secretly taken her place to depart, on the morrow, by the Paris diligence. She made little presents of gowns and embroidery, to be worn after her departure, to some of the companions of her childhood. She shared her favorite books among her most intimate friends, reserving only one volume of Plutarch, as if unwilling to separate, in that critical moment of her life, from the society of those great men with whom she had lived, and wished to die. At length, early in the morning of the 9th of July, she took under her arm a small parcel containing the most indispensable articles of dress, embraced her aunt, and told her she was going to sketch the hay-makers in the neighboring meadows. With a sheet of drawing-paper in her hand, she then departed, never to return. At the foot of the stairs, she met the child of a poor workman, named Robert, who lodged in the house, and was generally playing about the yard. She used sometimes to give him pictures. "Here, Robert," said she, giving him her drawing-paper, which she no longer required for an excuse, "this is for you; be a good boy, and kiss me;

for you will never see me again." And she embraced the child, and shed a tear upon his cheek. That tear was the last shed on the threshold of her youth; she had nothing now to give but her blood.

The freedom and frankness of her conversation in the coach, which transported her towards Paris, inspired her travelling companions with no other sentiment than that of admiration, benevolence, and curiosity. Throughout the first day, she was constantly playing with a little girl whom chance had placed by her side in the carriage. The other travellers, being enthusiastic *Montagnards*, were loud in their imprecations against the Girondins, and in their admiration of Marat. Dazzled with the loveliness of the young lady, they endeavored to get from her her name, the intention of her journey, and her address at Paris. She repressed their familiarity by the modesty of her manners, the evasive brevity of her replies, and, at length, by pretending to be asleep. One of them, more reserved than the others, being captivated by so much modesty and beauty, avowed to her his respectful admiration, and entreated permission to ask her hand of her relations; she turned this sudden love into a good-natured jest, and promised the young man that she would later inform him of her name and intentions. She delighted them all to the end of the journey, and they were sorry to leave her company.

She entered Paris at noon on Thursday, the 11th of July, and gave orders to be conducted to the *Hotel de la Providence*, an inn which had been recommended to her at Caen. She went to bed at five in the evening, and slept soundly till the following morning.

She then rose, dressed herself simply but decently, and repaired to the house of Duperret. He was at the Convention. His daughters, in their father's absence, received from the young stranger Barbaroux's letter of introduction. Duperret was expected back in the evening. Charlotte returned to her hotel, and passed the whole day alone in her room. At six o'clock she went again to call on M. Duperret. Being pressed for time, he told her he could not take her that evening to the minister, Garat, but that he would go and accompany her from her lodgings on the following morning.

That same evening, a decree of the Convention ordered seals to be placed on the

furniture of such deputies as were suspected of being attached to the twenty-two proscribed Girondins. Duperret was among the number. He went, nevertheless, very early in the morning of the 12th, to accompany Charlotte to the minister. Garat did not receive them. Duperret seemed to be discouraged by this disappointment. He represented to the young girl that his being treated as suspicious, and the measure taken that night against him by the Convention, rendered his patronage rather injurious than useful to his clients. The stranger did not insist; like a person who no longer wants the pretext used to disguise an action, and who is contented with the first argument to abandon the design, Duperret left her at the *Hotel de la Providence*. She pretended to enter, but immediately left it again, and inquired her way, from street to street, as far as the Palais-Royal.

She entered the garden, not as a stranger who wishes to satisfy curiosity, but as a traveller who has not a day to spare. She looked about under the galleries for a cutler's shop. She found one, entered, chose a *couteau-poignard* with an ebony handle, paid three francs for it, concealed it beneath her neckerchief, and returned slowly to the garden. She sat down, for a moment, on a stone bench against the arcade. There, though buried in meditation, she allowed herself to be amused by children who were playing about, some of whom frolicked at her feet and leaned on her knees. She still had a woman's smile for those innocent amusements of childhood. Her indecision oppressed her, not on account of the act for which she was already armed, but for the manner of accomplishing it. She wanted to make a solemn sacrifice that would cast terror into the souls of the adherents of the tyrant. Her first thought had been to accost Marat and slay him in the champ-de-Mars, at the grand ceremony of the federation. That solemnity having been postponed, her next intention had constantly been to sacrifice Marat at the head of the *Montagne* in the midst of the Convention, before the face of his admirers and accomplices. Her hope was to be instantly torn in pieces herself by the people in their fury, without leaving any other vestige or memory than two dead bodies and tyranny drowned in her blood! But, since her arrival in Paris, she had heard, in the course of conversation with Duperret, that Marat no longer showed

himself at the Convention. It was, therefore, necessary to find her victim elsewhere, and to deceive him in order to approach him.

She resolved to do so. This dissimulation, which wounded the natural loyalty of her soul, changing courage into cunning and immolation into assassination, was the first remorse of her conscience, and her first punishment. This cost her more pain than even the deed; she confessed it herself: conscience is just in the face of posterity.

She returned to her room, wrote Marat a note which she left herself at the door of the *Friend of the People*: "I write from Caen," said she to him; "your love for our native land makes me presume that you will be eager to learn the unfortunate events of that part of the republic. I will come to your house at one o'clock; have the goodness to receive me, and to grant me one moment's conversation. I will enable you to do good service to France."

Charlotte, relying on the effect of this note, repaired accordingly to Marat's house at the appointed hour; but she could not be introduced to him. She then handed the portress a second note, still more pressing and insidious than the former. "I wrote to you this morning, Marat," said she; "have you received my letter? I cannot believe it, since your door is refused me. I hope you will grant me an interview to-morrow. I repeat that I arrive from Caen, and have to reveal to you the most important secrets for the safety of the republic. Besides, I am persecuted for the cause of liberty. I am unfortunate: this is a sufficient title to your patriotism."

Without waiting for an answer, Charlotte left her room at seven in the evening, dressed more carefully than usual, in order the better to captivate, by a respectable appearance, the household of Marat. Her white robe was open to the shoulders, which were covered with a silk handkerchief concealing her bosom and tied round her waist. Her hair was confined in a Norman cap, with pendant lace on either cheek. The cap was bound round her temples with a broad green silk ribbon. Her hair fell from the back of her head in broad plaits, a few curls only waving on her neck. No paleness of complexion, no wildness of look, no emotion in her voice revealed in her the messenger of death. Such was her captivating appearance, when she knocked at Marat's door.

Marat inhabited the first floor of a

dilapidated house in the Rue des Cordeliers, now No. 20, Rue de l'Ecole-de-Medicine. His lodgings consisted of an antechamber, a study, a small bath-room, a sleeping-room, and a saloon. This lodging was almost bare. Marat's numerous works lying in heaps on the floor, newspapers, still wet with ink, scattered on the chairs and tables, correctors of the press constantly running in and out, women folding and dissecting pamphlets and journals, the worn-out stairs, the unswept passages, altogether bore witness to the bustle and disorder in which the busy journalist passed his life. Marat's household was that of an humble artisan. The woman who directed it, formerly called Catherine Evrard, was then named Albertine Marat, since the Friend of the People had given her his name in taking her for his wife one fine day with the sun for witness, in manner of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. One servant assisted this woman in domestic affairs; whilst a man named Laurent Basse, used to do errands and the out-door work.

Marat's feverish activity had not been lessened by the slow malady which was consuming him. The inflammation of his blood seemed to kindle his soul. He never ceased writing, in his bed, and even in his bath, accusing his enemies and exciting the Convention and the Cordeliers. Full of the presentiment of death, he seemed to fear only lest the short time he had to live would not allow him to destroy enough of the guilty. More eager to kill than to live, he hastened to despatch before him as many victims as possible, as so many hostages given by the sword to the revolution. Terror, which issued from that house, returned under another form, the perpetual fear of assassination. His companion and friends thought they beheld as many daggers raised against him as he himself suspended over the heads of three hundred thousand citizens. Nobody was allowed to approach his person but sure friends, or informers previously recommended and examined.

Charlotte was ignorant of these obstacles, but she suspected them. She alighted from the coach on the opposite side of the street facing Marat's house. The portress refused at first to allow the young stranger to enter the yard. The latter insisted, and ascended a few stairs, though called back in vain by the portress. At the noise, Marat's mistress came and opened the door, but refused to let her enter the apartment. The distant altercation between these women,

one begging to be permitted to speak to the Friend of the People, and the other obstinately stopping her at the door, reached the ears of Marat. He understood from their broken sentences that his visitor was the stranger from whom he had received two letters that day. In a loud, imperious voice, he ordered the stranger to be admitted. Either through jealousy or distrust, Albertine obeyed reluctantly and with ill-humor. She introduced the maiden into the room where Marat then was, and withdrew, leaving the passage door half open, that she might hear the least word or motion.

The room was dimly lit. Marat was in his bath. Although forced to give repose to his body, he gave none to his soul. A rough plank, with either end resting on the edge of the bath, was covered with papers, open letters, and leaves on which he had begun to write. In his right hand he held a pen, which the arrival of the stranger had suspended on the page. The paper was a letter to the Convention demanding the judgment and proscription of the remaining Bourbons tolerated in France. On the right of the bath was an enormous block of oak containing a common leaden inkstand. Marat, covered up in his bath with a dirty cloth stained with ink, had only his head and shoulders, the upper part of his breast, and his right arm out of the water. There was nothing in the appearance of that man to affect the eye of a woman or to arrest her arm. Greasy hair bound in a dirty handkerchief, a shelving forehead, impudent staring eyes, prominent cheek bones, an immensely wide sneering mouth, a hairy breast, lank limbs, and a livid skin:—such was Marat.

Charlotte avoided looking at him for fear of betraying the horror of her soul at the sight of him. Standing with cast-down eyes and her hands by her side, near the bath, she waited for Marat to question her about the state of things in Normandy. She replied in a few words, giving her answers the sense and coloring most likely to please him. He afterwards asked her to tell him the names of the deputies who had taken refuge at Caen. She dictated, and he noted them down. Then, when he had finished writing the names, "'Tis well!" said he, in the tone of a man sure of his revenge; "before a week is past they shall all go to the guillotine!" At those words, as if the soul of Charlotte had waited for his last crime before it could resolve to give

the blow, she drew her knife from her bosom, and plunged it with superhuman strength up to the hilt in the heart of Marat. With the same motion she drew the bloody knife from the body of the victim, and dropped it at her feet. "Help! dear friend, help!" cried Marat, and he expired under the blow.

At that cry of agony Albertine, the servant-maid, and Laurent Basse rushed into the room and caught Marat's lifeless head in their arms. Charlotte was standing behind the window-curtain, motionless, and as if petrified by the crime she had committed. The transparency of the curtain, in the last gleam of departing day, revealed the shadow of her body. Laurent seized a chair and aimed an uncertain blow at her head which stretched her on the floor. Marat's mistress stamped upon her and trampled her under foot in her fury. At the uproar and the shrieks of the women the lodgers ran in. The neighbors and passengers stopped in the street, ran up the stairs, and crowded into the apartment. The people in the yard, and soon the whole neighborhood, demanded, with furious vociferations, that the assassin should be thrown to them, in order to avenge the death of the idol of the people on his still warm body. The soldiers of the neighboring posts and the national guards also assembled, and some order was restored. The surgeons arrived and endeavored to dress the wound. The bloody water gave the sanguinary man the appearance of expiring in a bath of blood. When lifted on his bed he was a corpse.

Charlotte had risen to her feet. Two soldiers were now holding her hands across till ropes were brought to tie them. The hedge of bayonets which surrounded her could hardly keep off the crowd, who were ever rushing at her to tear her in pieces. A fanatical cordelier, named Langlois, had picked up the bloody knife, and was making a funeral speech over the dead body of the victim, interrupting his lamentations to brandish the knife, as if he was stabbing the assassin to the heart. But nothing seemed to affect Charlotte, except the heart-rending cries of Marat's concubine. Her countenance seemed to express her astonishment at the sight of that woman; at not having reflected that such a man might yet be loved; and a regret at having been forced to wound two hearts in stabbing one.

To the invectives of the orator, and the

groans of the people for their idol, her lips wore a smile of bitter contempt. "Poor people," said she, "you wish for my death, and yet you owe me an altar for having rid you of a monster! Cast me to those madmen," said she to the soldiers who protected her, "since they regret him, they are worthy to be my executioners."

The commissary at length arrived, drew up a *procès-verbal* of the murder, and had Charlotte conducted to Marat's saloon in order to question her. He wrote down her answers. She gave them calmly, in a loud firm voice, in no other tone than that of proud satisfaction for the act she had committed.

The report of the death of the Friend of the People spread with the rapidity of lightning, and soon reached the Convention. Some of the deputies instantly left the assembly and hastened to the spot where the crime had been committed. There they found the crowd increasing, and Charlotte replying to the questions of the commissary. They remained thunder-struck and dumb with astonishment at the sight of her youth and beauty, as well as at the calmness and resolution of her language. Charlotte seemed so to transfigure crime that, even by the side of the victim, they felt pity for the assassin.

The *procès-verbal* being ended, the deputies ordered her to be transported to the Abbaye, that being the nearest prison to Marat's house. They called the same coach that had brought her. The street was then filled with a dense crowd shouting with rage, which rendered the transfer difficult. The detachments of fusileers that had successively arrived, the scarfs of the commissaries, and the respect due to the members of the Convention, could ill restrain the people, and they had much difficulty in forcing a passage. The moment Charlotte, with her hands tied with ropes, and supported by the arms of two of the national guard who were holding her elbows, appeared on the threshold of the house to step into the coach, the people crowded round the wheels with such furious gestures and howlings, that she thought she must be torn piecemeal—and she fainted. On recovering her senses she was astonished, and felt sorry at breathing again.

Chabot, Drouet, and Legendre, followed her to the Abbaye, and made her undergo a second examination, which lasted till late at night. Legendre, proud of his revolutionary importance, and jealous of being

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thought also worthy of martyrdom, believed, or feigned to believe that he recognised in Charlotte Corday a young girl who had come to his house the day before, disguised as a nun, and whom he had sent away.

"Citizen Legendre is mistaken," said Charlotte with a smile, that disconcerted the conceit of the deputy. "I never saw him, neither did I ever consider the life or death of such a man so important to the safety of the republic." She was then searched: but nothing was found on her but the key of her box, her silver thimble, a ball of cotton, two hundred francs in *assignats* and in silver, a gold watch, made by a watchmaker of Caen, and her passport.

Her handkerchief still concealed the sheath of the knife with which she had stabbed Marat.

"Do you know this knife?"

"Yes!"

"Who induced you to commit this crime?"

"I saw France," said she, "about to be torn in pieces by civil war, and being convinced that Marat was the principal cause of the perils and calamities of my country, I have sacrificed his life and my own for its salvation."

"What have you done since Thursday, the day you arrived at Paris?"

To such questions she related sincerely, word for word, all the circumstances of her abode at Paris, and of her action.

When the interrogatory was ended, Chabot, dissatisfied with the result, seemed to be devouring with his eyes the countenance, the figure, and the whole person of the young lady handcuffed before him. He thought he perceived a folded paper pinned to her bosom, and stretched forth his hand to seize it. Charlotte had forgotten that paper, which contained an address that she had written to the French nation, in order to engage the citizens to punish their tyrants. She imagined she perceived in Chabot's gesture and action an outrage to decency. Being deprived of the use of her hands by her bonds, she could not parry the insult. Honor, and the indignation she felt, caused her to spring back with such a convulsive motion of her body and shoulders, that the string of her robe burst, and her robe falling below her shoulders, left her bosom bare. She stooped in confusion, as quick as thought, and bent herself double in order to hide her nakedness from her judges.

Patriotism rendered these men neither cynical nor unfeeling. Their modesty seemed as much hurt as Charlotte Corday's at that involuntary suffering of her innocence. She entreated them to untie her hands that she might adjust her robe. One of them undid her bonds, turning his head aside. As soon as her hands were free, Charlotte turned round towards the wall and arranged her dress. They took advantage of her hands being free to make her sign her answers. The ropes had left deep blue marks on her arms. When they were about to handcuff her again, she entreated her gaolers to allow her to draw down her sleeves and to put on gloves, in order to avoid an unnecessary torment before her final punishment. The poor girl's look and accent were such while she was addressing this prayer to her judges, and showing them her discolored hands, that Harmand could not help shedding tears, and he retired to conceal them.

She was then sent to prison, and guarded within sight by two gendarmes, even during the night: she protested, but in vain, against that profanation of her sex. The committee of general safety hastened on her trial and execution. From her miserable flock-bed she heard the public criers shouting an account of the murder in the streets, and the imprecations of the crowd vowing a thousand deaths against the assassin. Charlotte did not take that voice of the people for the decree of posterity, and through the horror she inspired she foresaw her apotheosis. It was in this spirit that she wrote to the committee of general safety, to allow her to have her picture taken.

Montané, the president of the revolutionary tribunal, came on the morrow to interrogate the prisoner. Touched by her youth and beauty, and convinced of the sincerity of her fanaticism, which almost made the assassin innocent in the eye of human justice, he wanted to save her life. He had directed the questions, and tacitly insinuated the replies so as to make her judges believe her rather mad than criminal. Charlotte was obstinate in thwarting this merciful intention of the president. She justified her act. They then transferred her to the Conciergerie. Madame Richard, the wife of the governor of the prison, received her with the compassion which her youth and present position naturally inspired. Owing to her indulgence, Charlotte obtained paper, ink, and quiet, of which

she took advantage to write a hasty letter to Barbaroux, giving him an account of all the circumstances that had happened since her arrival in Paris, in a style in which patriotism, death, and mirth are mingled together, like sorrow and gladness in the parting glass at a farewell banquet.

Her letter to her father, written the last, was short and full of affection and emotion. "Forgive me," she said, "for having disposed of my existence without permission. I have avenged many innocent victims, and prevented many disasters. The people, undeceived one day, will rejoice at being delivered from a tyrant. If I endeavored to persuade you that I was going over to England, it was because I wanted to remain unknown. I found it was impossible; but I hope you will not be molested. In every case you have defenders at Caen. I have chosen Gustave Doucet de Pontecoulant for my advocate. Such an attempt cannot be defended: it is merely a form. Adieu, dear papa. I pray you to forget me, or rather to rejoice in my fate. My cause is a noble one. I embrace my sister, whom I love with my whole heart. Forget not this verse of Corneille;—

La crime fait la honte, et non pas l'échafaud.

"I am to be tried to-morrow at eight o'clock."

This allusion to a verse of her great-uncle, by reminding her father of the illustrious name, and the heroism of their blood, seemed to place her deed under the safeguard of the genius of her family.

On the following morning the gendarmes came at eight o'clock to conduct her to the revolutionary tribunal; the room was situated above the vaults of the Conciergerie. Before proceeding to it, she arranged her hair and her dress, in order to meet death with decency; then she said with a smile, to the governor who was assisting her to make these preparations, "M. Richard, I pray you to take care that my breakfast be prepared when I descend from above; my judges are doubtless in a hurry. I wish to take my last meal with Madame Richard and you."

The hour of her trial was known in Paris the night before. Curiosity, horror, interest, and compassion had attracted an immense crowd to the court of justice, and filled every avenue. When the prisoner drew near, a low murmur arose from the multitude, like a malediction on her name. But no sooner had she pierced the crowd,

and dazzled every eye with her surpassing beauty, than the murmur of anger changed to an emotion of compassion and admiration.

When she had taken her seat on the prisoner's bench, she was asked whether she had a defender. She replied she had intrusted that duty to a friend; but, not seeing him present, she presumed he had lost his courage. The president then appointed her an official defender,—young Claveau-Lagarde, since illustrious for his defence of the queen, and already noted for his eloquence and courage in causes at a time when the advocate shared the perils of the accused. Lagarde placed himself at the bar. Charlotte looked at him closely and uneasily, as though she feared that, to save her life, her defender might endanger her honor. Marat's widow gave her deposition with tears and sobs. Charlotte, affected by the woman's grief, cut short her deposition by exclaiming, "Yes, yes, I killed him." She then related her premeditation of an act conceived three months before, the project of stabbing the tyrant in the midst of the Convention, "I have killed one man to save a hundred thousand. I was a republican long before the revolution."

The prosecutor having reproached her with plunging the knife downwards, that the blow might be more sure, told her she must doubtless have well practised the crime! At that supposition, which confounded all her ideas by assimilating her to professional murderers, she uttered an exclamation of shame: "Oh! the monster!" she cried, "he takes me for an assassin!"

Fouquier-Tinville then summed up, and adjudged her deserving of capital punishment. Her advocate arose. "The prisoner," said he, "avows the crime; she owns it was long premeditated, and she confesses the most overwhelming particulars. Citizens, this is her entire defence. This imperturbable calmness and complete self-denial, betraying no remorse in the presence of death, are, in one point of view, something beyond human nature, and can only be accounted for by the exaltation of the political fanaticism which armed her hand with the poniard. It is for you to judge how much such an immovable fanaticism should weigh in the scales of justice. I refer the matter to your consciences."

The jury unanimously pronounced sentence of death. She heard the decree un-

moved. The president having asked her whether she had anything to say on the nature of the penalty, she disdained to answer, and, turning to her defender, "Sir," said she, in a sweet, affecting tone of voice, "you have defended me as I wished, and I thank you. I owe you a testimony of my gratitude and esteem; I offer one worthy of you. These gentlemen" (pointing to the judges) "have just declared my property confiscated. I owe something to the prison, and I bequeath you that debt to pay for me." Whilst they were questioning her, and receiving her answers, she perceived amidst the auditory a painter sketching her features. She turned obligingly, and with a smile, towards the artist, that he might take her likeness the better. She was thinking of immortality, and had already taken her position in the future.

Behind the painter was a youth, whose fair hair, blue eyes, and pale complexion proclaimed him to be a child of the north. He was standing on tip-toe, in order to have a better view of the prisoner. At every answer, the manly vigor, and almost feminine sound of Charlotte's voice, made him shudder and change color. Unable to master his emotion, he provoked several times, by his involuntary exclamations, the murmurs of the crowd, and attracted the prisoner's attention. The moment the president pronounced sentence of death that young man half arose, with the gesture of a man who protests in his heart, and immediately sank back, as if his strength had failed him. Charlotte, indifferent about her own fate, noticed that motion. She felt that, at a moment when she was abandoned by all on earth, one soul was attached to her, and that, in the midst of that hostile crowd, she had one unknown friend. She thanked him with a look: it was their only communication on earth.

The young stranger was Adam Lux, a German republican, deputed to Paris by the revolutionary party of Mayence, in order to unite the movements of Germany with those of France in the common cause of human reason and freedom of nations.

On returning to the Conciergerie, whence she was soon to depart for the scaffold, Charlotte smiled at her prison companions assembled in the passages and courts to see her pass. She said to the governor, "I had hoped we should breakfast once more together; but the judges have kept me so long that you must forgive me for having broken my word." The executioner en-

tered. She asked him to allow her one minute more to finish a letter. This letter was neither an act of weakness nor of emotion, but the expression of wounded friendship, wishing to leave an immortal reproach for what she believed to be a cowardly desertion. It was addressed to Dulcet de Pontécoulant, whom she had known at her aunt's, and whom she believed she had invoked in vain to defend her. The letter was as follows: "Doulcet de Pontécoulant is a coward for having refused to defend me when the thing was so easy. He who has done so has performed the task with all possible dignity, and I shall feel grateful to him to the last moment." This vengeance was undeserved by him whom she accused from the brink of the grave. Young Pontécoulant, being absent from Paris, had not received her letter: his generosity and courage leave no doubt that he would have performed this service for her. Charlotte carried with her an error and an act of injustice to the scaffold.

A priest, authorized by the public prosecutor, presented himself, according to custom, to offer her the consolations of religion. "Thank those who have had the kindness to send you," said she, in an affectionate tone; "but I need not your ministry. The blood I have shed, and my own, are the only sacrifices that I can offer to the Eternal."

When the trial was over, and the punishment of death had been pronounced, she sent for the painter, M. Hauer, towards whom she had frequently turned during the proceedings, thanked him for the interest he took in her fate, and offered to sit once more during the few moments she had to live. M. Hauer accepted her offer. During the sitting she conversed on different subjects; spoke also of what she had done, and gloried in having delivered France from such a monster as Marat. She entreated M. Hauer to make a small copy of her portrait, and to send it to her family.

In about an hour and a half there was a knock at a small door behind Charlotte Corday. It was opened, and the executioner entered. She turned round, and beholding the scissors and the red mantle, could not help showing some emotion as she exclaimed, "What! so soon!" She immediately recovered herself, and addressing M. Hauer, "Sir," said she, "I know not how to thank you for all the interest you have shown, and the trouble you have taken on my account; I have but this to offer

you ; keep it in remembrance of me." So saying, she took the scissors from the hand of the executioner, cut off a large lock of her hair which fell from her cap, and handed it to M. Hauer. The gendarmes and even the executioner seemed affected at the scene.

The executioner then tied her hands and put on the fatal garment. "This," said she, with a smile, "is the toilet of death, prepared by rather rough hands ; but it leads to immortality." She picked up her long hair, looked at it once more, and gave it to Madame Richard. Just as she ascended the cart to go to the place of execution, a violent storm arose and burst forth over Paris. The lightning and rain dispersed the immense crowd that filled the bridges, streets, and squares through which the procession was to pass. Bands of desperate women pursued her with their maledictions ; but, insensible to the outrage, she looked calmly down upon the people with an eye of pity.

The sky cleared up again. Her garments drenched with rain, showed more plainly the graceful form of her body, like that of a woman rising from her bath. Her hands tied behind her back caused her to carry her head erect ; this constraint of the muscles gave her the attitude of a graceful statue. The setting sun shone like glory round her brow. The color of her cheeks, heightened by the reflection of her red mantle, imparted a dazzling splendor to her countenance. Robespierre, Danton, and Camille Desmoulins had placed themselves on the road to see her pass. All those who felt a presentiment of assassination were curious to study in her features the expression of that fanaticism which might threaten their lives on the morrow. She seemed occasionally to seek among the assembled thousands for a look of intelligence. Adam Lux was awaiting the cart at the entrance of the Rue Saint-Honoré ; he piously followed the wheels as far as the foot of the scaffold.

"He engraved in his heart," he said, "her angelic meekness. Amid the barbarous howlings of the crowd, the mild expression of her beautiful eyes revealed her tender yet intrepid soul—those charming eyes that would have moved a rock ! . . .

. . . Let the place of her execution be holy ground, and let a statue be erected to her with these words : *Greater than Brutus*. To die for her, and, like her, to be beaten by the hand of the executioner, to feel, in dying, the same edge that cut

off the angelic head of Charlotte, and to be united to her in heroism, liberty, love, and death, is henceforth my only prayer. I shall never attain her sublime virtue : but is it not just that the object adored should ever be superior to the worshipper ?"

Thus an enthusiastic and immaterial love, inspired by the last glance of the victim, accompanying her, step by step, as far as the scaffold, and unknown to her, was ready to follow her in order to merit, by her example, the eternal union of souls. The cart at length stopped. Charlotte turned pale on beholding the instrument of death, but, soon recovering her natural color, she ascended the slippery steps of the scaffold, with as firm and light a step as her handcuffs and dripping mantle permitted. When the executioner, in order to lay bare her neck, removed the handkerchief which covered her bosom, her humiliated modesty gave her more pain than her approaching death ; but resuming her serenity, and as if joyfully launching into eternity, she placed her neck herself under the hatchet. Her head flew off and rebounded. One of the executioner's assistants took the head in one hand and slapped the face with the other, vilely courting the approbation of the people ! We are told that Charlotte's cheeks blushed at the outrage, as if dignity and modesty had, for a moment, survived the sentiment of life. The angry crowd did not accept the homage. A shudder of horror pervaded the multitude and demanded vengeance for that indignity.

Such was the end of Marat, and such the life and death of Charlotte Corday.

The culpable devotion of Charlotte Corday is one of those acts which we should doubt whether to admire or abhor, did not morality reprove them. For our part, if we had to find for that sublime deliverer of her country, and that great glorious murderess of tyranny, a name that contained at once the enthusiasm of our emotion for her and the severity of our judgment on her act, we would create a word to unite the two extremes of admiration and horror in the language of men, and we would call her the Angel of Assassination.

A few days after her execution, Adam Lux published an apology for Charlotte Corday, and participated in her offence in order to share her martyrdom. Being arrested for this audacious provocation, he was cast into the Abbaye. "So, then, I shall die for her !" cried he, as he passed over the threshold of the prison. And he

died accordingly, soon after, hailing the scaffold consecrated by the blood of Charlotte, as the altar of love and liberty.

On hearing, in his prison, of the crime,

condemnation, and death of Charlotte Corday, Vergniaud exclaimed, "She kills us, but she teaches us how to die!"

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

THE TRIAL OF THE EARL OF SOMERSET FOR THE POISONING OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

THE interest which the story of the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury has always excited in the student of English history, cannot be ascribed to any great sympathy either with the victim or the reputed criminals—profligate favorites in a corrupt and abandoned court—but must be traced principally to the mystery that overhangs the transaction, and its supposed connexion with still darker secrets. This murder was generally believed, at the time, to be connected with the death of Prince Henry, the hope and darling of the nation, and with a plot more extensive and more horrible than that of Guy Faux; the character of James I. was supposed to be deeply implicated; and many thought that by his direction the public mind was set on a wrong scent at the trial of the delinquents. Later researches, whilst partly proving these suspicions to be unfounded, have by no means cleared up the matter. Mr. Hallam, who seems to have studied the subject very attentively, and gone to all the sources of information then within reach, says, after detailing one or two points which he considers settled, "Upon the whole, I cannot satisfy myself as to this mystery." He also says, "The circumstances connected with the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury might furnish materials for a separate dissertation, had I leisure to stray into these by-paths."

The task here suggested has been undertaken by Mr. Amos, who has not only collected together, we believe, all the information on the subject that was previously open to the public, but has added various documents, yet unpublished, from the State Paper Office, and manuscripts in the British Museum. Of this new matter the most valuable portion is the written examinations of prisoners and witnesses, taken privately by Sir Edward Coke, who was employed to collect the evidence for the prosecution. These place the transaction

in a very different light from that in which it has been commonly viewed. If they may be depended on, they tend greatly to diminish the criminality of Somerset; and they likewise serve to explain what has been hitherto so unaccountable—the difficulty that was found in putting Overbury to death. The work before us, therefore, must be acknowledged as a valuable accession to English historical literature. At the same time, it unfortunately happens that the materials so diligently accumulated have been so unartfully put together, with so perverse a disregard of method and chronology, and are so much overlaid with general commentary, that they not only fail of producing their due effect, but are utterly unintelligible to the hasty reader. What the book wants is some kind of introductory narrative or summary of the results, that might serve as index and key to its very heterogeneous contents.

Thomas, son of Sir Nicholas Overbury, one of the judges of the Marches, was born at Boston-on-the-Hill, in Gloucestershire. He studied at Oxford, and coming up to London, resided for some time in the Middle Temple. Finding the law not to his taste, he soon after "cast anchor at court," "the then haven of hope," says his biographer, Winstanley, "for all aspiring spirits." Here he became distinguished for his rare accomplishments. He wrote, both in verse and prose, with ease and elegance. Besides a poem called the "Wife," and some minor pieces, he published "Characters," prose essays, in the manner afterwards so successfully adopted by Dr. Earle. Mr. Amos gives some specimens of his style. They are much deformed by the vice of the age, a tendency to fantastic conceits and strained antithesis; but contain many happy turns, are always curt and energetic, sometimes humorous, and indicate a lively and cheerful tone of mind.

That however which was the making of

Overbury's fortunes was his introduction to the notice and friendship of Robert Carr, afterwards Viscount Rochester and Earl of Somerset. This young gentleman, coming up from Scotland in the stream of fortune-seekers, had, by a lucky accident, attracted the notice of the king; and his personal beauty and gracefulness of demeanor at once made their way to James's capricious favor. Carr was illiterate, idle, and by no means gifted with ability. But his influence over the king admitted him into all the secrets of state; placed at his disposal all gifts and promotions; gave him a voice in all questions of foreign and domestic polity; and thus, while it overwhelmed him with wealth and court friends, overwhelmed him likewise with duties, cares, and responsibilities which he must have found irksome enough. In a country where all was strange to him, and whose very language he could scarce speak intelligibly, a guide and counsellor must have been of the last necessity to him; and such an one he found in Sir Thomas Overbury. Overbury was received into his patron's inmost confidence; all affairs of state were made known to him; despatches, petitions, in a word, the secret history of the nation, all was open to both alike; till at last, as Bacon tells us, they two knew more of what was passing in the country than did the council itself. In all things Carr made Overbury his oracle; and, indeed, if we are to believe the vaunt of the latter, owed to him all his fortunes, reputation, and understanding. Thus it came to pass that the servant, an able, unscrupulous man, began at length to look upon the master as a mere tool. Overbury may have known, perhaps, more fully than we can know, the nature and causes of Carr's extraordinary influence over the king. Or it may be that he had gained too much insight into secrets of state. At all events, it is certain that Overbury believed he had the favorite in his power; and, use what insolence he might, he could not now be shaken off. His patron was soon to learn that bad men must endure with patience the tyranny of their confidential servants.

Carr, created Viscount Rochester, had not long enjoyed his new rank, and the courtly society which was now open to him, before he was captivated by the charms of the young Countess of Essex, then in attendance on the queen. Lady Frances Howard had been married, at the unripe age of thirteen, to a boy of fourteen, who

had immediately been forced to leave her, to complete his education on the continent. She was yet a girl when she was initiated into the pleasures and temptations of a court, of which, for her rare beauty, she was looked upon as one of the brightest ornaments. A contemporary writer, who bore her no good will, declares of her that "Those who saw her face might challenge Nature of hypocrisy, for harboring so wicked a heart under so sweet and bewitching a countenance." Her beauty was a fatal gift. Surrounded by flatterers, separated from her natural protectors, with the liberty of a widow and the susceptibility of a girl, Lady Frances was not sufficiently insensible to the solicitations of the young favorite. Carr employed Overbury's pen to give words to his wishes; and a private correspondence was carried on between the lovers, through the medium of one Mrs. Turner, the lady's perfumer.

The intrigue was interrupted by the return of Lord Essex from his travels. Lady Frances received him with undisguised repugnance. The young girl shrank from consummating a marriage that was itself a crime; and she endeavored to persuade Essex into a separation. To aid her in this attempt, no doubt, and by the advice of her confidante, Mrs. Turner, she applied to one Dr. Firman, a noted astrologer, for an amulet to chill her husband's love. Her letter to the doctor, in which she styles him her "dear father," was produced on her trial, together with the charm he gave her, which consisted of enchanted papers and puppets, a piece of human skin, and a black scarf full of white crosses. The good doctor's recipe appears to have been of no avail. Baffled in this quarter, Lady Frances must now have revealed her secret to her uncle, Lord Northampton, a nobleman whom Bacon styles the "learnedest councillor in the kingdom," and who is the author of a work in refutation of witchcraft. It is an odd coincidence that this book was published in the same year, 1583, in which the niece gave so remarkable a proof of her belief in the superstition that the uncle attacked. Northampton seems to have been induced, by his anxiety for his young relative's reputation, to assist her with his valuable counsels; and a project was devised, by which she might be released from the abhorred yoke, and united to the man she loved.

This plan, however, at the very outset, met with opposition in a quarter from which

it was least expected. Overbury, who had hitherto helped to forward his patron's suit without reluctance, resolutely opposed himself to the project of a marriage. Perhaps he had at heart the interests of his friend, and officiously sought to serve him against his will: perhaps he was unwilling to share with another the influence he wielded, and which he had already found extremely profitable. Whatever his motive he was not content with exhortations, attacks on the lady's character, insolent speeches, or even threats; he also proceeded, it would appear, to take active measures for defeating Northampton's design. He seems now to have given his patron distinctly to understand that he knew his power; that he had a hold upon him, which he was not inclined to forego; and that Rochester must make his choice between resigning the lady and braving one who was master of his secrets.

When Lady Frances learnt that Overbury had thus crossed her love, and traduced her name, and placed himself athwart the only path that could lead her back to virtue and happiness, all the furies in her breast were aroused. She now proved that under that "sweet and bewitching" countenance of girlish beauty lay passions, which no obstacle of fear or conscience could restrain. She sought to clear her way by removing her enemy. Having learnt that one Sir D. Woodes bore Overbury a grudge, she sought him out; urged him to assassinate Sir Thomas; and promised him a reward of £1,000, and to make his greatest enemy—meaning Rochester—his greatest friend. This we have on the authority of Woodes himself. The worthy knight replied, he says, that he would do so at once, if she would obtain him an assurance under Rochester's hand, or by word of mouth, that he should be allowed to escape, or have a pardon. Hereupon the lady paused, and desired time to reflect; and afterwards, not venturing, probably, to reveal the matter to Rochester, sent word to Woodes that that could not be.

Meantime, Rochester and Northampton were devising means to rid themselves of Overbury's dangerous opposition. An act of tyranny, by no means uncommon under the Tudors, was made instrumental to their private grudge. Rochester, who had the king's ear, induced him to appoint Overbury ambassador to Muscovy; then persuaded the latter to decline the irksome honor; and, when the treacherous advice

was taken, had him clapped into the Tower for contempt. The poor man's indiscretion, it seems, came in aid of the machinations of his enemies. Upon receiving a formal offer of the embassy, he not only refused it, but, as rumor went, indulged in some stinging sarcasms upon the court, which came to the king's ear, and put him into a violent rage. Overbury's imprisonment took place about the 30th April, 1603.

This object being removed, the project, hatched no doubt in the prolific brain of Northampton, was brought to maturity. A suit for a divorce was set on foot, upon the plea that, by witchcraft or otherwise, Essex had been incapacitated for performing the duties of a husband towards the Lady Frances. In a proceeding that was so near at heart with the king's favorite, the king took the greatest interest: he impatiently urged on the proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court, and himself dictated, we are told, its final decree. The story goes, that when the countess was to be examined before a jury of matrons, an unmarried daughter of one Sir Thomas Monson was substituted in her place, concealed under a thick veil. Eventually, the court pronounced in favor of the countess; thus releasing her from that ill-starred wedlock, in which nature, and prudence, and her own affections had been alike disregarded by the family pride of her relatives. This sentence was followed, after no long interval, by Lady Frances' marriage with Rochester; whom, that his rank might correspond to hers, the king now created Earl of Somerset. The marriage was solemnized with the utmost pomp. The king himself gave away the bride, paid the marriage fees, and presided over the festivities. The queen made a handsome wedding-gift. The wife of a bishop presented the bride-cake. All who hoped for court-favor,—in other words, all who were, or aspired to be, eminent, wealthy, or distinguished—vied together in the sumptuousness of their gifts to the young couple. One gave a team of the finest horses in London; another, a gold warming-pan; another, hangings worth £1,500; another, a silver cradle to burn sea-coal; another, two oriental pearls. Sir Francis Bacon insisted on paying for the masque, which the bench of Lincoln's Inn presented at the marriage-supper, the cost being £2,000. Dr. Donne, forgetting the clergyman in the courtier, wrote eulogistic verses, complimenting the bride on

the "manly courage" with which she "braved unjust opinion." Lady Frances boldly arrayed herself in the costume appropriated to virgin brides. Everything passed, in short, as if Essex and the former marriage had no existence; as if the bride's reputation were unsullied, and her conscience without reproach.

During the time, however, which had been taken up by these proceedings, was perpetrated that foul crime which forms the subject of our narrative. Men of law, it seems, were not more celebrated for despatch in those days than in our own: the suit for the divorce had been commenced in April or May; but it was not till St. Stephen's day, in December, that the marriage could take place. Sir Thomas Overbury died on the 15th September. That he died by poison can scarcely be doubted; though there are conflicting opinions as to what persons are implicated in the guilt. A plain narrative of the circumstances that occurred, so far as they appear clearly established, will enable the reader to draw his own conclusions, particularly as to the guilt of Somerset and James, which are the principal questions in dispute.

In the first place, it seems clear that Overbury was retained as well as placed in prison by the machinations of Somerset. According to the usual course of procedure, he might have expected his release after an imprisonment of a few weeks, if not days. But Somerset required his detention till the divorce and second marriage should be accomplished. We find that means were taken by some one to inspire James with feelings towards Overbury which seem incommensurate with the very venial offence of declining an embassy. From a contemporary letter it appears, that "much ado there hath been to keep Sir T. Overbury from a public censure of banishment and loss of office, such a *rooted hatred* lieth in the king's heart towards him." That this hatred was the work of Somerset seems a fair inference from the circumstances in which he was placed.

Again, it was necessary for Somerset's purpose, not only to keep Overbury in prison, but to keep him close, and to allow of no correspondence on his part, that might either obstruct the divorce, or publish those secrets, whatever they might be, in the possession of which lay Overbury's hold upon his patron. Accordingly, Somerset appears to have been the means of debarring the prisoner from the attendance of his

body-servant. Overbury's father and mother, on the news of his arrest, had come up to town to make exertions for his release; but Somerset, whilst he amused them with hopes, and promises of his assistance, strongly urged them to go back into the country, and neither press to see their son, nor deliver petitions to the king on his behalf; assuring them that their interference would only stir up enemies, and protract his release.

Another, and still more suspicious circumstance is to come. Shortly after his imprisonment, and while he yet confided in his friend, Overbury received from him a white powder, which he was to take medicinally. Somerset declared, at his trial, that this was at Overbury's request, who wished to appear sick, that his patron might thence take occasion to move the king's compassion. He also produced a letter, in which Overbury said that the powder had agreed with him, though he meant to take no more of that kind. There is, however, some mystery about this powder, which has not been cleared up. When asked whence he had it, Somerset asserted that it was given him by one Sir H. Pettigrew, from whom he had got similar medicine before, as Overbury knew. But Pettigrew maintained that he had never given Somerset but three powders; and each of these was traced; so that there must have been a fourth, for Overbury, from some other quarter. This powder then may have been poison. But if so, it is impossible to suppose it in any way the cause of death, immediately or remotely. It produced a violent effect; was followed by great vomiting and purging; but beyond that it seems to have left no traces of its presence: the patient recovered, and lived for months. If it were poison, we may perhaps presume that Overbury was saved by the over-strength of the dose.

Weeks rolled on, and still Overbury was a prisoner. Somerset professed much, but had done nothing; and Overbury's friends, as well as himself, began to doubt the sincerity of one who was not used to ask favors of the king in vain. Sir John Lydeote, Overbury's brother-in-law, found means to send him a letter, in which he recommends him to change his style in writing to Somerset. Overbury took the hint, and wrote two very imperious letters, of which the second closes with an alarming threat, as follows:—

"Well, all this vacation I have written the story betwixt you and me: how I have lost my friends for your sake; what hazard I have run; what secrets have passed between us; how, after you had won that woman by my letters, you then concealed all your after proceedings from me; and how upon this there came many breaches betwixt us; of the vow you made to be even with me; and your sending for me twice that day that I was caught in the trap, persuading me that it was a plot of mine enemies to send me beyond sea, and urging me not to accept it, assuring me to free me from any long trouble. On Tuesday I made an end of this, and on Friday sent it to a friend of mine under eight seals; and, if you persist to use me thus, assure yourself it shall be published. Whether I live or die, your shame shall never die, but ever remain to the world, to make you the most odious man living."—p. 85.

Whilst Somerset was engaged in buoying up Overbury with false hopes, and secretly contriving to keep him fast, Lady Frances, on her part, meditated a more deadly project. If the former had cause to wish Overbury out of the way for fear of machinations or disclosures to come, the latter was still more powerfully impelled to seek his destruction in revenge for what she looked upon as wrongs and insults past. Her first attempt to rid herself of Overbury having failed, she now cast about for a surer and more secret instrument of destruction. There is no proof that her intentions were disclosed to Somerset; and the presumptions seem to point the other way. Lady Frances had not ventured to speak to him of the assassination, though his concurrence would have been necessary for that project to succeed: here, where his concurrence was not required, she was still less likely to volunteer a communication that must risk so much. Unscrupulous as she was, she was not hardened in guilt; her self-respect might be gone, and yet she might cling all the more tenaciously to the good opinion of others, and, above all, of Somerset. She dared not risk the forfeiting of that affection which was the only thing that prompted her enterprise. She could not foresee that his love, like her own, would prove strong enough to survive the shock of suspicion, disgrace, public exposure, and conscious crime. If it be true that Somerset himself had wished for Overbury's death, and unskilfully attempted to produce it, yet that was unknown to her. It would seem, then, that the guilty projects of the husband and wife went on side by side, but were distinct, and hidden from each other.

Very shortly after Overbury's imprisonment, Lady Frances must have begun to meditate his death by poisoning. The subject of secret and slow poison was one that, in the reigns of Elizabeth and her successor, much occupied men's imaginations. This was no doubt owing, primarily, to the recent introduction of chemical science into England. The art of healing by means of herbs and simples was beginning to be superseded by the more potent agency of drugs and chemicals. The herb-woman, or leech, was but just supplanted by the apothecary; for the establishment of apothecaries' shops throughout Europe is an event that belongs to the 16th and beginning of the 17th centuries. It was only natural that the wonders of the new science should excite the terror of the ignorant, and be the subject of a thousand exaggerations. Its powers of destruction furnished a readier theme for the marvel-loving than its power of healing. A few true stories of poisoning formed the nucleus of a thousand more that were the creation of fancy, terror, or malignity. Hence it is that the reigns of these sovereigns abound with so many tales of mysterious deaths and indefinite suspicions. Camden, in his *Annals*, tells us that whenever a popular or distinguished man died, there inevitably went round a whisper of poisoning. It was even believed that the professors of this art could so regulate their doses as to produce death in any given number of days; nay, they could simulate the appearance of natural disease.* This latter refinement, and possibly the former, were indeed afterwards attained, when chemical science was more advanced, by the notorious Tophana, and the Marchioness of Brinvilliers; but they must certainly be deemed beyond the reach of any Englishman in the reign of James I. Still the belief prevailed; and Lady Frances thought a dose of poison the surest means of ridding herself of her enemy.

Her scheme was concocted with the infamous Mrs. Turner, a woman who, to the ostensible business of a perfumer, united other secret and nefarious pursuits. She it was who had introduced the young countess to the magician, Firman; and her servant, Weston, had been the bearer of Lady Frances' letters to Rochester. Upon her, probably, must rest the largest share of the guilt. At all events, she had the

* See Winstanley's "Worthies"—*Life of Leicester*, p. 346.

active part in the business, and bore the chief weight of popular odium.

Their first care was to provide the prisoner with a keeper whom they could depend on. Here they were partially favored by circumstances. The Lieutenant of the Tower had recently been dismissed, and his successor was to be appointed. The place was, of course, pretty nearly in the gift of Somerset: and he had promised to oblige Sir T. Monson, a friend of Lady Frances, and whose daughter it was that assisted her in the matter of the divorce, by obtaining the post for his nominee. In the language of the day, Somerset thus conferred on Monson "a suit worth £2,000," that is, Monson was allowed to set the place to sale, and £2,000 was the price he put upon it. The purchaser was one Sir Gervase Elwes, who afterwards obtained an unenviable notoriety from his connexion with the Overbury murder. This new Lieutenant came into his place about a week after Overbury's imprisonment. Almost at the same time, Lady Frances induced Monson to speak to the Lieutenant in favor of Weston, whom she wished to be appointed Overbury's keeper. Her request excited no suspicion. Monson was aware of her intimacy with Rochester, and would naturally suppose the latter desirous to provide his friend with a servant, who might consult his comfort, and perhaps be the medium of correspondence between them. In this little matter, it was equally natural that both Monson and Elwes should be glad to oblige their patron. Accordingly, the unhappy prisoner was placed in the charge of Mrs. Turner's confidential servant, Weston; a wretch who had already learnt his part, and received his bribe, and was now the willing instrument of his employers' vengeance.

The next step was to procure the poison; and this fell within the province of Mrs. Turner, who knew of a trustworthy apothecary. The apothecaries of James's reign are not to be judged of from their successors who stand behind counters nowadays. Our first apothecaries were Italians, then French, and it was a new thing for an Englishman to practise the art. As beginners, the native chemists cannot be supposed to have been very skilful. In the opinion of King James's French physician, the English doctors "were all fools." They met with small encouragement: the mere art of healing was not enough to bring a livelihood; and a London apothecary was

generally obliged to eke out his living with some other trade—often that of a confectioner—sometimes, like Johnson's "Abel Drugger," a tobacconist. We may conjecture that Shakspeare's "lean apothecary" was drawn from the life. Yet these ill-paid practitioners were necessarily men of some science, for they had, every one, to feel his own way. If their shop windows were stuffed with tarts and jellies, or rolls of Virginia, their inner rooms were fitted up with stills and laboratories; and they could brew their own drugs, and make their own experiments, and pry into the mysteries of nature, and dabble in alchemy, and solace their hungry wretchedness with golden dreams. Poor as these men were, they were naturally a proud race; for they were looked upon by the multitude with admiration mixed with terror, as wizards who could read futurity, and make the powers of darkness their familiars, and human life their plaything. In a man thus circumstanced one might expect to find an apt instrument of criminal designs. Reverenced and despised by turns, and so made keenly sensitive to contempt; tantalized by visions of wealth, and tormented by very real poverty: wielding a knowledge that, turned to good ends, barely kept him alive, but which, in the service of wealthy crime, might be to him the true philosopher's stone he longed for; an apothecary could scarce afford to be an honest man. Yet it would be an injustice towards the profession to suppose that it contained many such wretches as him whom Mrs. Turner now proceeded to consult. Dr. Franklin was commonly reputed to have poisoned his own wife; he was quite ready to undertake the same office for Overbury. Afterwards, when arrested, he made amends by betraying his confederates and seeking to implicate innocent men. Being asked whether Somerset had taken a part in some stage of the business, he obligingly answered, "If you wish me to say so, he did." He also declared that this project of poisoning was but a part of a more extensive scheme than the powder-plot—that he knew the names of many noblemen in it—with much more in the same strain, so palpably fictitious, that not even the officers of the prosecution could believe or act upon it. His examinations are full of gross inconsistencies. At the scaffold, he assumed airs of the astrologer, and bestowed on a friend a recipe for raising spirits. Malignant to the last, he told the executioner, whilst he

was performing the final offices about his person, that he trusted there would soon be some great lords for him to operate upon. And this is the wretch whose evidence has served as materials for history !

All things being now prepared, and the unsuspecting victim entirely in the hands of his destroyers, the reader probably expects to hear of his speedy death. By no means. Overbury lived four months longer, during which time, if we are to believe Franklin, deadly poison was his daily food. "Sir Thomas Overbury," says this most credible witness, "never ate white salt, but there was white arsenic put into it. Once he desired pig, and Mrs. Turner put into it *lapis costitis*. The white powder that was sent to him in a letter, by Somerset, he (Franklin) knew to be white arsenic. At another time, he had two partridges sent him from court; and water and onions being the sauce, Mrs. Turner put in cantharides. So that there was scarce anything he did eat, but there was some poison mixed." If it be true that Overbury lived through this treatment for four months, he must certainly have been poison-proof.

The fact is, that from the documents now made public by Mr. Amos, there seems great reason to believe that these poisons were never administered at all. This, indeed, cannot be said to diminish the moral guilt of Lady Somerset and her confederates. The poisons were prepared and sent to the Tower, and believed to have been given to Overbury; but they appear to have been prevented from reaching him by the lieutenant, Sir Gervase Elwes. This rests on the testimony of Elwes and Weston—evidence not absolutely free from suspicion, but which seems confirmed by a variety of circumstances. In the first place, the character of Elwes, and his whole demeanor, point him out as a man whose veracity might be depended on; and he persisted in the same story when on the scaffold. It is true that one must view with distrust the self-exculpation of a man charged with a crime; but Elwes is confirmed in every point by Weston, and there can be no reason why the latter should have taken part in a fabrication which condemns himself. Weston's story is, in effect, a confession of his own guilt; besides all which, their evidence clears up what would otherwise be unaccountable—the strange vitality of Overbury under his unwholesome diet. The story, then, goes as follows:—

Shortly after the arrest of Overbury, Weston was sent for to Lady Frances' apartments at Whitehall, where he was closeted with the lady and Mrs. Turner. Here he was told that he should be appointed Overbury's keeper, and that there should be sent him a "water," which he was to take care and give to the prisoner, and for so doing he should receive a large reward. Accordingly, he had not been long in his new post before he received from them a little glass full of "water," of yellowish and greenish color. Now, it seems that Weston had all this time been under a mistaken notion that the Lieutenant was in the secret. That evening, therefore, the 9th of May, when about to take up Overbury's soup, Weston asked Elwes, "whether he should now give him that which he had, or no?" Elwes affected to hear him without surprise, and led him apart, and by a few questions, so turned as not to show his ignorance, drew out the other's secret. Hereupon the good Lieutenant read him such a lecture on the heinousness of his crime, and the judgment to come, that the poor man—who had, perhaps, grown up in ignorance, and been made a tool by others, without a due sense of his own responsibility—fell on his knees, and with uplifted hands, says Elwes, "blessed the time that ever he did know me." Then he explained his mistake. "Why, sir," said he, "did you not know what should be done?" Elwes not only protested his ignorance, and made Weston fling the accursed "water" into a gutter, but gained such an influence over him, that he promised faithfully to report from time to time all that might be designed against Overbury's life. Elwes shrank, however—and here lies his fault, as he afterwards became sensible—he shrank from making a public exposure of the plot he had thus become privy to. He dared not brave the wrath of Lady Frances and her lover, the all-powerful favorite, to whom he owed his appointment, and on whom his prospects depended. He contented himself with counter-plotting, in a manner which he believed must keep Overbury safe. Weston, by his directions, was so to carry matters towards his employers that they might believe him still devoted to them; he was to report that he had given the "water," and to pass off false tales of its effects—as, that it was followed by "extreme oustings," and the like; and Elwes, as he found occasion, was to confirm his reports of the prisoner's health.

This first dose proving insufficient, it appears that poisons were put into certain tarts and pots of jelly which were sent to Overbury under the pretext of a friendly regard for his comfort. There is a letter from Lady Frances to Elwes, which contains the following passage:—"I was bid to tell you that you must take heed of the tarts because there are letters in them, and therefore neither give your wife nor children of them; but of the wine you may, for there are no letters in it." Lady Frances, on her examination, owned that by the word "letters," she meant poison. But there is no proof that she meant Elwes to understand it so; on the contrary, there seems nothing in this extract inconsistent with the supposition that she looked upon Elwes as one who knew nothing of her design. Elwes, however, was not one to be duped; he took care that the tarts should never come near Overbury. Sometimes he made answer be given that his children had desired them; sometimes he caused his own cook to prepare similar ones; and at last, to save the trouble of perpetual excuses, his keeper desired the messenger to bring no more, since Overbury found in the house that which pleased him well.

The prisoner might, perhaps, have escaped altogether, but that unfortunately he now fell ill in earnest. He seems to have been a man of feeble constitution, broken by a licentious life; and, without any suspicion of poisoning, the close confinement, anxiety, and hope deferred, may sufficiently account for his disorder. On hearing of it, Somerset immediately took care to provide him with the best medical advice. He sent him Drs. Mayerne and Lobell, the king's physician and apothecary, men who stood at the head of their respective professions. Dr. Craig, another of the king's physicians, was also admitted to see the prisoner, by an order under Somerset's hand. This seems inconsistent with the supposition that Somerset believed the cause of illness to be poison administered by his directions, unless, indeed, we are to suppose that the medical men were among his confederates. This seems an idle thought, and is at least entirely unsupported by proof of any kind. If Somerset had been once tempted to seek Overbury's destruction, we believe that his care to provide him with doctors only proves him to have now repented.

Meanwhile, Overbury being still alive, though it was some months since the first

poisons were sent to him, Lady Frances began to grow suspicious. She sent for Weston, and closely questioned him; but he maintained he had given poison enough to kill twenty men, and could only suppose—as Bacon afterwards said at the trial—that Overbury had become used to that sort of diet. Her suspicions, however, could not have been quite allayed. Shortly after this, Weston was sent for by Dr. Franklin, who questioned him as to Overbury's state, and on learning that he took clysters, said that an apothecary should have £20 to give him one. Weston asked whether he meant to bribe Overbury's customary apothecary. "No," said Franklin; "another shall give it him." All this went immediately from Weston to the Lieutenant, who strictly charged him to give admittance to no strange apothecary. Thus far Elwes had successfully counterplotted the poisoners. Unfortunately, when the king's medical attendants took charge of his prisoners, the Lieutenant's vigilance was relaxed; he thought himself safe in the hands of such approved honest men. Now it was that Franklin accomplished his purpose. He bribed Lobell's boy to put poison—which is said to have been sublimate of mercury—into a clyster which Overbury had on the 14th September, 1603. On the following day he was a dead man.

An inquest was held by one of the coroners of Middlesex; but it throws no great light on the business. At the express desire of Somerset, Overbury's brother-in-law, and three or four of his friends, were admitted to see the body; and they were at liberty to carry it away, and bury it, if they pleased. But the state of the corpse was such as to make a speedy burial necessary; and it was interred within the precincts of the Tower.

* * * *

Months and years rolled on. Overbury had passed out of the world, and out of the faithless memories of men. A few admirers of the poet had recorded their regrets in elegiac and eulogistic verses, to be prefixed to a new edition of his works; but those works—long since utterly forgotten but for their author's untimely fate—were then all that kept him in recollection. Essex had forgotten his injuries in a second marriage. Somerset and his countess were still "the glass of fashion and the mould of form;" the brightest ornaments of the court; the envy of all, for their beauty,

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accomplishments, and mutual love; the ladder by which all men strove to reach the king's favor. Somerset had just been made Lord Chamberlain; and this new mark of royal bounty had been rendered doubly grateful by the manner of conferring it. The king, in presence of his court, gave him the staff of office, saying, "Lo, here, friend Somerset;" and graciously added that, as the place was one of great nearness to his person, he had given it to him whom, of all men living, he most cherished.

But Somerset's fall was now at hand. Hume tells us—we know not on what authority—that he seemed troubled with an evil conscience; had become reserved, silent, and gloomy; and thus lost the king's favor. This may be true, or not: accuracy of detail is by no means Hume's forte; and perhaps mere fickleness, and the attractions of a younger and handsomer person—for this not solid merit was the groundwork of James's ridiculous friendships—may sufficiently account for the transfer of his affection from Somerset to Villiers. Sir George Villiers was now advanced to be one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber. Somerset had in vain resisted the promotion of one he saw to be a rival; and it is probable that James only wanted a pretext, and perhaps some slight stimulus to overcome his timidity, for breaking with his former favorite.

The pretext and the stimulus were at length furnished by the old business of Overbury. How this transpired is a point that still remains somewhat in the dark. The best-authenticated story seems to be the popular one: that Lobell's boy, who gave the clyster, and had been sent abroad out of the way, was touched with remorse, and revealed the whole secret to the minister at the Hague. This being of too high a nature to be intrusted to writing, the minister obtained leave to visit England, and made the matter known to Sir Ralph Winwood, then a secretary of state, from whom it went immediately to the king. James was at Royston, on one of his royal progresses, and Somerset was with him. Some rumors, it seems, injurious to the latter, having got abroad in London, he was about to go thither and "face them down." His parting with James, who had just heard the news, and the king's profound dissimulation, are matters with which the reader is doubtless familiar. Two versions of the story pass current, from one of which it would appear as if Somerset was

actually arrested in the king's presence; but a correspondence published by Mr. Amos proves this to be impossible. There can be no doubt, however, that when James took leave of the earl, with every expression of endearment, and impatience for his return, he knew that Somerset was going to the Tower, and that, as he said himself, "he should see him no more."

Somerset reached his house, in the Cockpit, on the Sunday evening last before the 17th of October, 1615. Here he found the countess, and learned of her that Weston had been arrested. We may conjecture that the Earl was now first informed of his wife's guilt and danger. The unhappy pair proceeded to take such measures of precaution as were not yet too late. Lady Somerset sent for Franklin and Mrs. Turner; told them that Weston was taken, that rumors were afloat, and that probably they would soon be under arrest; and warned them to trust no promises of pardon, nor to be persuaded into making confession of guilt. During this interview she left them for awhile, and went into an inner room, where she conferred with a man that Franklin took to be Lord Somerset. She was perhaps asking for instructions. The next morning Somerset made use of his authority, as a member of the privy council, and sent a pursuivant with a warrant to break open the house of Weston's son, and fetch from thence a box and bag of letters. Some of these papers were noticed by the messenger to contain the name of Mrs. Turner. They were taken to the Cockpit, and, no doubt, destroyed. Somerset also burnt a number of letters in his possession, and defaced parts of others.

On the 17th, the Earl and Countess, and Mrs. Turner, were arrested, and placed in separate confinement; and shortly afterwards they were removed to the Tower. It is said that Lady Somerset passionately entreated the new lieutenant, Elwes's successor, not to place her in the chamber which had been Overbury's. At this time she was near her confinement; and, till it took place, it appears, from a document in the State Paper Office, that anxiety about her offspring overpowered all thought of her own disgrace and impending danger. While yet a prisoner she gave birth to a daughter, who, married to the Duke of Bedford, was the mother of the illustrious William Lord Russell. Mr. Amos expresses a benevolent hope that the virtues and death of the grandson may, in some sort, be look-

ed upon as an atonement for the crime of the grandmother.

The demeanor of the earl, during the interval between arrest and trial, is made known to us by a series of letters written by Bacon, then attorney-general, to the King and Sir George Villiers. This curious correspondence shows that James took a very active part in arranging the conduct of the trials. The evidence, and even the topics of Bacon's opening speech, were subjected to a preliminary examination of his. He pointed out what parts should be omitted, and what parts strengthened; and he directed Bacon, amongst other things, to throw a good portion of the blame on Overbury, and so to moderate his charges as to make Somerset appear guilty enough to be condemned, and not too guilty to be pardoned. Altogether, James's letters show a most royal indifference to veracity and justice, and every feeling except a cowardly shrinking before public opinion. Bacon figures here as the adroit and unscrupulous instrument of the monarch's will. His letters are master-pieces of sagacity and acuteness, whilst they fully exhibit his lamentable want of anything like moral principle, or elevation of character. We shall make one extract, which can hardly be read without a feeling of indignation. Bacon is speaking of the arrangements for Lady Somerset's trial. Though she had been brought to confess her crime, and was about to plead guilty; and though her judges were to try her husband on the following day, so that whatever passed on her trial was calculated to influence his; yet it was resolved that the counsel for the prosecution should treat the court to a solemn narrative of Overbury's murder, not abstaining from vituperation of the absent earl.

"In this," says Bacon, "I did forecast that, if, in that narrative, by the connexion of things, anything should be spoken that should show him (Somerset) guilty, she might break forth into passionate protestations for his clearing; which, though it may justly be made light of, yet it is better avoided. Therefore, my Lord Chancellor and I have devised that, upon the entrance into that declaration, she shall, *in respect of her weakness, and not to add further affliction*, be withdrawn."—p. 438.

Such care was taken, under a hypocritical pretence of kindness, to prevent a wife saying a word that might excite pity for her husband, in danger of his life!

James was exceedingly anxious that Som-

erset should plead guilty. Bacon was ordered to try his influence, and paid him several visits, and held out great inducements. In one of these interviews, Bacon reports that the prisoner seemed very little affected by his position, "pretending carelessness of life, since ignominy had made him unfit for his Majesty's service." He persisted in his innocence. Even after he learned that his wife had confessed, Bacon found him "resolved to have his trial." In reporting this interview, Bacon adds:—

"We made this further observation, that when we did ask him some question that did touch the prince, or any foreign practice, he grew a little stirred, but in this question of the empoisonment was very cold and modest."—p. 440.

But James went greater lengths than he thought proper to make known to his attorney-general. He entered into a private correspondence with Sir George More, then Lieutenant of the Tower, whom he authorized to tempt Somerset's obstinacy with most liberal offers, in the king's name, in case of his confessing. Somerset rejected them with scorn, and threw out some threatening hints, which the astonished Lieutenant instantly reported to his master. James's answer is somewhat curious. He says:—

"I am extremely sorry that your unfortunate prisoner turns all the great care I have for him not only against himself, but against me also, as far as he can. I cannot blame you that you cannot conjecture what this may mean, for God knows it is only a trick of his idle brain, hoping thereby to shift his trial; but it is easy to be seen that he would threaten me, with laying an aspersion upon me of being in some sort accessory to his crime."—p. 474

This self-vindication may be thought, perhaps, some slight confirmation of the suspicion, which Mr. Amos seems to share, that James himself was implicated in this foul business. The suspicion, however, seems to rest on too slight ground to be worth attending to.

The day for Somerset's trial now drew near. The lesser culprits—Mrs. Turner, Elwes, Franklin, and Weston—had been condemned and executed. Lady Somerset was brought to the bar, and pleaded guilty, on the 24th of May, 1616. The trial of the earl was fixed for the morrow. Every precaution had been taken to keep him silent on that public appearance as to matters relative to the king. Bacon was order-

ed to use language that should not drive him to desperation. It had been hinted to him, as from the king, that his life depended on his behavior in court. In choosing a High Steward to preside at his trial, care was taken to select one that should know how and when to "silence" and "cut off digression." But after all this, when the Lieutenant came to Somerset the last thing at night, and bade him prepare for his trial on the morrow, he was encountered by an unexpected outbreak of passion. The Earl positively refused to appear in court, and vowed he would not stir, but they must carry him in his bed if they meant him to go. The king, he said, had assured him he should come to no trial, neither durst the king bring him to a trial. This was a strain More could not understand, and it made him to "quiver and shake." Though it was near midnight, he instantly took boat and went down to Greenwich, where the king lay, at his palace of Placentia. Here he "bounceth at the back stairs as if mad," gains admittance, has the king wakened, and tells him his news. The king "falls into a passion of tears." "On my saule, More," cried he, "I wot not what to do! Thou art a wise man; help me in this great strait, and thou shalt find thou dost it for a thankful master." Thus adjured, and having a ready wit of his own, More took leave of the king, assuring him he would manage all. Returning to Somerset's chamber, he told him he had found the king full of favor and affection towards him; "but," said More, "to satisfy justice you must appear in court and answer to your name, but you shall return again instantly without further proceedings." Somerset, either believing him, or having recovered his temper, began quietly to prepare for appearing. Meantime the Lieutenant instructed two trusty servants to keep close aside of Somerset in court, with a cloak over their arms, straightly charging them, if he should "anyway fly out on the king," instantly to hoodwink him with that cloak, take him forcibly from the bar, and carry him away.

Under this escort, Somerset entered Westminster Hall. The solemnity of the day had excited the greatest popular interest, and the Hall was crowded to suffocation. "Never was any man brought to trial," says Bacon, "*cum tanto motu regni*: the term hath almost been turned into a *justitium*, or vacancy, the people themselves being more willing to be lookers-on

in this business than to follow their own." Nor is this to be wondered at. A nobleman, who had for years ruled the king and kingdom with absolute sway, was now brought to plead for his life; the crime he was accused of was one strange to this country, and full of a mysterious horror in men's thoughts. This state of public feeling must be borne in mind, as it serves in a great degree to account for the traditionary odium that has rested on the name of Somerset. Deeds of violence—mid-day assassinations—were very common in James's reign, and thought lightly of, as may be seen in the "Memoirs of Lord Herbert of Cherbury;" but poisoning, by public opinion as well as by Act of Parliament, was placed on a level with the highest crime possible, and treated as a branch of high treason. For us—who walk the streets unarmed at midnight, trusting to the majesty of law for our protection alike from the assassin's knife and the poisoner's cup—it is difficult to understand the feeling that makes light of the one crime and exaggerates the other. But men who placed their safety in their swords, and the largeness of their retinues, must have found something peculiarly terrible in that unseen and unfelt weapon, which no strength of arm could withstand, and which could strike them amidst their guards, at their tables, and in the hours of their greatest security.

Upon the trial, and its results, one hardly needs to dwell. The king had willed that Somerset should be found guilty, and the usual means of gratifying that desire were resorted to, with the usual success. Judges selected from among Somerset's enemies and those who placed their hopes on his rival; an array of able advocates on one side; statements unsupported by proofs, and proofs that were not to be relied on; garbled extracts from letters; hearsay, at second and third hand; and the depositions of Franklin, so culled as to be pretty free from contradictions; no witnesses brought face to face with the accused, and, of course, no cross-questioning; and, at last, an unpremeditated reply from an unadvocated and unskilled courtier, at a time of the night when himself and his judges must have been worn out by fatigue: such a method of procedure could have but one result. Somerset made the most solemn protestations of his innocence. He was found guilty; and he prayed the lords to intercede for him with the king, "if it should be necessary." His trial certainly did not pro-

duce that result which is the best test of fairness: it did not satisfy impartial men that he ought to have been found guilty. The French ambassador, writing to his court, said, that "if the Earl's enemies had not been powerful he would not have been found guilty; for there was no convincing proof against him, but only circumstances, such as might serve in France for putting him to the question, which is not the custom here in England."—p. 358.

The judges had no occasion to intercede with James for Somerset's life. He had made no inconvenient revelations, and he was treated gently. After a time, the Earl and Countess were released, but never again received at court or in society—they passed the rest of their days in seclusion. Some years afterwards, the Earl was consulted by James upon some displeasure he had taken against Buckingham; but Somerset's more fortunate and more able successor was not to be shaken off, and he himself remained a man disgraced. Later still, in the reign of Charles I., Somerset entered, or wished to enter, into some intrigues with the leaders of the popular party; but these were too wise to have much to do with a man of his character. Hume tells us, on the au-

thority of Wilson, that the obscure lives of these fallen great ones were embittered by a deadly hatred, which took the place of their former inordinate affection; insomuch that the Earl and Countess, though living in the same house for many years, never spoke to each other. This story may be true or false: it rests on the sole authority of one whose friendship for Essex biassed him against the Countess, and who appears to have been naturally somewhat over-credulous.

We have thus hastily sketched an outline of that dark transaction, the exposure of which is styled, by Sir Edward Coke, the "Great Oyer of Poisoning," and which he desired might go down to posterity as an example and terror against that horrible crime. We may quit the subject with the satisfactory reflection, that, dark and foul as the business is, the truth, as it is now brought to light, proves the number of the criminals not to be so great, nor their blackness so unredeemed, as has been commonly supposed. If it be the part of an historian freely to denounce great guilt, it is equally his duty, a far more agreeable duty, to clear, even the guilty, from an odium greater than they have deserved.

From Tait's Magazine.

LORD BYRON.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF "A GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

It is with diffidence that we approach the subject of the following sketch. It may seem that to attempt a new estimate of a character, so thoroughly scrutinized, and so widely appreciated as that of Byron, is an attempt alike hopeless and presumptuous. And if we did approach it with the desire of finding or saying anything absolutely new, we should feel the full force of the objection. But this is far from being our ambition. We have decided to sketch Lord Byron's genius for the following reasons. In the first place a very narrow is never a very wide, a very particular is seldom a very just scrutiny or estimate. In the second place, the criticism of single works pouring from the press, however acute and admirable, is not equivalent to a review of these works taken as a whole. A

judgment pronounced upon the first, second, or third stories of a building, as they successively arise, does not forestal the opinion of one who can overlook the complete structure. Of Byron's several writings we have every variety of separate critiques, good, bad, and indifferent—of his genius, as animating his whole works, we have no criticism, either indifferent, bad, or good. In the third place, the tumult which all Byron's productions instantly excited, the space they cleared and burnt out for themselves, falling like bombshells among the crowd, the strong passions they awakened in their readers, through that intense personality which marked them all, rendered cool appreciation at the time impossible. They came upon the public like powerful sermons on an excited audience, sweeping

criticism away before them, blotting out principles of art from the memory of the severest judges, whose hearts they stormed, whose passions they inflamed—at the same time that they sometimes revolted their tastes, and sometimes insulted their understandings. At night there was intoxication—in the morning calm reflection came. But, in the meantime, the poet was away, his song had become immortal, and the threatened arrows were quietly returned to the quiver again. In the next place, Byron's life and story formed a running commentary upon his works, which tended at once to excite and to bewilder his readers. His works have now illustrated editions: they did not require this while he lived. Then, his romantic history, partially disclosed, and therefore more affective in its interests—his early, hapless love—his first unfortunate publication—his Grecian travels—his resistless rush into fame—his miserable marriage—his amours—the glorious backgrounds which he chose for his tragic attitudes, Switzerland and Italy—his personal beauty—his very lameness—the odd and yet unludicrous compound which he formed of Vulcan and Venus, of Apollo and Satyr—favorite and football of destiny—the mysterious spectacle he presented of a most miserable man, composed of all the materials which make others happy—the quaint mixture of all opposites in his character, irreconcilable till in the ruin of death—the elaborate and cunning counteraction of every noble gift and accomplishment by some one fatal defect—the cloak of mystery which he now carefully threw over, and now pettishly withdrew from his own character—the impossibility of either thoroughly hating, or loving, or laughing at him—the unique and many-sided puzzle which he thus made, had the effect of maddening the public, and of mystifying his critics. Hal is charged by Falstaff with giving him medicines to make him love him. Byron gave men medicines to educe towards himself a mixture of all possible feelings—anger, envy, admiration, love, pity, blame, horror, and above all, wonder as to what could be the conceivable issue of a life so high and so low—so earthly and so unearthly—so spiritual and so sensual—so melancholy and so mirthful, as he was notoriously leading. This was the perpetual stimulus to the readers of his works—this the eternal face and figure, filling the margins of all his pages. This now is over. That strange life is lived—that knot, too hard

and twisted for man, is away elsewhere to be solved—that heart so differently reported of by different operators, has undergone the stern analysis of death. His works have now emerged from that fluctuating and lurid shadow of himself, which seemed to haunt and guard them all; and we can now judge of them, though not apart from his personal history, yet undistracted by its perpetual protrusion. In the next place, Byron was the victim of two opposite currents in the public feeling—one unduly exalting, and the other unduly depressing his name, both of which have now so far subsided, that we can judge of him out of the immediate or overbearing influence of either. And in the last place, as intimated already, no attempt has been made since his death, either to collect the scattered flowers of former fugitive criticism, to be bound in one chaplet round his pale and noble brow, or to wreath for it fresh and independent laurels. Moore's life is a long apology for his memory, such as a partial friend might be expected to make to a public, then partial, and unwilling to be convicted of misplaced idolatry. Macaulay's Critique is an elegant *fasciculus* of all the fine things which it had occurred to him, might be said on such a theme—exhibits, besides, the coarse current of Byron's life caught in crystal and tinged with *couleur de rose*, like a foul winter stream shining in ice and evening sunshine—and has many beautiful remarks about his poems; but neither abounds in original views, nor gives, what its author could so admirably have given, a collection of common opinions on his entire genius and works, forming a full-length portrait, ideally like, vigorously distinct, and set, in his own unequalled imagery and language, as in a frame of gold.

Our humble endeavor at present is to make some small contribution towards a future likeness of the poet Byron. And whatever may be the effect of our remarks upon the public, and however they may or may not fail in starting from slumber the "Coming Man" who shall criticise Byron as Thomas Carlyle has criticised Jean Paul, and Wilson Burns, this at least shall be ours—we shall have expressed our honest convictions—uttered an idea that has long lain upon our minds—and repaid in part, a debt of gratitude which we owe to Byron, as men owe to some terrible teacher, who has at once roused and tortured their minds; as men owe to the thunder peal which has awakened them, sweltering at the hour

when it behoved them to start on some journey of life and death.

We propose to methodize our paper under the following outlines. We would, in the first place, inquire into Byron's purpose. Secondly, into the relation in which he has stood to his age, and the influence he has exerted over it. Thirdly, into the leading features of his artistic execution. Fourthly, speak of the materials on which his genius fed. Fifthly, glance at the more characteristic of his works. And, sixthly, try to settle his rank as a Poet. We would first ask of Byron the simple question, "What do you mean?" A simple question, truly, but significant as well, and not always very easy to answer. It is always, however, our duty to ask it; and we have, in general, a right, surely, to expect a reply. If a man come and make us a speech, we are entitled to understand his language as well as to see his object. If a man administer to us a reproof, or salute us with a sudden blow, we have a double right to turn round and ask "What's that for?" Nay, if a man come professing to utter an oracular deliverance, even in this case, we expect some glimmer of definite meaning and object; and if glimmer there be none, we are justified in concluding that neither has there been any oracle. "Oracles speak;" oracles should also shine. Now, in Byron's case, we have a man coming forward to utter speeches—to administer reproofs—to smite the public on both cheeks—in the attitude of an accuser, impeaching man—of a blasphemer attacking God—of a prophet expressing himself, moreover, with the clearness and the certainty of profound and dogmatic conviction; and we have thus, more than a threefold right to inquire, what is your drift, what would you have us to believe, or what to do? Now, here, precisely, we think, is Byron's fatal defect. He has no such clear, distinct, and overpowering object, as were worthy of, or has secured the complete concentration of his splendid powers. His object! What is it? Not to preach the duty of universal despair; or to inculcate the propriety of an "act of universal, simultaneous suicide;" else, why did he not, in the first place, set the example himself, and from "Leucadia's rock," or Etna's crater, precipitate himself, as a signal for the species to follow; and why, in the second place, did he profess such trust in schemes of political amelioration, and die in the act of leading on a Revolutionary war? Not to teach, nor yet

to impugn any system of religion: for if one thing be more certain about him than another, it is, that he had no settled convictions on such subjects at all—and was only beginning to entertain a desire towards forming them when the great teacher, Death, arrived. Nor was his purpose merely to display his own powers and passions in imposing aspects; although much of this desire mingled with his ambition, still he was not altogether a vain attitudinizer. There is a sterling truth in his taste and style of writing—there is sincerity in his anguish—and his little pieces particularly, are the mere wringings of his heart! Who can doubt that his brow, the index of the soul, darkened as he wrote that fearful curse, the burden of which is "Forgiveness?" The paper, on which was written his Farewell to Lady Byron, is still extant, and it is all blurred and blotted with his tears. His poem, entitled "The Dream," is as sincere as if it had been penned in blood. And was he not sincere in sleep, when he ground his teeth to pieces in gnashing them? But his sincerity was not of that profound, constant, and consistent kind, which deserves the stronger name of earnestness. It did not answer to the best description in poetry of the progress of such a spirit, which goes on,

"Like to the Pontiac sea
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps right on
To the Propontick and the Hellespont."

It was a sincerity such as the falsest and the most hollow of men must express when stung to the quick; for hath not a human sham as well as a Jew—"eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions. Is he not fed with the same food, and hurt by the same weapon? If you prick him, does he not bleed? If you tickle him, does he not laugh? If you poison him, does he not die? And if you wrong him, does he not revenge?" Purpose, therefore, in its genuine simplicity, and quiet, deep sincerity, was wanting in Byron's character. And this greatly accounts for the wreck which he became; and for that misery—a misery which was wonderful, passing the woe of man—which sat down upon his spirit. Many accounts have been given of his grief. Macaulay says that he was a spoiled child, another in verse declares—

"The thought that he was greater than his kind
Had struck, methought, his eagle spirit blind
By gazing at its own exceeding light."

But the plain prose and English of it lies in his union of intensity of power with the want of intensity of purpose. He was neither one thing, nor yet another. Life with him was neither, on the one hand, an earnest single-eyed effort, nor was it, could it be a mere display. He believed, and trembled as he believed, that it was a serious thing to die; but did not sufficiently, if at all, feel, that it was a serious thing to live. He would not struggle: he must shine; but could not be *content* with mere shining without struggle. And hence, ill at ease with himself, aimless and hopeless, "like the Cyclops—mad with blindness," he turned to bay against society—man—and the Maker. And hence, amid all that he has *said* to the world—and said so eloquently, and so mournfully, and said amid such wide, and silent, and profound attention—he has *told* it little save his own sad story.

I pass, secondly, to speak of the relation in which he stood to his age. The relations in which a man stands to his age are perhaps threefold. He is either before it, or behind it, or exactly on a level with it. He is either its forerunner, or he is dragged as a captive at its chariot wheels; or he walks calmly, and step for step, along with it. We behold in Milton the man before his age—not, indeed, in point of moral grandeur or mental power; for remember, his age was the age of the Puritans, the age of Hampden, Selden, Howe, Vane, and of Cromwell, who was a greater writer than Milton himself—only it was with the sword that he wrote—and whose deeds were quite commensurate with Milton's words. But in point of liberality of sentiment and width of view, the Poet strode across entire centuries, and went, indeed, so far before his contemporaries that he seemed, to many of them, to dwindle in the distance. We see in Southey the man behind his age, who, indeed, in his youth, took a rash and rapid race in advance, but returned like a beaten dog, cowed, abashed, with downcast head, and tail between his legs, and remained for the rest of his life, aloof from the great movements of society. We behold in Brougham one whom once the age was proud to claim as its child and champion, the express image of its bustling, restless, versatile, and onward character, and of whom we still at least say, with a sigh, *he might* have been the Man of his time. In which of these relations, is it asked, did Byron stand to his age? We are forced to answer in none of them. He

was not before his age in anything, in opinion, or in feeling. He was not, in all or many things, disgracefully behind it; nor did he move with equal and measured steps in its procession. He stood to the age in a most awkward and uncertain attitude. He sneered at its advancement, and he lent money, and ultimately lost his life, in attempting to promote it. He spoke with uniform contempt, and imitated with as uniform emulation, the masterpieces of its literature. He abused Wordsworth in public, and in private "rolled him as sweet morsel under his tongue;" or rather, if you believe himself, took him as a drastic dose, to purify his bilious and unhappy nature, by the strongest contrasted element that he could find. He often reviled and ridiculed revealed religion, and yet read the Bible more faithfully and statedly than most professed Christians—made up in superstition what he wanted in faith—had a devout horror at beginning his poems, undertaking his journeys, or paring his nails on a Friday—and had he lived would probably have ended, like his own Giaour, as "Brother Byron," with hair shirt, and iron-spiked girdle, in some Achaian or Armenian convent. He habitually trampled on, and seems sometimes to have really despised, the opinion of the public; and yet, in some points, felt it so keenly, that, says Ebenezer Elliot, "he would almost have gone into hysterics had a tailor laughed at him." And although, when the *Edinburgh Review* sought to crush him like a worm, he rose from the heel, a fiery, flying dragon; yet, to the assaults of the meaner creatures of the press, he was pervious all over, and allowed minikin arrows, which were beneath his laughter, to rouse his rage. Absurd and ludicrous the spectacle that of this Laocoon, covered from head to foot with the snakes of supernal vengeance, bearing their burden with deep agonized silence, starting and shrieking upon the application of a thorn, which the hand of some puny passing malignant hand had thrust into his foot. In one respect, we grant that Byron was the spirit of the age; he was the representative of its wants, its weakness, its discontents, its dark unrest—but not of its aspirations, its widening charity, and its hopeful tendencies. His voice was the deep vague moan of the world's dream—his writhing anguish, the last struggle of its troubled slumber: it has since awaked, or is awakening, and, "as a dream when one awakeneth," it is despis

ing, too much despising, his image. He was a beaten man, standing high yet helpless between the Old and the New, and all the helpless and the hopeless rallied round him, to proclaim him the one-eyed monarch of the blind; say rather to constitute him first magistrate over a city in flames; supreme ruler in a blasted and ruined realm. In one thing he was certainly a prophet; namely, a prophet of evil. As misery was the secret sting of all his inspiration, it became the invariable matter of all his song. In some of his poems, you have Misery contemplating; in others, Misery weeping aloud; in others, Misery revolving and reproducing the past; in others, Misery bursting the confines of the world, as if in search of a wider hell than that in which it felt itself environed; in others, Misery stopping to turn and rend its real or imaginary foes; and in others, Misery breaking out into hollow, hopeless, and heartless laughter. (What a terrible thing is the *laugh* of the unhappy! It is the very "echo to the seat where sorrow is throned.") But in all you have misery, and whether he returns the old thunder in a voice of hundred power and majesty, or sings an evening song with the grasshopper at his feet—smiles the smile of bitterness, or sheds the burning tears of anger—his voice still speaks of desolation, mourning, and woe; the vocabulary of grief labors under the demands of his melancholy genius; and never, never more, till this scene of tears and sighs be ended, shall we meet with a more authentic and profound expounder of the wretchedness of man. And as such we deem him to have done good service; first, because he who approaches towards the bottom of human woe, proves that it is not altogether bottomless, however deep; because, if human grief spring from human greatness, in unveiling the grief he is illustrating the grandeur of man; and, because the writings of Byron have saved us, in this country, what in France has been so pernicious, "the literature of desperation;" they are a literature of desperation in themselves: they condense, into one volume, what in France has been diluted throughout many, and consequently our country has drained off at one gulp, and survived the experiment, the poison which our neighbors have been sipping for years to their daily harm.

Thus on the whole, we regard Byron neither as in any sense a creator, nor wholly as a creature of his period; but rather, as a stranger entangled in the passing

stream of its crowd, imperfectly adjusted to its customs, indifferently reconciled to its laws—among men, but not of them—a man of the *world*, but not a man of the age: and who has rather fallen furiously through it—"a wild diver" spurning the heights and seeking the depths—than left on it any deep or definite impression. Some men are buried and straightway forgotten—shovelled out of memory as soon as shovelled into the tomb. Others are buried, and from their graves, through the hands of ministering love, arise fragrant flowers and verdant branches, and thus are they, in a subordinate sense, "raised in glory." Others, again, lie down in the dust, and though no blossom or bough marks the spot, and though the timid shun it at evening-tides, as a spot unblest—yet, forgotten it can never be, for there lies the record of a great guilty life extinct, and the crown of crime sits silent and shadowy on the tombstone. This is Byron's memorial in the age. But, as even on Nero's tomb "some hand unseen strewed flowers," and as "nothing dies but something mourns," let us lay a frail garland upon the sepulchre of a ruin, itself a desolation, and say *Requiescat in pace*, as we hurry on.

I come, thirdly, to speak of the leading feature of his artistic execution, and the materials which his genius used. And here there are less mingled feelings to embarrass the critical contemplator. Strong, direct intellect, descriptive force, and personal passion, seem the main elements of Byron's poetical power. He sees clearly, he selects judiciously for effect from among the points he does see, and he paints them with a pencil dipped in his own fiery heart. He was the last representative of the English character of mind. His lordly independence and high-spiritedness; his fearless avowal of his prejudices however narrow, and passions however coarse; his constant clearness and decision of tone and of style; his manly vigor and directness; his strong unreasoning instinctive sense; his abhorrence of mysticism; and his frequent caprices—all savored of that literature which had reared Dryden, Pope, and Johnson; and every peculiarity of the English school seems to have clustered in and around him, as its last splendid specimen. Since then our higher literature is rapidly charging with the German element. Byron was *ultimus Romanorum*—the last, and, with the exceptions of Shakspeare and Milton, the greatest *purely English* poet. His manner

had generally all the clearness and precision of sculpture; indeed his clearness serves often to disguise his depth. As obscurity sometimes gives an air of mystic profundity and solemn grandeur to a shallow puddle, so, on the other hand, we have seen pools among the mountains, whose pellucidity made them appear less profound, and where every small shining pebble was a bright liar as to the real depth of the waters; such pools are many of the poems of Byron, and, we may add, of Campbell.

His dominion over the darker passions is one of the most obvious features in his poetic character. He rode in a chariot drawn, if we may use the figure, by those horses described in the visions of the Apocalypse, "whose heads were as the heads of lions, and out of their mouths issued fire, and smoke, and brimstone." And supreme is his management of these dreadful coursers. Whatever is fiercest and gloomiest in human nature—whatever furnace-bosoms have been heated seven times hotter by the unrestrained passions and the torrid suns of the East and the South—wherever man verges towards the animal or the fiend—wherever misanthropes have folded their arms, and taken their desperate attitude—wherever stands "the bed of sin delirious with its dread"—wherever devours "the worm that cannot sleep, and never dies"—there the melancholy muse of Byron finds a haunt. Driven from a home in his country, he finds it in the mansions of all unhappy hearts, which open gloomily, and admit him as their tenant and their bard. To escape from one's self is the desire of many, of all the miserable—the desire of the drunkard, of the opium-eater, of those who plunge into the vortex of any dissipation, who indulge in any delicious dream—but it is the singularity of Byron that he uniformly escapes from himself into something worse and more miserable. His being transmigrates into a darker and more demoniac shape; he becomes an epicure even in wretchedness; he has supped full of common miseries, and must create and exhaust imaginary horrors. What infinite pity that a being so gifted, and that might have been so noble, should find it necessary perpetually to evade himself! Hence his writings abound, more than those of other authors, with lines and phrases which seem to concentrate all misery within them—with texts for misanthropes, and mottoes for the mouths of suicides. "Years all winters"—what a gasp

is that, and how characteristic of him to whose soul summer had not come, and spring had for ever faded! The charge of affectation has often been brought against Byron's proclamations of personal woe. But no one, we believe, was ever a constant and consistent hypocrite in such a matter as misery; and we think we can argue his sincerity, not merely from his personal declarations, but from this fact, that all the characters into whom he shoots his soul are unhappy. Tasso writhing in the dungeon, Dante prophesying evil, not to speak of his imaginary heroes, such as Conrad, Alp, the Giaour, and Childe Harold, betray in what direction ran the master current of his soul; and as the bells and bubbles upon the dark pool form an accurate measurement of its depth, so his mirth, in its wildness, recklessness, and utter want of genuine gaiety, tells saddest tales about the state of a heart which neither on earth nor heaven could find aught to cheer or comfort it.

Besides those intensely English qualities which we have enumerated as Byron's, there sprung out from him, and mainly through the spur of woe, a higher power than appeared originally to belong to his nature. After all his faculties seemed fully developed, and after critics and craniologists had formed their unalterable estimate of them, he began, as if miraculously, to grow into a loftier shape and stature, and compelled these same sapient judges, slowly and reluctantly, to amend their conclusions. In his "Cain," his "Heaven and Earth," and his "Vision of Judgment," he exhibited the highest form of faculty divine—the true afflatus of the Bard. He seemed to rise consciously into his own region; and, certainly, for gloomy grandeur, and deep, desolate beauty, these productions surpass all the writings of the period. Now, for the first time, men saw the Pandemonian palace of his soul fully lit, and they trembled at its ghastly splendor; and yet, curious it is to remark that those were precisely the poems which the public at first received most coldly; and those who shouted applause when he issued the two first elegant, but comparatively shallow, cantos of "Childe Harold," which were the reflection of other minds, shrank from him when he displayed the terrible riches of his own.

We can only mention the materials on which Byron's genius fed—and, indeed, we must substitute the singular term—for his material was not manifold, but one: it was

the history of his own heart that his genius reproduced in all his poems. His poetry was the mirror of himself.

In considering, fourthly, the more characteristic of his works, we may divide them into his juvenile productions, his popular, and his proscribed works. His juvenile productions testified to nothing but the power of his passions, the strength of his ambition, and the uncertainty of his aims. His "Hours of Idleness" was, in one respect, the happiest hit he ever made: it was fortunate enough to attract abuse from the highest critical authority in the empire, and thereby stirred his pride, and effectually roused his faculties. It required a scorching heat to hatch a Byron! In his "English Bards" he proved himself rather a pugilist than a poet. It is the work of a man of Belial, "flown with insolence and wine." His popular productions were principally written when he was still a favorite son of society, the idol of drawing-rooms, and the admired, as well as observed, of all observers. "Childe Harold" is a transcription of the serious and *publishable* part of his journal, as he travelled in Greece, Spain, and Italy. "The Giaour" is a powerful half-length picture of himself. "The Bride of Abydos" is a tender and somewhat maudlin memory of Greece. "The Corsair" was the work of one fierce fortnight, and seems to have brought one period of his life, as well as of his popularity, to a glittering point. In all this class of his poems we see him rather revolving the memory of past, than encountering the reality of present, misery. You have pensive sentiment rather than quick and fresh anguish. But his war with society was now about to begin in right earnest; and in prophetic anticipation of this, he wrote his "Parisina" and his "Siege of Corinth." These were the first great drops of the thunderstorm he was soon to pour down upon the world; and in the second of these, particularly, there is an electric heat and a frenzied haste which proclaims a troubled and distracted state of mind. In referring his medical adviser to it as a proof of his mental sanity, he rather blundered; for although it wants the incoherence, it has the fury, of madness. It is the most rapid and furious race he ever ran to escape from his own shadow. Then came his open breach with English society, his separation from his lady, and his growling retreat to his Italian den. But ere yet he plunged into that pool, where the degradation of his

genius, and where its power were perfect, he must turn round, and close in wilder, loftier measures the sad song of "Childe Harold," which in life's summer he had begun; and strange it was to mark, in those two last cantos, not only their deepened power and earnestness, but their multiplied sorrow. He seemed to have gone away to Addison's "Mountain of Miseries," and exchanged one burden for a worse—sorrow for despair. He had fallen so low, that suicide had lost its charms; and when one falls beneath the suicide point, his misery is perfect; for his quarrel then is not with *life* but with *being*. Yet how horribly beautiful his conversation with the dust of empires—with the gigantic skeleton of Rome—with the ocean, which meets him like that simulacrum of the sea which haunted the madness of Caligula—with all the mighty miserable in the past—with those spirits which he summons from the "vasty deep," or with those ill-favored ones

"Who walk the shadow of the Vale of Death."

He speaks to them as their equal and kindred spirit. "Hell from beneath is moved to meet him at his coming; they speak, and say unto him, Art thou become like unto us?" As another potentate, do those "Anarchs old"—Orcus, Hades, and the "dreaded name of Demogorgon"—admit him into their chaotic company, and make him free of the privileges of their dreary realm.

Having thus taken a last proud farewell of society, with all its forms and conventionalities, he turned him to the task of pouring out his envenomed and disappointed spirit in works which society was as certain to proscribe as it was to peruse; and there followed that marvellous series of poems to which we have already referred as his most peculiar and powerful productions—most powerful, because most sincere. And yet the public proved how false and worthless its former estimate of Byron's genius had been, by denouncing those, his best doings, not merely for their wickedness, but for their artistic execution. It is humiliating to revert to the reviews and newspapers of that period, and to read the language in which they speak of "Cain," "Sardanapalus," and the "Vision of Judgment," uniformly treating them as miserable fallings-off from his former self—beneath even the standard of his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." "Cain"

we regard not only as Byron's noblest production, but as one of the finest poems in this or any language. It is such a work as Milton, had he been miserable, would have written. There is nothing in "Paradise Lost" superior to Cain's flight with Lucifer through the stars, and nothing in Shakspeare superior to his conversations with his wife Adah. We speak simply of its merits as a work of art—its object is worthy of all condemnation: that is, to paint a more soured and savage Manfred, engaged in a controversy, not merely with himself, but with the system of which he is one diseased and desperate member; in the unequal strife overwhelmed, and, as if the crush of Omnipotence were not enough, bringing down after him, in his fall, the weight of a brother's blood; and the object of the fable is not, as it ought to have been, to show the madness of all selfish struggle against the laws of the universe, but to more than intimate the poet's belief, that the laws which occasion such a struggle are cruel and unjust. There is an unfair distribution of misery and guilt in the story. The misery principally accrues to Cain; but a large proportion of the guilt is caught, as by a whirlwind, and flies up in the face of his Maker. The great crime of the poem is not that its hero utters blasphemies, but that you shut it with a doubt whether these blasphemies be not true. Milton wrote his great poem to "justify the ways of God to man;" Byron's object seems to be, to justify the ways of man to God—even his wildest and most desperate doings. The pleading is eloquent, but hopeless. It is the bubble on the ridge of the cataract praying not to be carried over and hurried on. Equally vain it is to struggle against those austere and awful laws, by which moments of sin expand into centuries of punishment. Yet this was Byron's own life-long struggle, and one which, like men who fight their battles o'er again in sleep, he renewed again and again in every dream of his imagination.

"The Vision of Judgment," unquestionably the best abused, is also one of the best, and by no means the most profane, of his productions. It sprang from the savage disgust produced in his mind by Southey's "double distilled" cant, in that poem of his on the death of George the Third—which, reversing the usual case, now lives suspended by a tow-line from its caricature. All other hatred—that of Johnson—that of Burke—that of Juvenal—that of all, save Junius—is tame and maudlin com-

pared to the wrath of Byron expressed in this poem. Scorn often has the effect of cooling and carrying off rage—but here "the ground burns froze and cold performs the effect of fire." His very contempt is molten; his tears of laughter, as well as of misery, fall in *burning* showers. In what single lines has he concentrated the mingled essence of the coolest contempt, and the hottest indignation!

"A better farmer ne'er brushed dew from lawn,
A worse king never left a realm undone."

"When the gorgeous coffin was laid low,
It seemed the mockery of hell to fold
The rottenness of eighty years in gold."

"'Passion!' replied the phantom dim,
'I loved my country and I hated him.'"

There spoke the authentic shade of Junius, or at least a spirit worthy of contending with him for the honor of being the "Best Hater" upon record.

And yet, mixed with the strokes of ribaldry, are touches of a grandeur which he has rarely, elsewhere, approached. His poetry always rises above itself, when painting the faded splendor wan—the steadfast gloom—the hapless magnanimity of the Prince of Darkness. With perfect ease he seems to enter into the soul, and fill up the measure and stature of the awful personage.

It were unpardonable, even in a rapid review, to omit all notice of "Don Juan," which, if it bring our notion of the man to its lowest point—exalts our idea of the Poet. Its great charm is its conversational ease. How coolly, and calmly, he bestrides his Pegasus even when he is at the gallop. With what exquisitely quiet and quick transitions does he pass from humor to pathos, and make you laugh and cry at once as you do in dreams. It is less a man writing, than a man *resigning* his soul to his reader. To use Scott's beautiful figure—"the stanzas fall off as easily as the leaves from the autumnal tree; you stand under a shower of withered gold." And in spite of the endless touches of wit, the general impression is most melancholy; and not Rasselas, nor Timon, casts so deep a shadow on the thoughtful reader as the "very tragical mirth" of Don Juan.

In settling, lastly, his rank as a Poet, we may simply say, that he must stand, on the whole, beneath and apart from the first class of poets, such as Homer, Dante, Milton, Shakspeare, and Goethe. Often, indeed, he seems to rush into their company, and

to stand among them, like a daring boy amid his seniors, measuring himself proudly with their superior stature. And possibly, had he lived, he might have ultimately taken his place amongst them, for it lay in him to have done this. But life was denied him. The wild steed of his passions—like his own "Mazeppa"—carried him furiously into the wilderness, and dashed him down into premature death. And he now must take his place as one at the very head of the second rank of poets, and arrested when he was towering up towards the first.

His name has been frequently but injudiciously coupled with that of Shelley. This has arisen principally from their accidental position. They found themselves together one stormy night in the streets, having both been thrust out by the strong arm from their homes. One had been kicking up a row and kissing the serving-maids; the other had been trying to reform the family, but in so awkward a fashion, that in his haste he had put out all the lustres, and nearly blown up the establishment. In that cold, desolate, moonless night, they chanced to meet—they entered into conversation—they even tried, by drawing near each other, to administer a little kindly warmth and encouragement. Men seeing them imperfectly in the lamp-light, classed them together as two dissolute and disorderly blackguards. And, alas, when the morning came that might have accurately discriminated them, both were found lying dead in the streets. In point of purpose—temperament—tendency of intellect—poetical creed—feeling—sentiments—habits—and character, no two men could be more dissimilar. And the conjunction of their names is almost as incongruous, as though we should, in comparison, not in contrast, speak of Douglas Jerrold and Baptist Noel—Father Mathew and Professor Wilson—Thomas Carlyle and Andrew Marshall of Kirkintilloch—Dr. Brunton and Dr. John Ritchie.

We remember a pilgrimage we made some years ago to Lochnagar. As we ascended a mist came down over the hill like a veil dropped by some jealous beauty over her own fair face. At length the summit was reached, though the prospect was denied us. It was a proud and thrilling moment. What though darkness was all around? It was the *very* atmosphere that suited the scene. It was dark "Lochnagar." And only think how fine it was to climb up and clasp its cairn—to lift a stone from it, to

be in after-time a memorial of our journey—to sing the song which made it terrible and dear, in its own proud drawing-room, with those great fog-curtains floating around—to pass along the brink of its precipices—to snatch a fearful joy, as we leant over, and hung down, and saw from beneath the gleam of eternal snow shining up from its hollows, and columns, or rather perpendicular seas of mist, streaming up upon the wind—

"Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell,
Where every wave breaks on a living shore,
Heaped with the damned, like pebbles—"

tinged, too, here and there, on their tops, by gleams of sunshine, the farewell beams of the dying day. It was the grandest moment in our lives. We had stood upon many hills—in sunshine and in shade, in mist and in thunder—but never had before, nor hope to have again, such a feeling of the grandeur of this lower universe—such a sense of horrible sublimity. Nay, we question if there be a mountain in the empire, which, though seen in similar circumstances, could awaken the same emotions in our minds. It is not its loftiness, though that be great—nor its bold outline nor its savage loneliness, nor its mist-loving precipices, but the associations which crown its crags with a "peculiar diadem"—its identification with the image of a poet, who, amid all his fearful errors, had perhaps more than any of the age's Bards, the power of investigating all his career—yea, to every corner which his fierce foot ever touched, or which his genius ever sung—with profound and melancholy interest. We saw the name Byron written in the cloud-characters above us. We saw his genius sadly smiling in those gleams of stray sunshine which gilded the darkness they could not dispel. We found an emblem of his poetry in that flying rack, and of his character in those lowering precipices. We seemed to hear the wail of his restless spirit in the wild sob of the wind, fainting and struggling up under its burden of darkness. Nay, we could fancy that this hill was designed as an eternal monument to his name, and to image all those peculiarities which make that name for ever illustrious. Not the loftiest of his country's poets, he is the most sharply and terribly defined. In magnitude and round completeness, he yields to many; in jagged, abrupt, and passionate projection of his own shadow, over the world of literature,

to none. The genius of convulsion, a dire attraction, dwells around him, which leads many to hang over, and some to leap down his precipices. Volcanic as he is, the coldness of wintry selfishness too often collects in the hollows of his verse. He loves, too, the cloud and the thick darkness, and comes "veiling all the lightnings of his song in sorrow." So, like Byron, beside Scott and Wordsworth, does Lochnagar stand in the presence of his neighbor giants, Ben-macDhui, and Ben-y-boord, less lofty, but more fiercely eloquent in its jagged outline, reminding us of the *via* of the forked lightning, which it seems dumbly to mimic, projecting its cliffs like quenched batteries against earth and heaven, with the cold of snow in its heart, and with a coronet of mist round its gloomy brow.

No poet, since Homer and Ida, has thus, everlastingly, shot his genius into the heart of one great mountain, identifying himself and his song with it. Not Horace with Soracte—not Wordsworth with Helvellyn—not Coleridge with Mont Blanc—not Wilson with the Black Mount—not even Scott with Elidons—all these are still common property, but Lochnagar is Byron's own—no poet will ever venture to sing it again. In its dread circle none 'durst walk but he. His allusions to it are not numerous, but its peaks stood often before his eye: a recollection of its grandeur served more to color his line, than the glaciers of the Alps, the cliffs of Jura, or the thunder

hills of fear, which he heard in Chimari; even from the mountains of Greece he was carried back to Morven and

"Lochnagar, with Ida, looked o'er Troy."

Hence the severe, Dante-like, monumental, mountainous cast of his better poetry; for we firmly believe that the scenery of one's youth gives a permanent bias and coloring to the genius, the taste, and the style, *i. e.* if there be an intellect to receive an impulse, or a taste to catch a tone. Many, it is true, bred in cities, or amid common scenery, make up for the lack by early travel; so did Milton, Coleridge, Wilson, &c. But who may not gather, from the tame tone of Cowper's landscapes, that he had never enjoyed such opportunities? And who, in Pollok's powerful but gloomy poem, may not detect the raven hue which a sterile moorland scenery had left upon his mind? Has not, again, the glad landscape of the Howe of the Mearns, and the prospect from the surmounting Hill of Garvock, left a pleasing trace upon the mild pages of Beattie's Minstrel? Did not Coila color the genial soul of its poet? Has not the scenery of "mine own romantic town" made much of the prose and poetry of Sir Walter Scott what it is? So, is it mere fancy which traces the stream of Byron's poetry in its light and its darkness, its bitterness and its brilliance, to this smitten rock in the wilderness—to the cliffs of Lochnagar?

From Fraser's Miscellany.

OUTLINES IN PARLIAMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LITERARY LEGISLATORS."

SOME MEMBERS OF THE "IRISH PARTY."

It is now about six months ago that the thinking portion of the British public were startled by the announcement of a great moral and political phenomenon. What seven centuries of all sorts of government—patriarchal, martial, clerical, self-governing, and imperial,—had been unable to bring to pass in Ireland, a few months of famine and its consequences were to effect as by a miracle. Now, for the first time in the history of Ireland, were men of all ranks, classes, religions, and parties, to

unite on one common neutral ground of brotherly love, and to form what was termed, more ambitiously than wisely, an "Irish Party." Peers, landowners, magistrates, and M.P.'s, clericals and laymen, Roman Catholics, Protestants, and Presbyterians, met and passed magnanimous resolutions to sink all party and political feelings and personal prejudices, and devote themselves to the good of their country. The world looked on, astonished; for now that these patriots did agree, their unani-

mity was truly wonderful. They made a candid confession of their past misdeeds—declared that their own divisions had been the true cause of the misery of their country—and that now was the time for union, when the “future fortunes” and “the present lives” of millions of their fellow-countrymen were at stake—and they bound themselves to act together, whether in or out of parliament, in supporting or opposing the measures that might be brought forward by the Government or by private members, in order to meet the crisis in Irish affairs. To make their act of union the more solemn, they invoked the blessing of Divine Providence upon it, and expressed their confident hope that they would receive in their exertions the aid of the rich and the confidence of the poor.

By those who were acquainted with the previous history of Ireland, and with the state of parties there (and, thanks to the incessant agitations and debates in parliament, these might be taken to be all the newspaper readers in the kingdom), such an announcement as this must have been regarded as miraculous. Nor was their surprise at all lessened when they thought of the individuals who had signed this new self-denying ordinance. They saw arrayed, with an ostentatious alternation of amicability, the names of the most extreme and violent political opponents—the O’Connells, father and sons, by the side of the Lord Lortons and the Lord Farnhams; and Mr. Smith O’Brien “pairing” with Mr. Gregory or the Earl of Glengall. From that moment, much interest was felt in the future proceedings of this novel association.

If looked at seriously, in a political point of view, it was certainly a matter to make statesmen pause and tremble. In a representative assembly constituted like the House of Commons, if parties are at all nicely balanced, a body of men, however small, who act with one mind and on one principle, and who are prepared to sacrifice political feeling to the attainment of some common object, may attain to a disproportionate and dangerous power. If the professions of the new “Irish Party” were to be depended on, there was much reason to suppose that some such combination might be formed. As, too, they continued their sittings, after the meeting of parliament, with tolerable perseverance, their proceedings were watched with increasing interest; and at one time, when it appear-

ed probable that by supporting Lord George Bentinck’s proposal to advance money to the Irish railway companies they might overturn the ministry, their importance attained to a considerable height.

If that importance has since diminished; if this great embryo party has failed fully to develop itself; if the “good of the country” has been lost sight of in old political quarrels; if the “future fortunes” and “present lives” of millions did in the intervening six months wane in their estimation, as the prospect of an effectual poor-law being imposed became more clear and certain; if, in short, this grand national association has dwindled into a mere rump of a party, and the only “union” that exists has at last been discovered to be an union of shameless, unadulterated self-interest; if this has been the paltry end of so glorious a beginning, let us not think too harshly of men who were for putting on poor, weak, human nature, more than it can bear, who proposed to themselves an achievement greater and more difficult than was ever yet attained by human hearts or human heads, who superadded to the original merit of their good intentions the additional virtue of their being impracticable.

As these noblemen and gentlemen have at intervals during the last few months—more especially in the debates on Ireland in both houses of parliament—rendered themselves exceedingly conspicuous, we presume that our readers may not be indisposed to know something more about them than they can gather from their public acts and speeches. We have selected a few of the most prominent among them; though our selections by no means include the most important or distinguished of the representatives of Ireland, of whom we may, perhaps, treat in detail on some future occasion.

LORD MONTEAGLE.

A peerage, together with the possession for life of a sinecure office, the emoluments of which are equivalent to a pension of £2000 a year, enjoyed without the general odium which usually attaches to the receipt of eleemosynary public money by mere placemen, who have rendered no real or lasting service to the State—these are the rewards which Lord Monteagle has contrived to secure for himself by a long life of political activity and party subserviency.

During that long life he has filled successively many offices of state, rising gradually to be a cabinet minister, and to hold a place which, if it be not the highest, is, at least, one of the greatest trust, in the kingdom—that of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and responsible manager of our finances. A very natural question has often been put, What were his qualifications for these important posts? and, Why has he been in a manner forced into a position, and covered with honors, which were perseveringly refused to some men of acknowledged genius, who, by the concurrent testimony of the whole people, at once have distinguished themselves by their talents and rendered good service to their country? To answer these questions is not the most easy task in the world.

Perseverance is a quality which is scarcely acknowledged at its full weight and value. Nay, if we look at the wonders it has sometimes achieved, we might almost elevate it to the dignity of a virtue. There are those who even think perseverance, in this working-day world, better than genius itself; and, certainly, if to realize solid advantages be the true business of life, they are right; for, in too many cases, perseverance soon elbows genius out of the race. Of all the shapes which perseverance takes, the most miraculous is that of resolute, determined self-advancement; and in this respect the fable of the hare and the tortoise is a true type of the great struggle of life. The quality we speak of does not rank morally so low as some exalted thinkers conceive. Perseverance often hides humility, as genius, or what passes for it, is as frequently a cloak for pride. It is because the persevering, plodding man, has a mean opinion of his own natural powers, because he knows he cannot trust, like his more gifted neighbor, to sudden inspirations, that he so humbly, but steadily, works out the object of his being. But perseverance has another and a darker aspect, which, also, is too often odious. The worldly, money-getting, place-hunting, respectability-seeking quality, which raises unscrupulous men in the world, is not the less perseverance, though it be too frequently allied to pretension, quackery, and even to unfair dealing. That it should so often succeed, speaks ill for the discernment and common sense of the great mass of mankind, who allow themselves to be deceived by a wretched imposture. Yet, if men would but use their faculties, they need not be thus played upon. Rightly regarded, pretension is a

gauge of self-esteem inversely to its seeming. A shallow man, of inferior capacity, but with the ambition to rise, betrays his own consciousness of inferiority by his vigorous efforts to appear what he is not. He may have the vanity to think his disguise successful—too often the consent of mankind bears him out—but very slight habits of observation will enable us to detect the false from the true. That once done, his successes become so many badges of demerit.

Such praise as is due to perseverance, Lord Monteagle fully deserves; but, as his rewards and successes have been far greater than either his personal merits or his public services entitled him to, he must, we fear, be included in the second of the two classes which are indicated in the foregoing remarks. Lord Monteagle has risen, no one knows how, no one knows why. There is not, among the present holders of peerages or honors created for themselves, one person who has really done so little to deserve such promotion. He has been, throughout his life, a busy, talkative man; but it would be impossible to point to any one act of his public career, legislative or otherwise, upon which one might rest the defence of his honors. It may be urged, that, in this country, long and faithful party service is allowed to confer a species of right to the rewards which, in a well-constituted community, would be reserved for the best in intellect and conduct. But of him it may be answered, that although he served the Whigs much, he served himself more; and, further, that although his service of them was zealous, even mean, yet it was on the whole more injurious than beneficial to the party. For, during years when the first talent and ingenuity of the country were employed in undermining them and rendering them ridiculous, the public conduct of Lord Monteagle was one of their most vulnerable points, and, with much exaggeration, no doubt yet at the same time with more truth, he was held up to the world as a type of the pretension, imbecility, and political double-dealing attributed to those whom their political enemies then designated as an incapable faction. As in the case of one or two prominent members of their present administration, who have apparently been forced upon them by family influence, they would certainly have done much better without Mr. Spring Rice than with him; and it was by no means an improbable hypothesis that he was betinsel-

led with a peerage, and loaded with the dangerous reward of an odious sinecure, more because his reputation had become onerous to his colleagues, than because he had rendered to them or to the country any commensurate service.

Having married the eldest daughter of the Earl of Limerick, and been returned to the House of Commons as a member for that borough, he was, in the year 1827, nominated by Mr. Canning to an Under-secretaryship—that of the Colonies. This was the lucky point of his life, on which depended his future fortunes. Mr. Canning was in want of colleagues, especially of men of a liberal turn of thinking and yet of influence. Mr. Rice combined with an aptitude for business the talent of ready speaking, which, if it did not deceive so good a judge as the minister, was at least of a better order than that usually obtained from Under-secretaries. Mr. Canning's imagination, of course, could never have metamorphosed his *protégé* into a leader. But office-holding under Mr. Canning has usually secured subsequent preferment; and when the Whigs came in, in 1830, Mr. Spring Rice was made by them Secretary to the Treasury. Taken *per se*, this was a judicious appointment, for Mr. Rice's intellect and character are precisely of that calibre which would enable him to fill such an office with satisfaction to his superiors. Active, docile (while under), not too "particular about trifles," voluble in speech, with application, general information, and a large amount of ready ability (for which let us give him full credit), as a subordinate, or even as a placeman in high rank, if not pretending to statesmanship or oratory, he would always have commanded a fair share of consideration and even of respect; for men who have the good sense to know their position, and keep to it, are invaluable. But when Lord Melbourne formed his administration, Mr. Spring Rice was made Secretary of State for the Colonies: and afterwards, when the Whigs returned in 1835, he climbed to the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer—in charity, let us suppose, as much to his own astonishment as to that of the public. In this character let us recall him.

The talents required for a Chancellor of the Exchequer are not those of the brilliant, but those of the sterling order. The financial system being previously decided on by the cabinet, a clear head, an upright mind, a pre-acquaintance with the secret move-

ments of the money-market, and a good knowledge of arithmetic, are the qualifications wanted in that officer whose duty it is to explain and defend it. He is not required to be a great orator—indeed, it were always better that he had few pretensions of the sort, because the commercial John Bull has a deep faith in mediocrity. Now, Mr. Spring Rice, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, was deficient in all the requisite qualifications. Of all the Whig Chancellors of the Exchequer he has proved the worst; and that places him in a very low scale indeed. Lord Althorp used to be laughed at as a blunderer, but his mind was always right, though his utterance went wrong: he seemed much worse than he really was. Mr. Baring, too, generally gave one the idea that he didn't exactly know what he was going to say next, and that it was all a chance which side of his proposition he would accidentally advocate; but his defects, also, were more to be ascribed to physical than to mental causes. With regard to Sir Charles Wood, although his performances more than fulfil the unfavorable expectations that were formed of him,—although he is by turns pompous, arrogant, flippant, and unintelligible, yet it is clear that he is upright and honest, and that if he commit errors, his capacity, not his intentions, will be in fault. But Mr. Spring Rice, while really less versed in his duties than either of these officers, had not the merit of standing well with many even of his own supporters. He was distrusted on the ground of a lax political morality, which, however it may escape censure in inferior stations, cannot be tolerated in high places. All those clever little tricks and manœuvres, which confer the applauses and honors of the bureau on one whose duty it is to "count out" or to "keep" a house, he played off again on his grander scene. What literature gains in dignity it sometimes loses in effective force by its lofty abhorrence of "slang." Yet keen perceptions are often enshrined in unauthorized words. There is one expression, among many, which the lexicographers have not sanctioned, and which it requires some courage to use in society; yet it is very often heard from the lips of the grave even, as well as of the gay; and now and then an orator hungering after a word has been known to blurt it forth in the senate itself. The most original living genius in fiction, too, has not thought it beneath him to create a

character expressly to illustrate it. So, we, perhaps, may be allowed the privilege of using the phrase. When we say of a man that he is a "dodger," we mean a great deal more than we choose to express, or can express, in words. We can laugh at a "dodge" while we despise it. Now, in politics, "dodging" is considered by some people capital, and perfectly legitimate, amusement. Public men become so hardened in pursuing the end, regardless of the means, that what they would shrink from (and none more so than Lord Monteagle) in private life, in public affairs they consider perfectly justifiable. Political "dodging" may be defined as the act of doing, with however transparent a pretext, what one would be utterly ashamed of doing without one. Mr. Spring Rice was especially the "Artful" of the Melbourne ministry; not for the Government only, but also on his own little private account,—just for the pleasure of it. So many years have now elapsed since he held office, that most men have forgotten all but their vague impressions of this singular statesman's general system, and our space will not allow us to give instances; but we have a lively recollection of the inimitable self-confidence with which, to the inexpressible amusement, when not to the terror, of the City, he used in the House of Commons to try feats of legerdemain with the public accounts; of his bold attempts at wholesale mystification; his small manœuvres, upheld with an indescribable gravity, till their success tempted to a complacent chuckle; the miraculous assurance with which he would deliberately rise in the House of Commons, and consume hours in windy, wordy, prosy, yet ambitious talk, in the face of some of the most competent financiers and the greatest commercial men of the day, affecting to make intelligible to them what was clearly all but unintelligible to himself. Nor does this propensity for left-handed statesmanship seem to have diminished with time and the cessation of his ministerial functions. It would seem as if all the zeal and ardor of Lord Monteagle for unanimity and harmony of action on Irish affairs had been but a pretext for a concealed object—that as British indignation was evidently aroused to one of its rare moral paroxysms against the Irish landlords, they should have at once a shield and a spear, in the new Irish party, against the obvious and inevitable retribution. Similar have been the noble lord's latest de-

monstrations. As Irish Nationality was but another name for No Poor Law, so his recent amendment in committee, by defeating the Whigs, was intended but as a means of decently getting rid of a just burden; and his proposal of a system of colonization for Ireland dwindles down into a scheme for clearing the land of a population, only surplus because the corresponding surplus food is unfairly absorbed—of getting rid, in fact, of the poor, as he could not get rid of the law for their protection. Yes; Lord Monteagle is the man for a clever political "dodge."

It is just to the noble lord to say, that had he been more straightforward, and formed a more modest estimate of his own powers, he might have made a very respectable and efficient minister. He has extensive information and a remarkable readiness in speaking—can, or rather could, rise at a moment's notice, and pour forth oceans of words, cheating the inexperienced with the belief that he was really making a good speech on the matter in hand. He was an excellent man to speak against time, and his talent was of that quality that he could talk with equal fluency and deceptive inconclusiveness on any subject, from the highest to the lowest. This was one secret of his success—he made himself useful, and was, moreover, a thorough-going party man. But Lord Monteagle's ambitious spirit would not allow him to be content with the honors of a useful subordinate—he aspired to be a leader, and fancied himself an orator. An empty, sounding grandiloquence was his chief, if not his only qualification. His style was inflated. There was no close reasoning, or condensed expression. As he seldom thought for himself on great questions, but only reproduced, distorted and disfigured by a perverted ingenuity, the views of his party, there was no originality either in his ideas or in his arguments. His point of view never rose above the level of the bureau. To make a case was his utmost aim; but what a wiser man would have done modestly and neatly, he, by an unconquerable habit of exaggeration, converted into a medium for extravagant finesse and pompous declamation. He always took an hour to say what the least efficient of his colleagues would have compressed, with more clearness and vigor, into twenty minutes. He was wordy without being explanatory; and he was for ever rendering himself ridiculous by ineffectual strainings after grand oratorical effect.

These errors of judgment were rendered still more glaring by his peculiar personal characteristics. Small in stature, he is also deficient in dignity. Restless, busy, fussy, consequential, and yet with a countenance on which an austere conceit is stamped, there is no phase of his personal bearing on which the mind can dwell with interest or satisfaction. There is no weight or gravity, but much of hollow, sounding pretension. The eternal noise of his harsh, loud, yet toneless voice, assists these unfavorable impressions; but when he was an active ministerial speaker in former days, his present defects were enormously exaggerated. It was sometimes painful to see him in the excitement and agony of speech-making, straining his small physical powers, elevated on tip-toe, oscillating till one feared he would lose his equilibrium, whisking about from one side to the other as he addressed some "point" to one or other of his colleagues, sometimes wheeling full round to the benches behind, his back turned towards the Speaker or Opposition, and thumping the table till his clenched fists seemed to rebound from the force of the blow, and not unfrequently sending the papers flying like chaff on the floor. It was a ridiculous caricature of the worst faults of Sir Robert Peel's familiar style, not, like his, redeemed by tact and the success with which he used such undignified action and gestures, but rendered more absurd by his perpetual and preposterous failures. And all the while the ear of his audience was as much vexed as if assailed by the constant beating of a gong. Since he has been made a peer, Lord Monteaule is much tamed down. If he is as fussy and as fond of little manœuvres as ever, he is much less noisy, and his inflictions are not so frequent. When he left the House of Commons and mounted to the Upper House, it is difficult to say which was the predominating feeling among his contemporaries—satisfaction at getting rid of an over-rated cormorant of talk, or disgust at the arrangement by which he was made Comptroller of the Exchequer, with a salary for life of two thousand a year. His proceedings as a peer have not been so obtrusive as those which earned him an unenviable distinction as a commoner. Had he possessed intrinsic merits at all commensurate with the rewards he has grasped, the state of parties in the Upper House afforded him a fine opportunity for earning distinction as a statesman and legislator; but, making all

allowance for the influence of party feeling, and of the jealousy of pitchforked *parvenus* which may be detected in that assembly, we fear that he has only succeeded in still further exposing his moral littleness and intellectual inferiority. Before dismissing the subject, let us beg the reader who thinks that the foregoing observations have too severely disparaged Lord Monteaule, to remember that we complained of the monstrous excess of his rewards over his services, and that we might have been less tempted to revive the recollection of his errors, had he been satisfied with the humble but deserved compensation of modest mediocrity.

THE RIGHT HON. FREDERICK SHAW.

During the last sixteen or seventeen years, Mr. Shaw has occupied from time to time a position more or less prominent in the political world; and in the House of Commons, more especially, during the greater part of that time, he has been recognised as one of its most notable members. His talents, experience, and ability as a speaker, would alone have secured him more than a respectable standing; but he has added to their natural influence a further advantage, by his having for fifteen years represented the University of Dublin with so much credit to himself and confidence on the part of his constituents, as to have been long recognised as one of the chief leaders of the Irish Protestants, whose stronghold, we need hardly say, is in that institution. Towards the party in question, indeed, he has for many years stood in a relation nearly as important and honorable as that of Sir Robert Inglis with a very large section of the Church of England. When an Irish question was brought forward, Mr. Shaw's opinion was one of the first required upon it, in collecting the sentiments of the representatives of Ireland; and, further, it was always understood, that that opinion was not merely the opinion of an individual, but also of the large and influential body whom he represented, not directly only, through the University, but indirectly also, by the confidence reposed in him by the Protestant public of Ireland generally.

Filling so responsible a post, and endowed by nature with no inconsiderable portion of that combativeness of temperament which distinguishes his countrymen of all creeds and classes, it is not surprising

that the parliamentary functions of Mr. Shaw should have been no sinecure. Indeed, except the leading statesmen, there are few members of the House of Commons who have led so active a public life, more especially if we refer to the period during which the Whig ministry of Lord Melbourne clung to power, in spite of the able agitation carried on against them, on the strength of their open alliance and secret compacts with O'Connell. In that agitation, Mr. Shaw was an active and a distinguished partaker. Although at times he scarcely went far enough to suit the excited feelings of some of the more violent of his party in Ireland, to the cooler temperament of the English, however much they might have had their prepossessions worked upon against those who were then considered as their common enemies, he certainly appeared a man who was prepared to carry political controversy to the very extreme verge of that license which modern debating allows. There was no man among the Conservative opposition more unsparing of his invectives, no man less ready to pause in the assertion or support of any charge, however serious, against the opponents alike of his political and religious creed. It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. O'Connell was his chief antagonist. For some few years their rivalry was manifest, almost avowed. They fought over again in the House of Commons the battles of Irish parties. But we must do them both the justice to say, that they carried on their warfare, however angry, in a gentlemanly way. Sometimes, indeed, the passions of the man would break through the artificial restraints imposed by order and custom on the senator; but it was rare that this went to such limits as would excite scandal. However sincerely opposed in politics, they seemed to respect each other's talents, and their fights were more of a gladiatorial character than was at that time usual, when the hostile parties of Ireland came into collision on English ground, and exhibited to a pitying public the degenerate combats of hereditary hatreds. The warm, almost passionate eagerness with which Mr. Shaw would rush to the conflict of argument, or of fact, with his potent antagonist, was altogether different from the cold, contemptuous, sometimes even insolent, haughtiness, with which Mr. Secretary Stanley, while he was still a subordinate, or my Lord Stanley, when he had become an Opposition leader, would

rise to attack or repel the same opponent. By the one it seemed to be a combat recognised as on equal grounds—a means, rather agreeable than otherwise, of bringing to its final issue before the English Parliament the Irish struggle of nearly a quarter of a century. To the other, it appeared to be an odious task reluctantly assumed, and fulfilled with as much of deliberate, studied offensiveness, as could be exhibited by a proud and exasperated man, without forfeiting the character of a gentleman. Lord Stanley affected to consider the conditions of the conflict between him and O'Connell as quite unequal, as if it were almost too much that he should condescend to insult his adversary. His sarcasms were the more provoking because they were aimed so low. Mr. Shaw and Mr. O'Connell quarrelled with more apparent passion, but much more real cordiality; and their hostility, though more ostentatious and obtrusive, was not so embittered.

Readiness, boldness, tact, declamatory power, and frequent flashes of humor, rendered Mr. Shaw a very formidable antagonist to Mr. O'Connell in these personal contests (which turned too often on the most paltry local disputes), more especially as the audience were prepared in most cases to side with the former. But Mr. Shaw's powers as a speaker, like Mr. O'Connell's, would be very unfairly tested even by success in such undignified warfare. He has proved himself capable of efforts of a much higher order. Successfully disembarassing himself of the trammels of mere party prejudice, he has succeeded in taking a broad and even a statesmanlike view of great questions, however nearly they may have touched some of his most cherished opinions. As a leader of the Irish Protestants, he never was politically the mere follower of any English party, although he acted for many years with Sir Robert Peel. The sentiment of nationality seems to have overruled in his mind all the more direct and strict suggestions of political association. He has been more a Protestant-ascendency man than an English Tory or Conservative, and more an Irishman than a Protestant. He is more liked by Irish Liberals and Catholics than most men of his party. However much they may detest his political creed, they admit the uprightness with which he has advocated it, and are not sorry to be able to fight a fair battle with an honorable opponent; one who will at least treat Irish subjects in an Irish

way. Mr. Shaw has been in the main consistent in his career—the representative of Dublin University has no mission to be otherwise. At one time he seemed disposed to give Sir Robert Peel a moderate and guarded support in some of his Irish measures; but some significant hints he received from his constituents satisfied him, apparently, that he had miscalculated the extent to which they had advanced with the times.

When, therefore, in the session of 1846, the Conservative ministry finally threw off the mask; when, on the one hand, Mr. Shaw saw a total abandonment of the English landed aristocracy, and on the other, an equally open encouragement of the Irish Catholics, he took his side at once. He had never, during his public life, shown so much earnestness, energy, and debating power as he now exhibited. Not even Lord George Bentinck was more bitter against the chief Conservative leaders than he. A speech he made, early in 1846, was, as a straightforward and high-toned denunciation of political treachery, one of the boldest and most plain-spoken attacks on record. It was made literally behind the backs of Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham, for Mr. Shaw sat on the back benches on the government side: but it was easy to see in the expression of their faces, hardened as public men are to such manifestations, how strong was its effect. Indeed, it carried the language of invective and denunciation to the very utmost limits of parliamentary courtesy: there was not the slightest veil of circumlocution between it and downright insulting personality. It approached to what we read in the old debates, ere parliamentary speaking had become emasculated by the deceptive refinement of these “mealy-mouthed” days. It provoked Sir James Graham into one of the most personal attacks he ever made in Parliament; one more worthy of the hustings of Hull or Carlisle, in the days of his Radicalism, than of the mature years of a staid and stately statesman. He almost in direct terms charged Mr. Shaw with attacking ministers thus bitterly, from resentment at having been refused the Irish Secretaryship, and also because the Government had refused to effect a new settlement of the Recordship of Dublin (Mr. Shaw’s office) in his favor, with some pecuniary advantage in the shape of a retiring allowance. This roused all Mr. Shaw’s latent energy, which is great, and his reply to Sir James Graham,

without having any pretension to finish (for men in a passion have not time to trim their phrases), was nevertheless distinguished by unrestrained severity. If we consider the high character and standing of the two men, perhaps it is not too much to say that, except in some few scenes which lowered the character of the House of Commons during the same session, it is without a parallel in modern debating. He said, if the charges were true even, it was unworthy of a minister, and utterly unbecoming the ordinary ideas and feelings of a gentleman, to divulge such a confidential communication, for the mere purpose of producing a temporary impression against a political opponent. A high and generous mind, incapable of being influenced by mean motives itself, would hesitate to attribute them to others. He then gave, on his personal honor, an explicit and indignant denial to Sir James Graham’s charge. The office he held gave him what he required, “his bread and independency.” And then he denounced it as “degrading” to Sir James that he should, not in the heat of party debate, but three days after the attack, have made a charge, the low vulgarism of which had not even the merit of originality. He repeated his belief that the Government was falling—falling both in power and character. And further, he believed that Sir James Graham was the evil genius of the cabinet. It had been predicted that he would prove so. It had been often said, and events had shown how truly, that no government could stand long of which he was a member. These attacks were received with tremendous cheers by the House; and their approval led Mr. Shaw to go further still, for he concluded by telling Sir James, that “the feeling he had for him was not one of resentment; it was a feeling not so dignified—it was a feeling of——” But loud cries of “Order” prevented him from adding the unparliamentary word. A scene of such dramatic interest has not occurred for many years. Sir James cowered under the attack. He lost his usual imperturbable coolness and self-command. Pale, trembling with excitement, he rose to retrace his false step. But, instead of making his apology in a manly way, he strove to cast ridicule on Mr. Shaw, because he had so far forgotten his judicial character as to lose his temper. The attempt was a miserable failure; and, however the House might condemn Mr. Shaw’s extreme violence, he came off triumphantly.

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Throughout the same session, Mr. Shaw exhibited more ability, courage, and strong party feeling than he had ever shown, except on some isolated occasions of quarrel with Mr. O'Connell. It seems to have been the culminating point of his parliamentary career, at least according to present symptoms. His speeches have always been distinguished more for a certain masculine vigor than for any remarkable originality, or for felicity or refinement of diction. Tall beyond the average of tall men, with a strong masculine frame, a well though not elegantly formed figure, and a powerful, sonorous voice, he embodies many of those physical attributes which are to be found among the better order of his countrymen. To these advantages he adds that of a highly expressive and intelligent, if not strictly handsome, countenance, and a dark expressive eye; the whole face being framed in a profusion of black waving hair. Personal advantages always propitiate the House of Commons; and Mr. Shaw has had his full share of the favorable prepossessions so created on his behalf. But we fear a great change has come over him of late; that we must speak of him more in the past than in the present tense when referring to his appearance. Our own observation of Mr. Shaw's political career leads us to think that his personal feelings have not usually been mixed up in party-questions; that however zealous and earnest he may have been as a parliamentary champion of the Irish Protestants, he has, in fact, always conducted their cause in the spirit of an advocate, more than in that of a partisan. There are some, however, who assert, that the conduct of the English Conservatives towards his party has caused him bitter disappointment, which, with other things, has preyed upon his health. It is also said that he suffered in mind, when, during the trial of the "Repeal martyrs," he was charged with having purposely lost a portion of the jury list, thereby rendering a "packing" more easy, and a verdict more certain. If he did feel this charge so deeply, it was needless; for, however convenient it might have been for party purposes at the time, Mr. Shaw's character was such that he could well have afforded to smile at the imputation. These are mere conjectures; but it is certain that, from whatever cause, Mr. Shaw's health has not been latterly what it formerly was. For a man of forty-eight he shows symptoms of a premature decay. Although his mental powers

are unimpaired, the masculine vigor that formerly helped to impress his audience has passed away. His erect attitude has given way to a stoop, and his fine dark hair has become silvered with grey. Still, let us hope these symptoms are but temporary, and that they may be removed by a cessation from too active exertion. Whether for his intrinsic merits, his consistency, his *bonhomie*, or his general parliamentary ability, he is not a man whose services can easily be dispensed with.

SIR H. W. BARRON.

Sir H. W. Barron is a character, and, in his way, the type of a class. He has been very active, both in and out of parliament of late, and has developed strong symptoms of an ardent desire to become a patriot. Before going further, it may be as well to observe that, although his intellectual claims are not of the highest order, his sincerity, and, to all appearance, his good intentions, render him, in a moral point of view, respectable. Among the representatives of Ireland his position gives him some consequence. He is the colleague of Mr. Wyse in the representation of the city of Waterford; and, for nine years previously to 1841, he represented the county. He is also deputy-lieutenant of the county, and is generally a man of considerable local importance. Further, he is a declared Repealer; and, without having been, like some of the Repeal members, the mere nominee of O'Connell, he was expressly elected in 1842 upon the strength of his avowed hostility to the Union. It is just to him also to say that, in the late discussions on measures for the social improvement of Ireland, he took the popular side, not as a mere grievance-monger, but as a landlord, having a proper sense of what is due to the poorer classes. Not that he made useful, practical suggestions,—that would have been inconsistent; but, as far as declamation went, and the disposition to bear his share of the general burden, he did all that could be expected from him.

Sir H. W. Barron appears to us, however, to be, as we have said, a type of a class. English statesmen have hitherto been able, more or less, to disregard the Repeal movement in Ireland, because the machinery of the agitation has been obvious, and its influence has been confined to the agitators themselves and their dupes among the masses. Speaking generally,

the wealthier classes, and especially the landed gentry, cannot be said to have joined in it. Here and there a man of property or local influence may, in order to obtain a seat in parliament, have allowed himself to be numbered with the Repealers; but the support of such men has not been active, nor has their avowal of Repeal principles been of the slightest consequence in political movements. At the present time, it would seem to be less so than ever. An opinion, too hastily formed, prevails, that the horrible realities of the last eighteen months have superseded fictitious grievances in the Irish mind; and it is probable that, for some time, this impression may prove correct.

But there are grounds for suspecting that a change has taken place in the feelings even of the better classes in Ireland,—that Mr. O'Connell miscalculated the understanding which he supposed to exist between himself and his followers,—that what with him may have been a sham and a political manœuvre, was to them a reality and a belief. A strong, anti-English feeling has been growing up amongst classes, whose selfishness formerly rendered them England's best allies. Even amongst the Protestants there are intelligible symptoms of this change; but, among the Catholics of the better classes, it has certainly made great strides. At present it does not count for much, because national suffering has suspended the national passions; but it would not be hazardous to predict that (when this calamity has passed away), among a people so ruled by sentiments, the sentiment of nationality, envenomed by ingratitude for benefits conferred in adversity, may one day become formidable. Now this sentiment seems lately to have seized on Sir H. W. Barron to almost a morbid extent. He is only one among many who have the same feelings. They may be insignificant in the House of Commons, but in their own localities their example has weight, and will have its effect.

Sir H. W. Barron is the embodied spirit of Irish grievances. He writhes under England's insults. The whole nation are in a conspiracy to insult and injure him and his people. He lives in a constant fruition of the delights of imaginary martyrdom. Whatever he may say, Repeal would kill him, for then his luxury of suffering would pass away. As a senator, he has but one theme,—the injustice of imperial England towards Ireland. His dark Celtic face,

buried in a shock of wild-looking black hair, betrays but one expression. In the street, at the club, in the house, it alike bears the stamp of a laboring soul. It strives not to conceal an unutterable indignation,—a sense of injury ever on the look-out for fresh insults. His very walk is that of one who stoops under accumulated injury; only that one day, like the great patriot of ancient Rome, he may fling it off like a garment. And the parallel holds in more senses than one. In the legislature he is equally an injured man; but here he swells, at times, into the Tribune and the Patriot. No imputation against the English nation is too severe for his credulity; no legislative proposal, however extravagant or impracticable, too monstrous for his exaggerated suspicions. And why? Because, were they made on behalf of England, or Canada, or even the Isle of Man, or enviable Van Dieman's Land itself, they would be adopted by acclamation; but because they are made for Ireland—poor Ireland!—they are rejected by proud, imperial England, with insult and contempt! This is really no very untrue picture of the spurious patriotism of such men as Sir W. Barron. They do more harm than good for their country. Without the talent to take the lead, and, as it were, to force their demands on the English parliament, they are just obstinate enough to act as a continual obstruction, and, by so much, to prevent useful legislation. A minister knows not how to deal with them. A man like Mr. Morgan John O'Connell is reasonable in his nationality. Indisposed to compromise his country, he is quite ready to compromise his prejudices; but the others have an extra-mulish vigor, which impels them always to go "the other" way. Of some it may be said in excuse that they are sincere in their blind, besotted, but by so much respectable as honest, prejudices; of others, that there is a pressure on them from behind in Ireland which threatens to denounce them as traitors to their country, if they abate one jot of their senseless clamor. Of Sir H. W. Barron, on the contrary, it is complained that he was comparatively quiet until after the Whigs had made him a baronet, but that he now continues, more virulently than political gratitude allows, a bad habit of opposing the Government, which he had contracted under the administration of Sir R. Peel. Yet on a recent occasion he saved the

Whigs from a defeat. But Irish politics abound in such imputations; and it is enough for us to know that Sir W. Barron is useful in inverse proportion to his patriotism, and troublesome in still greater disproportion to his usefulness.

THE MARQUESS OF WESTMEATH.

A good companion, but by no means a flattering resemblance to Sir W. Barron, might be found in the Marquess of Westmeath,—the most rancorous, bigoted, and, at the same time, inefficient champion of Orangeism and landlordism in the British parliament. If you want to make yourself acquainted with the lowest political characteristics of the Irish Garrison-Protestant, read the speeches of the Marquess of Westmeath. He is just as deeply imbued with the sense of injury as Sir W. Barron, or those whom he resembles; but he is not so Brutus-like in his endurance. *His* indignation is stirred, not at the denial of justice, but at the stopping of the power of continuing to inflict immeasurable injustice. It is his to do, the other's to suffer. Lord Westmeath has a catalogue of charges against the successive governments of the last twenty years, enough to hang any Protestant statesman. The first horrible crime was the granting of Emancipation. That offence was a positive one; all since have been negative ones, consisting mainly of the awful fact that there has not been a perpetual martial-law in Ireland ever since. For, of course, it is of no use to try to deal fairly or honorably, or in a gentlemanly or a Christian spirit, with those Papists! He would not burn, or drown them, or confiscate their property, or set father against child and child against father; not that the good old penal days were not, perhaps, the best, but because he *can't*. Then, the next practicable thing is to deny them the social privileges of fellow-subjects; to treat them as if they were the scum of the earth, out of the pale of gentility, almost of Christianity; above all, not believe their word: to assume, as an incontrovertible verity, that every Roman Catholic is a liar, except where the criminal dock stares him in the face; and that murder is to him a mere matter of pastime, possibly a religious observance. But, for a most perfect incarnation of human turpitude, commend Lord Westmeath to a priest. To maul a priest is his *ne plus ultra* of luxury.

One merit Lord Westmeath has to

counterbalance these defects. In his parliamentary displays he is so outrageously absurd in his violence, so impotent in his rage, so comically contradictory and inconclusive in the explanation of the various mares' nests he brings, from time to time, before the House of Lords, that nobody listens to him. Courtesy prevents men being coughed down in aristocratic assemblies, and, therefore, he is allowed to roar. He is a privileged annoyance, and a useful warning. Lean, wiry, spare, gaunt, consumed by eternal indignation and exasperation, his wild eyes glaring, and his Quixote-like jaws moving incessantly to the harsh roar of his toneless, irritating voice, he is allowed to talk himself down, unheeded, save, perhaps, by a sympathizing cheer from Lord Mountcashel, his co-tribune of landlord grievances. He tears his prey like a hungry leopard; and what he can't swallow, he mangles. He was a first-rate man for the Irish party.

In one respect we may have done injustice to Sir W. Barron by this comparison. Common rumor does not charge him with being a bad landlord. Now, Lord Westmeath may be a good one for aught we know, but his displays in the House of Lords would lead to the contrary inference. Not long since, in defending the clearance system, he expressed an ardent wish that the Irish landlords were left the management of their own estates. Then they would complain no more—never trouble the English Government again. Tender mercy! Magnanimous forbearance! Give him the command, and he would soon make a clear deck! No man has a right to live who cannot pay a good thumping rack-rent. That is the fundamental principle of the Irish landlord's creed. No wonder that my Lord Westmeath was so good a man for the Irish party, or that he defended them so earnestly (and, for once in his life, so ably) in the House of Lords!

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"They are more Irish than the Irish themselves!" was the description given of the earlier English settlers in Ireland, after they had become, as it were, naturalized in their new country. It is a description which has held good, during all intervening centuries, up to the present hour. It is a sad truth—but, we fear, still a truth—that the worst enemies of Ireland are too often Irishmen themselves; and certainly some

of her best friends have always been found in the ranks of the English, even of those who did not possess a foot of land in the island.

The character above quoted, however, was probably intended to describe the facility with which the English adopted the habits and national peculiarities of the Irish, rather than that they became so rapidly identified in interest with those whom they were virtually engaged in conquering. In this view it will scarcely apply to Mr. Bernal Osborne, who has not yet had time to undergo such a transmutation; but he is not the less a true well-wisher to Ireland, or one whose example is calculated to effect enormous good for that country.

Mr. Bernal Osborne is the son of Mr. Ralph Bernal, for many years the member for Rochester, and who filled, for a long period of time, the office now held by Mr. Greene, that of Chairman of Committees, and *ex officio* manager of the private business in the House of Commons. Mr. Bernal, senior, besides being a first-rate man of business, was known as one of the chief advocates of the West India interest; making excellent and most amusing speeches whenever questions affecting the West India colonies came before the House. He was also a steady supporter of the Whigs. But his son, then Mr. Bernal, junior, when he was first returned to parliament for Wycombe, developed different political tendencies,—showed evident symptoms of a disposition to be quite independent, with a leaning towards the Radicals. He used to give Sir R. Peel, from time to time, a very hearty support; and he had not been long in the House before he drew attention on himself by several rattling speeches, in which manly sentiments and bold original views were expressed with something a little better than smartness of style. His confidence and self-possession were so great as always to save him from failure. Thus, if he never developed powers of a very high order, he never lost any ground he gained by his perseverance and ready ability.

Mr. Bernal, jun., soon after married an Irish lady, with a large property in Ireland; and, adopting her name, became metamorphosed into Mr. Bernal Osborne. The famine crisis in Ireland brought out his character and abilities to advantage. Fully imbued with the great doctrine that property has its duties as well as its rights, he set himself to work in earnest to perform those duties. He became a resident on his pro-

perty, sounded the call to other landlords to step forward and unite in some common plan for the benefit of the country, wrote letters to the newspapers, made speeches at meetings, and, what was better, spent his money freely for the benefit of his people. Perhaps he might not always take the most judicious course, but he was always actuated by the best and the most self-denying motives; and if it be true, as we have heard, that he had actually formed a plan to abandon parliament, and become a permanently resident landlord in Ireland, in order the better to show what might be done for that country by English enterprise and sense of justice, a more convincing proof of his patriotism he could not have given: because, in leaving the House of Commons, he would have been forsaking a career in which he has every prospect of attaining distinction. For it would be scarcely too much to say that he is one of the most rising men in the House of Commons.

Mr. Bernal Osborne is a confident, fluent speaker, bold and independent in thought and action. He has already prepossessed the House in his favor, and they are always anxious to hear him when he shows a disposition to speak. As he has been but a very short time in parliament, this alone is proof of his ability. His appearance is in his favor. He is above the middle height, well made, handsome, with a slight dash of the Jewish physiognomy, but not enough to be disagreeable, and with a sonorous, well-toned voice, which, however, he would do well to modulate. There is a manly frankness about him which is very agreeable. The best speech he has yet made was that on Mr. Hume's resolution respecting intervention in Portugal. It displayed more method and precision than his former speeches; and some of his hits at Lord Palmerston were admirable, both for conception and the pointed language in which they were clothed. He appears likely to take a still higher place as a speaker.

THE EARL OF RODEN.

There is not a public man in Ireland more respected by all parties than the Earl of Roden. By his own immediate political connexions, the Protestant, or, more properly speaking, the Orange party, he is, of course, looked up to as a leader; and, by a life of honorable consistency, and bold, earnest advocacy of their cause, he has fully earned the confidence they have reposed in

him. This was, of course, to be expected, as being quite in the natural course of things. Party spirit will exalt into models of public and private virtue men of a far inferior order to the Earl of Roden, if they succeed in making themselves politically useful. But, in the case of this nobleman, we have to record a more honorable distinction.

One of the worst features of political affairs in Ireland has always been, that party differences have too generally engendered personal hatreds. In England, it is rare that we overstep, in the very height of our feuds, the fair and decent limits of honorable warfare. Men opposed to each other, however violently, in public, do not carry their enmities into private life. They are at least courteous in their contests, and give mutual credit for the average honor and virtue common among gentlemen. If political feelings and connexions sometimes forbid their indulging in any ostentatious display of friendship, they are withheld from merely personal exacerbations by a latent conviction that their differences of opinion are not intrinsically of such value as to justify them. But in Ireland how different is the state of feeling! For centuries politics have raged there with all the fury, all the embittered and envenomed hatreds, of a civil war. The combatants have never regarded each other, except in fitful intervals of imaginary nationality, as friends or fellow-subjects differing in opinion,—but as natural and irreconcilable enemies. The state of feeling which prevailed in England a century ago has endured in Ireland up to a much more recent and civilized period. If its more fatal consequences may be hoped to have passed away, its exasperation has survived. Among many other evidences of its existence, it exhibits itself in the violent personal antipathies of the conflicting parties, the coarse, ungentlemanly language they use in speaking of each other, the low estimate they form of the motives and moral value of hostile individuals. In the observance of these public decencies—unless, indeed, where such an unmanageable gentleman as Mr. Ferrand comes on the scene—England is certainly in advance of the sister country, although we must add, Ireland is improving in this respect.

Now, it is the honorable distinction of the Earl of Roden, that in his case these indecent personalities have been very generally abstained from. Even the most vio-

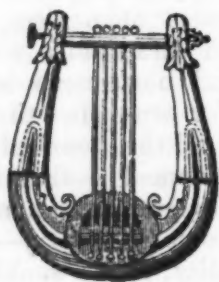
lent partisans of the Roman Catholic party have always been accustomed to speak of him with respect, and a certain something which almost amounted to liking. They never stigmatized him as an enemy to Ireland; and it is more than probable they might have gone the length of believing any statement he might advance on his personal honor! Such privileges might be enjoyed by most of the Tory leaders in Ireland, if they have been thus willingly accorded to one who may be regarded as almost the foremost man among them—the very impersonation of Orangeism and anti-Hibernicism. In truth the terms are easy if such men would fulfil their duties. Lord Roden has no special talisman, he is not a man of “popular” manners, he has never sought to win golden opinions by any subserviency to national prejudices. He has held a lever which stands ready to every man’s hands if he will but use it. He has simply been a good landlord, and secured the credit of being one. Hence it is, that even among the most violent Repealers, aye, in the wilds of Connaught itself, where scarcely more than his mere name is known, you will always hear his (in their eyes) political short-comings touched on tenderly, and the saving clause—that one great virtue so prized by the common people, and so wanting among the gentry—gently and kindly insisted upon. It would have been well for England had she earlier discovered, and set the right value on, this evident tendency of the Irish mind. The grievances of the body there have always been really more potent than those of the spirit. The land has, in truth, been the worst enemy of the Church.

The political life of Lord Roden does not demand any very special notice. He has been so consistent a man, that the history of his party during his public life comprises his own. Long looked upon as their leader in the House of Lords, as well as in Ireland, he was always at the head of every movement they made in their long struggle with Roman Catholics. He gave, together with his son Lord Jocelyn, a steady but moderate support to the government of Sir Robert Peel, until that statesman and his colleagues finally threw off the mask they had worn for so many years, and aimed at becoming the political friends of those to whom the noble earl had been all his life opposed. He then reluctantly broke from them; and, on the accession of Lord John Russell to power, and the introduction of his Irish

measures, he gave them a cordial and manly support. Lord Roden, in spite of his strong political opinions, which have, perhaps, become modified in his case, by finding how completely he has been deceived by those in whom he had confided, would be the active supporter of any policy that could be beneficial to Ireland, and, more especially, if it seemed framed to improve the relations of landlord and tenant. No fear of personal sacrifice would deter him from offering a personal example.

Lord Roden is a tall, dark, muscular man, with a rather ungainly person, but gentlemanly manners, a thorough Irish face, dark, expressive eyes, and a profusion of dark hair. His voice is loud but husky, and when you hear him speak, although the effect he produces is at first not agreeable, you soon become reconciled to a harsh-

ness of tone, and an abruptness of manner, by the earnestness and evident sincerity with which he performs his parliamentary duties, and the courtesy he extends to opponents. He has no pretensions to oratory, but delivers his sentiments in plain, forcible language, without preparation, or any affectation of the graces of style, but with much impressiveness. The best speech we remember to have heard him make, was that in which he moved for an inquiry into the state of Ireland, during the later years of the Melbourne administration. But his influence in the House of Lords rests on his personal character, and the weight he has with his party in Ireland, not upon his public speaking. Whatever he may be in England, in Ireland he is really an Irishman; and that touches Paddy's heart.



From Tait's Magazine.

THE BED OF DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

THE room is darkened; not a sound is heard
Save the clear, cheerful chirping of the bird
Which sings without the window; or the bell
Which sounds a mournful peal—a last farewell.
And she is there, or *was*; her spirit's home
Lies far beyond this world of sin and gloom.
I heard the whispers of the parting breath,
And wiped her brow, and closed her eyes in death.
Oh, she was beautiful in health's bright time!
Full of the radiance of her golden prime:
Eyes deep and full, and lips which spoke to bless,
And cheeks which blushed at their own loveliness,
And earnest downcast glances part revealing
The thoughts which lay within, and part concealing.
She knew no guile, and she feared no wrong.
Who trust in innocence are greatly strong.
As some deep stream, reflecting in its course
The pure and limpid clearness of its source,
So her chaste spirit, formed in God's own light,
Pure as a southern sky, and not less bright,
A tender, loving ministrant was given
To raise the soul from earth, and lift to Heaven.
From week to week she faded: day by day
We watched her spirits droop—her strength decay;

We scarce could deem that one so young and fair
Should pant for purer light—celestial air!
And still we dared to hope. The hectic hue
Which tinged her cheeks made ours brighten too!
We thought of death, but deemed the Reaper's hand
Removed the weeds, and let the flow'rets stand.
And she the fairest! could he touch a form
Radiant with life—with hope's deep pulses warm?
Vainly we dreamed, and bitter was our pain,
And griefs but vanished to recur again!

Come near, come silently: the room may tell
The simple tastes of her we loved so well—
The "Poet's corner," once so fondly styled;
The harp, which many an idle hour beguiled;
The old, old books of legendary lore,
O'er which, in summer hours, she loved to pore;
And all those thousand nameless charms which
skill,
Blended with fancy, fashions at its will.
And proofs of fond affection, too, are there,
And tender tokens of a mother's care—
That care to which the higher task was given,
Of pointing from earth's sunny dreams to Heaven.

Come near, come silently—ere yet the grave
Closes o'er one we fondly hoped to save.
How changed, and yet how lovely!—meekly there
Her small white hands are folded, as in prayer.
O! who that ever heard that dying strain
Could think to mingle in the world again!

From Tait's Magazine.

ECHOES.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

I LISTEN to my heart at times
 Until I hear it beat;
 And then methinks it rings and rhymes
 In symphony complete:
 A music born of pulse and vein,
 And fever in the blood.
 How awful is this *human* strain!
 How little understood!

If art could teach the Man of Art
 To tell, by such vague sounds,
 The thoughts that rush from brain to heart,
 As through wild woods mad hounds—
 I would not let one loved one's ear
 Press fondly on my breast,
 Lest that which fills my soul with fear
 Should thence be heard or guess'd.

The tongue may tell its tale of truth
 To loveful, pitying ears,
 And Age confess its sins of youth,
 With eyes that weep no tears;
 But each, and all of us, have that
 Within us we would hide,
 From even the tenderest friend e'er sat
 In kindness at our side.

The birds within the forest sing
 Till Echoes—all around—
 Repeat such melodies as bring
 A balm on each glad sound:
 The leaves that fall, in falling breathe
 Out music—and the breeze
 Wakes cadences that sweetly wreath
 Song-garlands o'er the trees:—

The sea sends music to the shore,
 And echo gathers all
 Those different harmonies, till o'er
 The world in song they fall;
 But human hearts, whose throbs are rife
 With joy, and grief, and pain—
 What are their echoes? Mortal life
 Shall hear them—but in vain!

Enough to know, our hearts lock up
 Such thoughts as—were they told—
 Might bitter make Love's sweetest cup
 And mar its brightest gold!
 We seek for sympathy 'mongst men,
 But when we find it know
 It soothes us for our lesser ills,
 Not for our greater woe.

That greater woe within us dwells,
 Known but to God and us,
 We dare not ope the secret cells
 Where we enclose it thus;—

And so I listen to my heart,
 At times when all is still,
 And think it well Art hath no art
 To syllable each thrill.

And thus I pine for sympathy,
 And tell my lesser woes;
 Still meeting kind and patient friends
 To pity me for those:
 For just as music on the wind,
 Or murmur on the flood,
 Echoes there are amidst mankind
 As well as in the wood!

From the People's Journal.

CLEON AND I.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

CLEON hath a million acres—
 Ne'er a one have I;
 Cleon dwelleth in a palace—
 In a cottage I;
 Cleon hath a dozen fortunes—
 Not a penny I;
 But the poorer of the twain, is
 Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
 But the landscape I;
 Half the charms to me it yieldeth
 Money cannot buy:
 Cleon harbors sloth and dulness—
 Freshening vigor I;
 He in velvet, I in fustian,
 Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur—
 Free as thought am I;
 Cleon fees a score of doctors—
 Need of none have I;
 Wealth-surrounded, care-environ'd,
 Cleon fears to die;
 Death may come, he'll find me ready—
 Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in Nature—
 In a daisy I;
 Cleon hears no anthems ringing
 In the sea and sky.
 Nature sings to me for ever—
 Earnest listener I:
 State for state, with all attendants,
 Who would change?—Not I.



THE LATE DR. CHALMERS.

Soon after the demise of Mr. O'Connell, the afflictive intelligence of the sudden decease of Dr. Chalmers, the well-known, eloquent, and excellent Scottish divine, was received. The following biography of Dr. Chalmers, from the pen of Mr. John Anderson, jun., appeared originally in a work entitled "Sketches of the Edinburgh Clergy;" and was afterwards transferred into a small volume of Mr. Anderson's, entitled "The Mirror of my Mind." It will at the present time be perused with deep interest:—

This eminent man was born of respectable parentage, at the town of Anstruther, in Fife, 17th March, 1780. He received his college education at St. Andrew's; and after having been licensed as a preacher, he officiated for some time as assistant to the late minister of Cavers,—a parish lying within a few miles of Hawick, in Roxburghshire. He was ordained minister of Kilmany on the 12th May, 1803,—a parish beautifully situated amid the "green hills and smiling valleys" of Fife, and in the immediate vicinity of St. Andrew's. While here, he for one season assisted the late Professor Vilent in teaching the mathematical class at the College of St. Andrew's, where his talents attracted so much celebrity that, when in the following session he commenced a private class of his own, on the same branch of science, the students all flocked to him. He afterwards delivered a course of lectures on chemistry. Indeed, he had very early in life given indication of those superior talents, and that ardent love of science and literature, which have ever marked his career. He made his first appearance as an author, in a pamphlet published at Cupar, Fife, on the Leslie Controversy. It was written in the form of a letter, addressed to Professor Playfair: the *brochure* abounds in talent, wit, and genuine humor. It was published anonymously; and, to this day, is not generally known to have been his production. He vindicates in it, very powerfully, the divines of the Church of Scotland from the imputation of a want of mathematical talent,—a reproach which he thought Professor Playfair had thrown upon them. Dr. Chalmers had not then adopted his subsequent views against pluralities, otherwise he had no reason to regret this his first

publication. On the occasion of the vacancy in the Chair of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh in 1805, Dr. Chalmers offered himself as a candidate, and, we believe, was not without considerable chance of success, but some of his own nearest-relatives felt anxious that he should continue as a minister, and he withdrew his pretensions to the chair, in order to remain in the bosom of the Church of which he was destined one day to be the most distinguished ornament.

Dr. Chalmers's next publication appeared in 1808, and was entitled "An Inquiry into the Extent and Stability of National Resources." In it he endeavors to prove the independence of the country of foreign trade. The work displays talent, and is eloquently written; but his mind now embraced those deep convictions of religious truth which led him to devote himself almost exclusively to his sacred profession. The common statement is, that this happy change took place when engaged in writing the article "Christianity" for Brewster's Encyclopædia, which contains an able and original exposition of the evidences of the truth of our religion, and was afterwards published separately. Be this as it may, the result was happy; his zeal, earnestness, and eloquence, soon drew on him the public eye, and speedily enthroned him as the first pulpit orator of his age.

In 1815 he was called to be minister of the Tron Church of Glasgow, and his name and excellence conferred a new literary celebrity on that commercial city. Besides the ardent direct pursuit of his profession, Dr. Chalmers here embarked keenly, and with indefatigable labor, in plans for the improvement of the education of the poor; and though, in the prosecution of these, he had to encounter a vast mass of prejudice, he was eminently successful, and accomplished much good for the community of Glasgow. His views on these subjects are fully developed in a large work he published at the time, entitled the "Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns," which abounds with many enlightened views, and much valuable matter, regarding the poor-laws, and all the other branches of Christian economics. In 1819, Dr. Chalmers was translated to the new church and parish of St. John's, where he prosecuted these plans with renewed vigor till 1823, when he was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrew's, where

he imparted a very different character to this course, from the mere worldly cast which it too generally assumes in our universities. While here he also delivered a separate course of lectures on Political Economy, as connected with the Moral Philosophy chair.

Dr. Chalmers was more than once offered an Edinburgh church; but he had long conceived that his widest sphere of usefulness was a theological chair. We often used to dread that his valuable life might pass away before an opportunity occurred of his being transferred to the Scottish metropolis; but at length, in 1828, on the divinity chair in the University of Edinburgh becoming vacant, the Magistrates and Council, much to their honor, with one voice elected Dr. Chalmers. In doing so, they conferred a boon of inestimable value on our national Church, from the ardor, eloquence, and industry he has brought to the important charge, and his deep sense of its great responsibility. Seated on this chair, and with all the ardor of his powerful and energetic mind devoted to the rearing of the future Christian instructors of the land, he may indeed be styled one of the nursing fathers of our Church; and he has rendered his lectures deeply interesting and stimulating to his students. At one time the object of the young men seemed to be to evade attendance on the divinity lecture; now the difficulty became to get a good place to hear their eloquent instructor. In March, 1832, Dr. Chalmers completed, for the first time, one revolution of his theological cycle, consisting of four different courses of lectures. He has also delivered a series of valuable lectures on the Importance of Church Establishments. He considers the value of the parochial system as beautifully exemplified in the greater attendance on a *local* than on a *general* Sabbath school,—the process which was first established in Glasgow, and is now pretty widely followed throughout England and Ireland. Church Establishments he views as founded on the same principle. He considers that each Established church throughout the land may be termed a centre of *emanation*, from which Christianity may, with proper zeal, be made to move, by an aggressive and converting operation, on the wide mass of the people; whilst a Dissenting chapel he views as a centre of *attraction* only for those who are already religiously disposed. He thinks that the population of our large cities has outgrown the provision of ministers and churches; and that the practice of household cultivation, on the part of the clergy, has fallen far too much into disuse.

For the last few years, Dr. Chalmers has been actively engaged in following out these views, and has been the chief instrument in embarking the Church of Scotland in a noble scheme of "Church Extension;"—in other words, for supplying churches and the spiritual wants of the various localities in Scotland, whether of city or rural population, where the existing apparatus was inadequate. By his unparalleled exertions, as Convener of the General Assembly's Committee for this great object, £260,000 have actually been subscribed, thus proving the attachment of the people to the church of their fathers, and their anxiety to promote the spiritual welfare of their countrymen.

For his successful labors in this cause Dr. Chalmers has repeatedly received the thanks of the General Assembly of the Scottish Church.

It has often been alleged, that the clergy show, on all occasions, the utmost anxiety to increase their income by any change of place. Dr. Chalmers is one living refutation of this, he having refused the

most wealthy living in the Church of Scotland, the West parish of Greenock, which was proffered him by the patron.

Dr. Chalmers has published several volumes of sermons, all of them of a most useful practical tendency. His "Discourses on the Christian Revelation, viewed in connexion with the Modern Astronomy," constitute one of the most splendid productions of his genius, and have had an immense circulation, having gone through twelve editions. His "Sermons on the Application of Christianity to the Commercial and Ordinary Affairs of Life," ought to be in the hands of every person engaged in the business of the world, being of admirable practical utility. Some of his sermons, preached on public occasions, are brilliant exhibitions of eloquence and power in pulpit oratory, combined with real usefulness. Dr. Chalmers lately brought out a very interesting and valuable work, "On Political Economy in connexion with the Moral State and Moral Prospects of Society." This work displays a mind familiar with the *elements* of political science; while, in the course of it, he has to discuss the most complicated and difficult questions in political economy, the whole structure and process of his argument is to prove that to rear a well-educated, prudent, virtuous, and religious people habituated to moral restraint, is the true, the only way to accomplish the great objects of political economy.

In 1837, Dr. Chalmers published his valuable Lectures on Paul's Epistle to the Romans.

In 1838, Dr. Chalmers was called to London to deliver a course of lectures on the Establishment and Extension of National Churches, which he did to an overflowing audience, among which were the Duke of Cambridge, and a host of senators belonging to both houses of Parliament. They made a powerful sensation in London, and converted several influential political characters to the view of the obligation on civil rulers to provide for the religious instruction of the people.

As a preacher, Dr. Chalmers is altogether unrivalled. The sermon he delivered before the King's Commissioner in the High Church of Edinburgh, in 1816, perhaps first widely established his fame. His discourse on that occasion comprised the essence of his astronomical sermons, and was probably as magnificent a display of eloquence as was ever heard from the pulpit. The effect produced on the audience will not easily be forgotten by any who had the gratification of being present.

From that day, crowds followed after him wherever he went; and, to use his own language, he felt the burden of "a popularity of stare, and pressure, and animal heat." When in London, Canning, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Eldon, the Duke of Sussex, with several branches of the Royal Family, and many others, whom, the journals remarked, they "were not accustomed to elbow at a place of public worship," were found anxiously waiting to obtain admission to hear this modern Massillon. An observation made by Foster, in one of his powerful and original essays, is peculiarly applicable to the talismanic effect of Chalmers's eloquence. He observes, that "real eloquence strikes on your mind with irresistible force, and leaves you not the possibility of asking or thinking whether it be eloquence."

Dr. Chalmers is indeed such a preacher as rises up only once in many centuries. Laboring under the disadvantage of a provincial accent and pronunciation, he soon overcame these; and the stranger hearing him, is speedily aware that a man of

genius and unrivalled eloquence is before him. Even the language of his ordinary prayers betrays him; as, for example, when he calls us to remember, "that every hour that strikes,—every morning that dawns,—and every evening that darkens around us," brings us nearer to the end of our earthly pilgrimage. We know no man whose language in prayer is nearly so impressive, and who so completely lifts the mind from its constant occupation with sublunary things, to the unseen realities of an everlasting world. He, as it were, draws the mind out of its earthliness to purer and holier regions.

The frankness of Dr. Chalmers's eloquence, if we may so designate it, is interesting. He speaks from the heart to the heart. What an ordinary preacher would be afraid to give utterance to, he pours forth with deep and affectionate anxiety, and it penetrates to the soul. We can of a truth say of Dr. Chalmers's sermons, that we never heard one of them,—and we have heard not a few,—without having our minds possessed of an anxious desire to become better and holier than before; and this is truly the best effect of eloquence in a preacher.

There can be no greater moral and intellectual treat than to hear Dr. Chalmers from the pulpit. His sermons as far transcend those of the mawkish productions to be frequently met with, as does the genius of Milton or Newton surpass that of the common herd of poets and philosophers.

Can earth afford
Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,
As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,
He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand;
Conjures, implores, and labors all he can
For re-subjecting to divine command
The stubborn spirit of rebellious Man.*

Dr. Chalmers has some peculiar but enlightened views regarding public charities. These are to be found developed in some able articles on Pauperism he wrote in the *Edinburgh Review* several years ago, in his *Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns*, and in his recent work on *Political Economy*.

There are two points in Dr. Chalmers's character which seem chiefly worthy of admiration—the first is the union of the most profound humility with the highest genius—and the other, a deeply affectionate interest in the welfare of the human race. These characterize all his writings and actions both as a public and private individual.

* Wordsworth.

There was great truth in the remark made by Jeffrey—and there could not be a better judge of eloquence—when he first heard Dr. Chalmers, on the occasion of a splendid speech against pluralities, delivered by him in the General Assembly; that he could not say what it was, but there was something altogether remarkable about the man; that the effects produced by his eloquence reminded him more of what he had read of Cicero and Demosthenes, than anything he had ever heard.

CONDITION OF THE SLAVONIC NATIONS.—The Count Krasinski, author of the "History of the Reformation in Poland," has commenced a course of lectures at Willis's Rooms, on the Political and Intellectual development, and present condition of the Slavonic nations. The lecturer stated that these nations constitute the most numerous race of Europe, and occupy the largest portion of its territory. A Slavonian population of 80,000,000 were living under the dominion of Russia, Austria, the Ottoman Porte, Prussia, and Saxony. The political and literary importance of the Slavonians is rapidly increasing. A strong intellectual movement is now animating them; it is attended by a growing tendency towards a union. This tendency, designated Panslavism, is considered likely to lead to the establishment of a powerful confederation. The Slavonic writers are zealously endeavoring to promote this object. The lecturer proceeded to give an outline of the history of the Slavonians. The idea of the union of the race was not new. Such an attempt was made in great Moravia in the 9th century. In the 11th century Bohemia was united to Poland. In the 16th century a strong party in Poland proposed to place themselves under the sovereignty of the Czar of Muscovy. The lecturer concluded with a promise to take up on the next occasion the subject of the conversion of the Slavonians to Christianity.

COVERED STREET-ARCADES AT PARIS.—A huge company, with a capital of 50,000,000*fr.*, has just been formed, for constructing a series of *passages couverts* from the Boulevard St. Denis to the Place du Chatelet. The Company to be called *C. des Galeries du Commerce*.—*The Builder*.

